





A. M. Thorne -



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THE
ATHENEUM;

OR,

111
SPIRIT OF THE
ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

COMPREHENDING

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Monthly Magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.—*Dr Kippis.*

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THE present number completes our first Volume of the **ATHENEUM**, and it will be gratifying indeed if our exertions to render it acceptable to its patrons, have succeeded ; which, from the gradual increase of subscribers during the short time it has been under our care, we are induced to hope is the fact.

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SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 3.]

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1825.

[VOL. 3, N. S.]

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

IT was the Kermesse, or annual village fête, and Hellsmuth, the magistrate's dwelling, was filled with guests. The old people were seated at the table, smoking their pipes and quaffing their ale, while the young ones swarmed about the room, amusing themselves with lively domestic sports. The doors and windows were made fast, for the evening had closed in, and the host imagined that the absent guests were scared by the frost, or the stormy wind, which howled without, beating about the masses of snow, and threatening to carry away the thatched roofs of the cottages.

Late in the evening there was a knocking at the door and window shutters. "There is Robert," said the host, "I thought he would not be missing," at the same time he called his daughter Rose away from the game, to open the door. "Jump along!" cried he, in a threatening tone, as she loitered somewhat peevishly. "How do I know who it is, father?" said the maiden, half-crying; but her father led her to the room door—"you know very well that it is your bridegroom," said he, "and you shall let him in this instant." Rose slunk away, hanging her head, but soon returned tripping gaily into the room, and leading in her venerable godfather, Waltmann. "Welcome, godfather, welcome!" exclaimed the magistrate, with a friendly shake of the hand—"we kept you a long while at the door,

the obstinate hussey would not go down to let you in, scold her well." "If I had only known who it was!" said the girl, with an arch smile, as she kissed the old man's hand. "Aye, what do you think, godfather, we thought it was her lover, Robert, and she would not open the door to him, but I'll soon teach her."

"What, is Robert then not yet come? Hark ye, I hold him for a cold-hearted lover! You must not chide the girl for not liking him overmuch. Here am I, an old fellow with seventy years upon my back, and yet I have managed to find my way hither, fearing neither the storm, nor the ghosts in the old castle, which I was forced to pass."

"They say there have been more people made fools of yonder lately," said one of the guests.

"True, I have heard the story," said the magistrate. "Have you seen any of these strange sights, godfather?"

"I must tell you," rejoined Waltmann, "that I have but little faith in these things; it is generally the imagination, or fraud, which deceives us; however, whether incredulous or not, we all feel, at night, a certain awe and apprehension on passing places which are reputed to be haunted; and, boast as we will of our courage, it is apt, on those occasions, to play us false. But after all, our fears are childish; for what injury can an upright man receive from an apparition,—a thing of air, if any thing at all? To-night as I passed by the old

castle, there was a dismal howling and whistling within its crumbling walls: no doubt it was the wind; and although I was convinced it could be nothing more, yet I could not help shuddering at the noises, and an icy chill ran over me. I looked fearfully around, the wind blew the snow flakes against my face, and I felt, in the dark, that I had got into a thick-et; this convinced me that I had lost my way, because I knew that there were no bushes along the road. In this dilemma I thought it most prudent to stand still, until the moon, peeping out from behind the clouds, shewed me that I was in the middle of the old castle court. I had some difficulty in making my way out again, but thank God! excepting a little fright, I have escaped unhurt."

"You may count yourself lucky, neighbour Waltmann," said another of the guests. "It is never oversafe to be in such old ruinous buildings. One might tell many a story of them. How did it happen to the Baron Von Birk-enfeld? You were present, I think, when Robert related it."

Waltmann could not recollect, and the rest, who had heard the story, being of opinion that it would bear telling, the other began. "The baron had once ridden into the city, and staid so late that it was night before he had half reached home. Well, the way led past an old dilapidated chapel; on approaching this chapel he perceived a light in one of the windows; the baron did not want for courage, and so he dismounted, in order to see what it could mean. Crossing what was formerly the place of interment, he clearly saw three corpse-like figures ascend out of the earth, in their winding sheets, and advance towards him. You may talk of men's courage and their disbelief in ghosts, but, methinks, few would willingly put either to such a test as this. The baron sprang upon his horse, gave him the spur, and galloped away as fast as his beast could carry him. But, however, he had scarcely recovered from his fright when he beheld the three ghosts at a little distance before

him; in vain he turns his horse first on one side of the road, and then on the other; his escort does not quit him until he enters his castle court, and his servants bring out lights to receive him.

"At first the baron could not relate the incident to his noble lady, however much she entreated to know the cause of his pale, ghastly appearance, and wild looks; but when he was about to retire to rest, the servants were alarmed by his cries for help, and on their running to him, he told them what had happened at the chapel, and that the three terrifying forms had just appeared to him again. This time, however, they had scratched the mould from their hands, and thrown it into his eyes, so as nearly to blind him. All now agreed that the apparition of the three ghosts to their master could signify nothing less than that he would soon close his eyes, and be committed to the earth. And so it happened; for in three days the baron died, and no medicine could save him. The three ghosts, therefore, betokened the three days."

Waltmann listened attentively to the story: when it was concluded, he said, "I have not heard your tale of the Baron from Robert, but I recollect having read it, while at school, in a curious old book. There, however, it was told of a Spanish nobleman, and the ghost did not presignify the number of days, for the nobleman did not die until the seventh.—Thus it always is with stories of this kind; every narrator adds something to them."

"Now you see, father," cried Rose, "that Robert does tell untruths. You would never believe me; now you have it from godfather himself."

"Well, well," rejoined Waltmann, in a friendly tone, "if you have nothing worse than that to say of Robert, you may let it pass. You call him half a scholar; those who are wholly so are much worse."

"No, no," cried Rose angrily, "don't you persuade me to that too! I won't have Robert, come what will."

Father Hellsmuth waxed wroth, and persisted the more in his purpose. The guests endeavoured to appease him, and many who did not appear to be very well disposed towards Robert, enlisted under Rose's banner. Waltmann represented seriously to the father, that compulsion in affairs of that nature never did good; that a parent had no right to dispose of his child like his live and dead farming stock, or the produce of his fields. However, the magistrate was immoveable; he would hear nothing against Robert; he had a pretty property, which seemed to increase as by some especial blessing: moreover he was known far and near, and nobody could tell what he might not become one day, particularly in time of war. "Add to this," continued he, "a gipsy has prophesied that he will one day fill a high station.—Now, although nobody can accuse me of being over credulous or superstitious in these matters, yet I must confess that I have known many of old mother Setter's predictions come true. Did she not prophesy that there would be a fire in the village—and was not farmer Grubler's house burnt to the ground shortly afterwards? However, whether we believe in these prophecies or not, is little to the purpose, for Robert is now one of the best matches in the village, and there is not a girl in it, except my obstinate hussey, who would not be proud to have him."

The guests were far from agreeing with their credulous host; not a few of them had all along suspected the old gipsy herself of setting fire to Grubler's premises, and thus fulfilling her own prediction; however, none ventured to declare their suspicions aloud on that point, because their host was a personage of too great importance to be contradicted with impunity. The godfather, nevertheless, would not give up the point, and they argued about it some time; Rose wept, and the cheerfulness of the party was destroyed.

On a sudden Waltmann missed a bundle, which he thought he had

brought with him; every place was searched, but it was no where to be found. The old man became uneasy. "It contains the whole of the Martinmas dues," said he; "I would fain have requested you, neighbour Hellsmuth, to deliver it to-morrow, to the receiver. If it is not here, I must have lost it by the old castle, that's certain."

The venerable old man wanted to return thither to seek it, but they all detained him, representing to him the folly of a man of his years going out in so stormy a night. "Have it, I must," said he; "I could not replace the loss—and I recollect that I must have dropped it near the round tower, for there I was obliged to use both hands, to make my way through the bushes. I must certainly have let it fall then, in my haste and terror."

"No, you shall not go!" cried Rose, as the old man reached his hat and stick. "It is not far, I will run and fetch it myself." Waltmann would not permit this. The guests put on grave looks, and thought it was madness to venture at night into a place of such ill repute. Rose laughed at their fears: "What is there to be afraid of?" said she. "I have often ran across the church-yard at night, and as godfather says, what harm can ghost do to anybody, who has a clear conscience." With that she took the lantern and hurried out.

Most of the guests now extolled the courage of the high-spirited girl, but some few of them, on the contrary, censured her rashness, which, in their opinion, amounted almost to crime. Waltmann was moved by the maiden's good-nature, and again argued, seriously and warmly, with her father, about her marriage with Robert, insisting strongly that he ought not to force her inclination. "Felix," he said, "was a smart lad, who had every body's good opinion, and would certainly make his way in the world; and as it was clear that the girl loved him, it would be rendering her miserable for life to force her to marry the other."

Hellsmuth agreed in his commendations of Felix, but said that he had given his promise to Robert; moreover, Felix was very poor, and the forest service in that part of the country so bad, that a bachelor could scarcely support himself creditably, much less a man with a wife and children.

"Felix is a favorite of mine," said one of the guests, and I should have been one to rejoice, heartily, if he had been successful in discovering the perpetrators of the great robbery. Five hundred dollars would have set him up in the world; that will now fall to the surveyors of the roads."

"Have they got the thieves, then?" asked Waltmann.

"The surveyors, a short time ago, brought in two strangers, who are suspected, and indeed almost convicted, only they will not confess their guilt."

"Felix took a great deal of trouble about it," rejoined Waltmann, "and I am sorry for him. Well, perhaps he will be more lucky in something else."

Just at this instant Felix entered. He looked round for Rose, and at length inquired shyly after her. Her long absence had not been noticed by the company.

"I hope nothing can have happened to her," said Waltmann, rising.—Before Felix had received an intelligible answer to his anxious inquiries, a violent knocking was heard at the door. One of the young people hastened to open it, when Rose rushed in, pale and breathless, the picture of terror, and sank down senseless on the floor.

The wind had extinguished her light before she had taken three steps, nevertheless, the courageous girl pursued her way by the scanty light of the moon. Fortunately she found the spot described by Waltmann.—She perceived the lost bundle among the bushes, and was stooping to disentangle it, when she heard the sound of heavy footsteps. She shuddered, and all the stories which she had heard of ghosts in the old castle, rose

up in her recollection, filling her imagination with frightful apparitions. The noise approached, and she perceived distinctly in the moon shine, two dark figures carrying a corpse. The wind blew off a handkerchief with which the body was slightly covered, and she saw large bleeding wounds in the head and breast. Almost bereft of her senses, she seized the handkerchief, and impelled by terror, flew back to her father's dwelling.

The magistrate and his guests had elicited thus much from the maiden's broken and unconnected answers, and busied themselves now with interpreting the strange and ominous apparition; the general conclusion was that it betokened great mortality among the inhabitants through the plague, or some other pestilential disorder. But Felix took his gun—"Shame on you," said the youth, "these are not ghosts, but robbers and murderers. Who is no coward, come along with me."

Not one of them all had the heart to accompany the courageous Felix, except the venerable godfather, whose assistance he positively refused to accept. He set out alone for the old castle, and found the ruffians still employed in burying the corpse. "Hold!" cried he with a powerful voice, presenting his gun at the same instant. "Stir not a foot." The murderers were panic struck; one of them attempted to escape, and as he did not stop, after being repeatedly challenged to do so, Felix fired upon him. A loud shriek from the wounded man struck terror into the heart of the other; he begged for mercy, promising to confess all, and followed the intrepid huntsman to the magistrate's.

In the interim most of the inhabitants had collected at Hellsmuth house, and Rose was called upon to repeat the marvellous story of the apparition again and again. Then came Felix with his prisoner, to give a decisive blow to their superstitious credulity. The murderer was desired to name his accomplice, but the

first shock being over, he strove to give the affair a favourable turn and refused. Soon afterwards, however, some passengers brought in a wounded man, whom they had found in a state of insensibility on the high road. Conceive the astonishment of all when he was led in, and proved to be Robert! He did not attempt to deny his guilt, and the handkerchief which Rose had seized in her fright, instead of the bundle, gave positive evidence against him, for it bore the name of the merchant who had been robbed, and who had offered the reward before mentioned, for the discovery of the delinquents.

All the supernatural sights and noises in the ruins of the old castle were now clearly explained, for up-

on inquiry and examination, it proved, that the robbers had long made use of the ill-famed spot, as a place of concealment for their plunder and of interment for their victims.

Felix not only received the promised reward of five hundred dollars, but the two suspected travellers, whose innocence was thus, by his means, established, made him so handsome a present, that he was soon permitted to lead his beloved Rose to the altar.

The gipsy's prophecy, made, in all probability, by one well acquainted with the robber's mode of life, was fulfilled in Robert with a precision that seldom characterizes the accomplishment of their pretended predictions—he was exalted to the gallows.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CANTAB.—No. II.

[SEE PAGE 53.]

I AM extremely happy to hear* that my Confessions have already performed very essential services at Cambridge, and that they have worked miracles upon the *reading* part of the "Gentlemen of the first year," who made their appearance at that University in October last.

I understand that not one of them has dared to accept an invitation to a supper party—that they actually hold their noses and take to their heels if one of the Gyps should happen to pass them with a bowl of punch—and that *Peregrine Mobray* is inscribed in large letters over each of their mantlepieces. "For what purpose?" the reader will perhaps ask.—Why, I am credibly informed by divers Masters of Arts, Fellows, and private Tutors, that if the eyes of their pupils, wandering from mathematic lumber,

should chance to fall upon my name, their devotion for circles, squares, sines, tangents, and *id genus omne*, is instantly re-kindled and revived, and that they apply themselves to their labours with renewed vigour; in fact, that the very mention of me has become a complete bug-bear and scarecrow to indolence and convivial parties among reading men of every year and of every college, and I should not indeed be at all surprised if the Dons were to offer me a Fellowship for the sake of calling me into residence, and exhibiting me as a warning to all incipient reading men. Poor Ferret has written me a most doleful epistle, beginning with "O krue! sur," in which he informs me that he is *ruined*, (or, as he writes, that his "bred is deprived of im, and his liveleud gorn,")—that no one will

* I take this opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of divers letters, directed to "Peregrine Mobray, Esq. Masters, Fellows, and Tutors, have written to me, begging me to continue these papers, as zealously, and in much the same style, as the Ordinary of Newgate exhorts criminals before the Debtor's Door to confess all they know. Sisters, maiden aunts, and blue-stocking matrons, write, with tears in their eyes, *hoping* and *trusting* that my conduct will be a warning to their dear Thomases, Johns &c., (Freshmen, I suppose;) while some of my old college companions have congratulated me upon "*putting the Brutes up to a thing or two*."

take the rooms which I occupied, and that my Confessions have made so great an impression upon the reading men, that one of them actually broke a poor Frenchman's head with the new edition of Maltby's Thesaurus (in quarto) for exhibiting the wooden Punch under his window. I have desired a man of my acquaintance to move into the rascal's rooms immediately; and I have forwarded him ten pounds, as I told him, by way of *douceur*, for "shewing him up in print," as he calls it; and my worthy landlord has said, that if all *dousers* were like that, he would have a set-to every day of his life. My Gyp, who was also a Ferret, (in word and deed,) has not forgotten to favour me with an epistle also, telling me that he "*don't want no blunt, but he hopes that I wont think of telling the story of Hebe and Ganymede.*" With his request, however, I certainly cannot think of complying. The story, which he is so anxious about, is far too good to be consigned to oblivion. It is simply this—I found him one day very tipsy, with his face dreadfully scratched, and his eyes in mourning (as it seemed) for the loss of two of his front teeth. Upon enquiry, it turned out that he had the misfortune to learn to read—to obtain a translation of Anacreon—and to embrace the doctrine of the Teian bard. Nor did his troubles end here. He actually mistook the gin and water at the Vine Tavern for the "juice of the grape" in Anacreon—and was prompted, on the day in question, by his evil genius, to call the waiter Ganymede, and the bar-maid his fat little Hebe. Neither of these personages however, appear to have understood the compliment, for the waiter assaulted poor Ferret most furiously, swearing that "*he would not be called names by a damnel Gyp like him,*"—and the bar-maid, declaring with tears in her eyes, that it was a vile calumny, joined the fray, *tooth and nail*, and

told him that "*she would teach a scrub like him to call an honest girl his fat little He—b—h.*"

But to leave these correspondents, and attend to communications from a more respectable quarter. I must inform the reader, that, notwithstanding the favour with which my Confessions have been received by many of the Dons, there has been some fault found with me for not tracing my decline and fall gradually, instead of plunging at once in *medias res*. By these means—by thus detailing the symptoms of the disease—I might, I am told, have put all Freshmen on their guard against the inroads of the same. "It is a complaint that should be checked very early in its career," observes the author of the letter in which this suggestion is contained. Now, if that gentleman, whom I take to be one of the Professors of Medicine, (and who appears to regret that I have not compiled a kind of "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," for the use of under graduates,) mean to insinuate that I was one of that numerous class of Freshmen who read themselves purblind during the first term, and are then estranged from the orthodox path by some evil disposed person or persons unknown,—he is altogether mistaken. My apostasy was not in my opinion, owing to any dislike to fair and manly study, but to the style of Cambridge reading, (which I have faithfully described in my former paper,) and to a very violent attack of *μαθηματικο-Φοβία* which I never could get the better of. I tried the *object* of my dread as in hydrophobia, but God bless you, gentle reader, it made me ten times worse. For the benefit of my last-mentioned correspondent, I will state my case as *faithfully*, and, for the sake of my readers, *in as few words*, as possible. I came up to Cambridge, with the intention of reading for Honours;—my first night's debauch certainly made me waver, but soda water and a red herring* would in all probability have

* The doctrine at Cambridge is, that soda-water and a red-herring will sober any one. I rather doubt it.

restored me to my good resolutions on the following morning, had not the first mathematical lecture disgusted me, and had I not made the discovery that my classics would be of little or no use, if unaccompanied by a very extensive stock of mathematics, which I always detested.

So much, then, for my apostacy from the faith, which I had the misfortune to hear preached for *ten* terms at Cambridge, viz. that "the chief end of man was to learn mathematics." As to the follies I committed, and the scrapes I got into, during my under-graduateship, the reader may attribute them to what he pleases. For my own part, I should think that an unlucky propensity for mischief, and a great deal of time upon my hands, are causes as likely to have produced such effects as any that can be assigned.

And now, having dispatched my correspondents, I will, with the reader's permission, resume the thread of my discourse, and continue my confessions.

When I awoke in the morning, I had but a confused and vague recollection of the events of the preceding evening. While hurrying on my clothes, I endeavoured to bring to mind how, and when I got home; but my attempts were vain—my retrospective optics were completely *punched* out, and I contented myself with discovering that I had at least reached my rooms in safety. However, as I awoke in time for morning chapel, (seven o'clock,) I conceived that I could not have been *very* tipsy,* although my parched lips and flushed cheeks seemed to insinuate the contrary. My cogitations and my dress completed, I went to chapel for the first time—found the men half dressed—quite asleep—(some stretched at full length upon the benches)—and the *reader* galloping

through the service *a toute bride*. I supposed that he had either wagered to *get over* the prayers in *ten* minutes—(such things have been)—or, that he was paid as some journeymen carpenters are, by the *piece*, and not by the *hour*. But the actual reason for his indecorous speed was, I apprehend, that he, in common with his auditors, was anxious to get to bed again—a very common practice among college men, and moreover, a very pleasant one. No man can possibly understand and relish the luxury of bed, if he have never half dressed himself—ran out for a quarter of an hour, or ten minutes—felt all the shivering misery of getting up—and then indulged himself by going to his warm bed again. This for the *winter*. In *summer*, if the reader would taste a second sleep in perfection, let him jump out of bed, (will-he-nit-he,) wash his hands and face, and then, returning to the place from whence he came, compose himself again to slumber. I am aware that many persons have not resolution enough to follow these prescriptions, and they are very much to be pitied—and the only substitute for the above luxuries which I can recommend them, is to order themselves to be called every half hour from *seven* o'clock till *ten*, to reflect upon the misery of getting up for one minute, and then turn round again and go to sleep. If the morning should happen to be frosty, let them, by all means, put their toes out of bed for a moment or two, just long enough to feel the cold, and then draw them in again.

But, to leave *men* and *sleeping* in *general*, and to confine myself to Cambridge in *particular*, the reader must be informed, that Cantabs are compelled to leave their warm beds at seven o'clock every dark winter's morning, to go to chapel, whereby they run the risk of breaking their

* For the benefit of the *unsophisticated*, (meaning, of course, *Freshmen*.) the term *drunk* is too often misapplied. If a man, after being put to bed, retain sense enough to hold by the sheets, it is unfair and ungenerous to call him drunk. He may be *tipsy*, *bosky*, *cut*, or any thing but *drunk*. If, however, he be so far bereaved of all sense as to roll out of bed as fast as you put him in, I am afraid that he must then lie under the stigma of being drunk.

shins against the scrapers as they run along the streets—to say nothing of catching cold from the Cambridge fogs, which are as heavy as mathematicians, and as damp as horse-ponds. These are the men for a second sleep.

During my stay in chapel, I was particularly struck by the altar-piece, which was perpetrated, I believe, by West—perhaps when he was drunk, or very bilious—and while I contemplated the gaudy daub, which is as tasteless in design as it is unskilful in execution, I was completely at a loss which to admire most—the extremely good opinion which the artist must have had of his own productions before he could expose such a painting to the public eye, or the good-natured simplicity of the persons who suffered Trinity Chapel to be the scene of the exposure. These worthy gentlemen, whoever they may happen to have been, were certainly men after Sterne's own heart, "who would be pleased, they knew not why, and cared not wherefore."

The painting is supposed to represent the Archangel Michael (or some other of those angelic commanders, who are indebted to Milton for their commissions) in the act of thrusting Satan into the bottomless pit. This task, which does not appear to be by any means an easy one, Michael is performing by goading the swarthy Caesar-aut-nihil on the head with a spear. West could not surely have supposed, that

"Finding no hole in his coat,
He pick'd one in his head."

If such were really his opinion, our artist's acquaintance with ecclesiastical history must have been very confined indeed. The devil is described in the picture as a yellow, middle-aged, ill looking kind of personage. His shoulders are adorned with small black wings, and his mouth with large white teeth, like a chimney sweeper's, both of which make so formidable a display, that one

feels inclined to advise Michael to look to his toes, which are situated much nearer his Satanic majesty's mouth than prudence would suggest. Talking, by the by, of the devil, it has often struck me as a very extraordinary circumstance, that poets and painters should have entertained such various and conflicting ideas of the *person* of that individual; and, in this place, one is particularly amused if one compares the representation of him on canvas by West, with the description of him in poetry, by the celebrated scholar* whose effigy is situated at the other end of the chapel. Some idea of the *former's* pourtraicture has been given—the *latter* runs thus :—

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
The Devil's a-walking gone ;
To visit his snug little farm on the earth,
And see how his stock there goes on.

And over the hill and over the dale
He rambl'd, and over the plain ;
And backwards and forwards he switch'd
his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

"And pray now, how was the Devil
dress'd ?"—

"Oh, he was in his Sunday's best :
His coat it was red, and his breeches
were blue,
With a hole behind, which his tail
went through."

The reader may laugh—but want of knowledge as to the person of the devil is no subject for merriment ;—the matter ought to be looked into, and some accurate information upon this point should be obtained. It would be impossible for any good Christian to recognize him now, even if he were to cross his path. The Whigs, when they have done with Missionary Smith, will perhaps turn their attention to this negligence on the part of Ministers. After the share they took in that business, it will be quite impossible for them to *lower* themselves in the opinion of the country ; and as Parliament is about to be dissolved, it will make a very excellent finale for them—

* Professor Porson.

(and if they do not *invent* something, God knows what they can find to prate about!) Not to mention that it will furnish one of the best examples extant of BATHOS in Whig-speechery.

The reader has perhaps been supposing all this time, that it has escaped my memory that Horace had told the Pisos,—

———“*pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.*”

But it has not; I recollect it very well, only I deny the truth of this observation, and cannot help thinking that this luckless line and a half has brought more hot-pressed duodecimo volumes of poetry upon the public, than all the gold-beaters and chandler-shopkeepers in the united kingdom will get rid of by Doomsday.

I have rather bolted from the course, I believe, in the last sentence or two; but as I had to confess that I was rather *amused* than *edified* at chapel, it was perhaps worth while to give a reason for the wickedness that was in me. I will now proceed.

The service concluded, I hastened home for the purpose of breakfasting and preparing for lectures. The reader will judge with what surprise I contemplated my domicile, which I found so completely metamorphosed, that I scarcely knew it again. Divers holes were bored in my mantel-piece, and a red-hot poker was lying in the middle of my carpet; my books, which I had arranged with so much care and trouble on the preceding day, were in utter disorder; my sofa was torn; the frame of my looking-glass studded with cards, bearing the names of men I never heard of; and——But to describe all the changes that had taken place during my short absence would be impossible, and I shall merely furnish one more subject in the picture—My Gyp was busily employed in scratching my beautifully varnished tea-cady with a penknife!

Of course I should not long have continued a silent spectator of the

scene, even if Ferret had not broken silence with, “Hope you an’t the worse for last night’s work, sir?”—persevering at the same time, with the greatest industry in demolishing my tea-cady, and turning the edge of my penknife.—“As to last night’s work,” I replied, “I recollect very little about it; but, whatever harm I may happen to have sustained from *that*, this *morning’s* work seems likely to turn out much more injurious. Why don’t you put down the knife?—what the devil do you mean by destroying the things in this manner? Put down the knife, I say, and tell me instantly who has been amusing himself with tearing my sofa, decorating my rooms with the cards of men I never spoke to in my life, and?”——“Who, sir?” interrupted Ferret,—“come, that’s a good un—Who, sir?—Why, who should it be but myself?—all my own, sir, upon my——“Your own, you scoundrel you!—and how dare you!”

“Dare!—come that’s a good un—dare!—Oh, oh! I see how it is—you don’t recollect what you told me last night, sir, eh?—Cut to the nth*—pretty goings on for a Freshman, sir; Lord, how cut you must have been!”

“Cut!” I exclaimed, looking in the glass, cut—where?

Ferret grinned.

More than ever enraged with the incomprehensible dog, I seized him by the collar, declaring, that if he did not instantly explain the meaning of what I saw, I would break every bone in his skin.

“Well, sir,” replied Ferret, “be patient, and I’ll tell you all about it. You see, sir, when you came home last night, I let you in and lighted you up to your room. Well, sir, I see directly that you were tipsy like—or, as we say, *cut*; and says I to you, Do you want any thing to-night, sir? With that you seizes me by the collar, as you did just now, and says—Ferret, says you, if you don’t make my rooms like a senior Soph’s, I’ll

* Cut to the nth, means *infinitely ext.*

break your head for you; and if I find any thing fresh about them when I get up in the morning, I'll cut your throat for you. Well, you see, sir, I did as you said. As to the sofa being torn a little, why, Lord bless you, sir! it may as well be done now as not—you'll be sure to get a hole or two in it at the first wine party you give;—and then you see, sir, it looks knowing like to have plenty of cards stuck in your glass, cause it's like a gay man; and as I didn't know the names of your friends, I took the liberty o' putting them there up till I found them out."—By this time I had been enabled to give a pretty shrewd guess at my condition on the preceding night, and replied, Well, well, Ferret, I cannot contradict you—perhaps I did tell you so; but why deface the tea-cady?"

"Lord, sir, this an't a *face*—I an't been a-drawing no faces on it—Look here sir, I've writ *DOCES*."

"*Doces*? and what is the meaning of *doces*? "My eyes, sir! don't you know the meaning of *doces*?—why *doces* is the Latin for, *Thou Teachest**—I've heard a great many gentlemen say so, and seen 'em write it on their tea-cadies too—though some on 'em certainly prefers *hæc canis*—can't say I understand the meaning of that—Do you, sir?" "Make me some *bitch*† directly," was my reply—Ferret disappeared.

Breakfast is unquestionably a very pleasant thing to the principals, but as I am not yet convinced that it's interest extends to the looker-on, I shall take the liberty of requesting the reader to accompany me at once to the lecture-room,—supposing that I have already crammed myself with eggs, toast, coffee, and the first five propositions in Euclid. And here I must be allowed to remark once for all, that if I should seem to pass from one place to another somewhat too rapidly, it is because the intervening events are either unimportant or uninteresting.

"*Aut agitur res in scenis aut acta refertur*," which, for the benefit of mathematicians, I translate, "events are either related to the reader, or he is to *suppose* them to have taken place."

I reached the door of the lecture-room about five minutes before the appointed time,—This work of supererogation in the duties of punctuality, most men are guilty of for the first week,—but they soon get the better of it. There I found some fifty or sixty "gentlemen of the first year," looking so fresh, so neat, and so dreadfully nervous, or so superlatively impudent, that I never recollect to have witnessed a more amusing spectacle than was presented to me in contemplating the different expressions of countenance and of manner with which my fellow-sufferers entered upon the first lecture.—*C'est le premier pas qui coute*, in the university career, as well as in walking six leagues after having undergone the unpleasant operation of decapitation. The clock struck nine—no one stirred—each man appeared to have an insuperable objection to be the *first* to enter the lecture-room. For my own part I wished the matter over, and putting my hand upon the latch, a dozen officious gentlemen indicated their inclination to do the same thing. We entered, and I had leisure to take a more complete survey of my companions. In the countenances of a few was depicted all that agitation which bespoke the diffidence of their character, and a dread of making a worse appearance than the rest; others exhibited an easy carelessness, which resulted from the confidence of their being what is called *well up with their subjects*;—while another class of men displayed in every act, in every feature, that unblushing boldness which was inspired by the consciousness that they *knew* nothing about the subjects, and what is more, that they *did not wish to know anything about them*.

* The late Lord Erskine is said to have been the author of this pun execrable.

† The word *tea* is never used at Cambridge. It is always called *bitch*.

The latter class of individuals come up to the *Varsity*, (as they would term it,) with the professed intention of being *varmint** men, and if they be not expelled before the period of their under-graduateship is expired, they will in all probability leave the finest feathers in their caps a prey to those ruthless gentlemen called moderators ;—or in other words, they will stand a very good chance of being plucked. These persons amuse themselves in the lecture-room by telling good stories—writing droll verses—drawing caricatures, and, in fact, by exerting their utmost skill for the purpose of distracting the attention of some hard reader who has the misfortune to be seated near them. But the *ne plus ultra* of their ambition is to make some poor wretch burst into a fit of laughter while he is in the midst of demonstrating a proposition in mathematics, or construing some very affecting passage in a Greek tragedy. The latter they effect by an extemporaneous parody, or a doggerel version of the lines which the unfortunate object of their pleasantry may happen to be translating. The former, too, is managed in much the same way. It is done by burlesquing the problems which are given out by the tutor for solution. I recollect finding myself seated by one of those facetious gentlemen whose opposite neighbour, a lank-haired, sallow-looking Freshman, of a very studious and sedate cast, begged that he would be kind enough to favour him with the last question proposed by the Tutor ; assuring him at the same time how sorry he was to trouble him. The individual to whom this inquiry was addressed replied with a degree of gravity unparallelled even in the annals of stoicism, that he was not exactly *sure*, but that he believed it to be an equation involving one unknown quantity, and that to the best of his recollection it ran thus :—

“ Given, the dimensions of a ship, the weight of her cargo, and the surname of the first mate, to find the christian name of the owners.” This was copied with the greatest rapidity, and many thanks by the enquirer, who, for the first two or three minutes, was unable to detect the joke. When he did discover it, the look of mingled shame and anger which he darted at his informant beggars all description. I was greatly amused by it—almost as much as by the blunder which another ill-starred Freshman committed on the same day. In demonstrating, *viva voce*, a proposition of Euclid, he had the ill luck to meet with the expression “ *produce the straight line K to L* :”—the ill luck, I say, because this gentleman happened to come from London, and by a dreadful *lapsus-lingue* peculiar to the metropolis, he gave us an idea that he had taken a much *deeper* view of the subject than the father of Geometry himself—For in a voice which was heard throughout the room he expressed his intention of “ *producing the straight line K to Hell*.”

Mistakes like these are very grand occurrences indeed. If it were not for the blunders perpetrated in a mathematical lecture, I verily believe that there would be more suicides committed every day at Cambridge, between the hours of *nine* and *eleven*, than all the coroners in the kingdom would decide upon in twelve months. I have myself been more than once tempted to become *felo de se*, by laying a violent penknife upon my throat ; and I really think that, after being crossed in love and reading, I should also have been crossed (or, cross-roads, if the reader pleases) in my funeral, had it not been for the respect I entertained for my tutor, who was really a very worthy man. I reflected that there would have been a deodand of five pounds upon his Euclid, (the innocent cause of my

* “ *Varmint men*.” The reader is particularly requested not to confound *varmint* with *gay* men. The former are *slang* men. Badger-baiting and cock-fighting form their most favourite pleasures. The latter indulge in the sports of the field, in convivial parties, balls, &c., and are, generally speaking, *gentlemen*.

death, and which may be got for five shillings any where), and I refrained.

But now, reader, it is time that I should give you some idea of the lecture at which I took fright. To repeat the whole of it would be of very little service to any one, and I shall content myself with giving a few of the more remarkable passages in that lecture of lectures, with which our tutor, Dr Cosine, annually* favours the Freshmen on his side; at least, such *was* his custom; what his occupation may happen to be at the present writing, I really cannot say; for the worthy Doctor has now departed *that* life, changed his black gown for a white one, and his lecture-room for the chapel. Alas! poor Cosine, "Othello's occupation's gone."

The Doctor was accustomed to give two or three preparatory *hems!* and then to begin somewhat after this fashion:—

"Gentlemen,—As this is a mathematical university—as the road to the good graces of our Alma Mater lies through mathematics only—classics, at the same time, be it observed, not being *altogether* *uscleless* acquirements in this seminary of sound learning and religious education, since they will be found profitable for the newly instituted classical tripos; yet, without mathematics, classical learning will be of no avail whatsoever, as no one is qualified to sit for classical honours unless he shall have previously gained a place in the mathematical tripos;† which shews, Gentlemen, that I have rightly stated the subject in asserting, that the road to the good graces of our Alma Mater lies through mathematics, and through mathematics only. Well, Gentlemen, this being the case, it has for many years been a custom with me to prove that the authorities of this university have, in their wisdom, rightly considered *mathematics* as the *maximum*, and *classics* as the *minimum* of human erudition; and this object I have for many years

been accustomed to attain, by discussing the comparative merits of logic and mathematics, as far as they tend to the acquirement of the art of right reasoning.

"Nothing, Gentlemen, has tended so much to propagate and to perpetuate error, as the art of logic—She, gentlemen, was the mother, so to speak, that at once *begot and brought forth* the monster called error;—then, Gentlemen, she made this monster her child, which is not only itself a "*monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum*," but which makes *cui lumen ademptum* of us all;—then, I say, to speak in the figurative language of the classics, she made this monstrous child of hers drink of those immortal fountains, (I forget what they were called, but I recollect they are mentioned somewhere in Lempriere's Classical Dictionary,) so much celebrated by the ancient bards, thereby making her inhale immortality;—which circumstances, Gentlemen, will easily account for the *semper*-existence of error in the doctrines of every set of men, mathematicians alone excepted;—so that, to borrow a beautiful metaphor from the glorious science upon which I lecture,—a metaphor, gentlemen, which I am surprised that none of our great poets have hit upon,—to borrow, I say, a beautiful and correct metaphor from the science of mathematics, I would call this *error* a *surd*.—For, gentlemen, as the root of that quantity which is denominated a *surd*, can never be extracted, so it is impossible to eradicate error from the minds of those unenlightened individuals who have given themselves up to the study of logic—Gentlemen, a facetious poet of our own country has *drawn two lines*, I beg pardon, has *written* two lines, which if they be not precisely true, are, at least, pretty nearly so. I mean *the poet Hudibras*, who says,—

'For all the rhetoricians' rules
Teach nothing but to name their tools.'

* This lecture was annually repeated by the late Dr Cosine, for nearly twenty years.

† There are now two kinds of *Honours* at Cambridge—classical and mathematical; but to obtain the former it is necessary first to have gained the latter.

(Here the worthy Doctor was accustomed to laugh, and I eagerly seized this opportunity of giving vent to my risibility. I would have given the world to have been allowed the same indulgence when he came to his *ab surd* metaphor.)

"And, Gentlemen," (the Doctor was accustomed to continue, that I may not seem to advance anything without good and sufficient proof, I pledge myself to prove *any thing*, no matter how absurd, by the syllogisms of logicians. For instance, gentlemen,

'A bullock has a liver,
But I also have a liver,
Therefore, I am a bullock."

Can any thing be more ridiculous? Gentlemen, I have no patience with a science or an art that can be thus prostituted to the indiscriminate defence, of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood.—With much less equanimity can I look upon those men whose judgments are so shamefully perverted, that they feel no shame in asserting that for its *ingenuity* at least, if for nothing else, the art is not to be despised.—Ingenuity indeed!—Why, if logic be ingenious, much more, then, are mathematics ingenious. Shew me the logician who with all his boasted ingenuity, can prove that "*one equals two*."—Now the mathematician can prove it. I can prove it, Gentlemen; I *will* prove it.

"Let $a=x$ then $ax=x$ —now, take a^2 from each side of the equation; then $ax-a^2=x^2-a^2$, that is, $a(x-a)=(x+a)(x-a)$; divide both sides by $x-a$, then $a=x+a$, that is, $a=2a$, (for $a=x$); and, therefore, $1=2$.—Q. E. D.

"This Gentlemen, is no *jeu d'esprit*—no punning, quibbling proof, but a true incontrovertible algebraical proof. Admire, Gentlemen, admire the glorious and omnipotent science of Algebra, which can prove so much—which can demonstrate, by the use of a few letters, that which the uninitiated in its mysteries would pronounce to be impossible. But I have not done yet. By the same

science, I can prove, that NOTHING divided by *nothing* equal *two*.' No one can dispute that

$$a^2-x^2$$

$$\frac{a^2-x^2}{a-x}=a+x, \text{ This is quite clear.}$$

$$a-x$$

Now, assuming, as we did before, that $a=x$, and supposing the value of a to

$$b \text{ 1, then it will follow that } \frac{0}{0} = 2a,$$

$$\text{and therefore that } \frac{0}{0} = 2."$$

This was *too* much, and I really felt myself called upon to make some reply to the "*ingenuity*" and "*excellence*" of a science, which was thought to be so much superior to logic, because the latter could be "prostituted to the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong." I interrupted the worthy Tutor, by remarking, that, as he had before proved *one* to equal *two*, *nothing* divided by *nothing* must of course, equal *one*. He hesitated for a few minutes, and then replied, "Sir, I like an enquiring spirit, but I must not be interrupted in my lecture. For the present, however, let me observe, that you will have greater cause for wonder yet:—we have a quantity, sir, in algebra *less than nothing*."

I closed my book in consternation and despair.

And now, worthy reader, I wish to leave off for the present, and yet I do not exactly know how to accomplish the same without appearing somewhat abrupt. I almost wish that I had been confessing rapes, murders, treasons, and so forth, that I might here "sink back exhausted at the bare recollection of my crimes," after the laudable example of the heroes of many tales of horror now extant. Then I could perhaps persuade the printer to suffer his compositor to close with divers little asterisks, as is the custom with the Minerva press authors. But unfortunately I have no *deeds of blood* to atone for; and I shall therefore conclude with endeavouring to put my readers in good humour at parting, by relating a favourite illustration of

the doctrine of ratios, which our Tutor, who sometimes *did* the facetious, was in the habit of favouring us with. Talking of ratios, he was accustomed to say, "Gentlemen, in finding the ratio between any proposed quantities, it is absolutely necessary that these quantities should be in some

measure related to, should have some affinity with, each other. For instance, Gentlemen, it would be ridiculous for any one to ask me how far it was from the foot of Westminster Bridge to the first of April."

Au revoir, gentle reader, I really must conclude for the present.

TO —

Oh! Lady, now the time is past,
When passion held her darkling sway,
And gentle peace hath shed at last
O'er our poor hearts her ray.

Why are there in our greetings still
Such wanderings of the thought and
eye,
As if we had not drunk our fill
Of joy and misery?

Our speaking glances cannot meet,
I cannot gaze upon that brow,
But o'er my brain strange fancies fleet,
Such as oppress me now.

And yet I do not love thee now,
At least not as I loved before,
Because our lips have breathed a vow
That we should love no more.

Well, Lady, blessings go with thee,
Where'er thy path of life shall lie;
And should thy thoughts e'er turn to me,
O turn them tenderly.

Think of me as of one whose blood,
Drop after drop were shed with glad-
ness,

If, falling, it might bring thee good,
Or dissipate thy sadness.

I know thy plighted faith is given
To one more worthy of thy love,
Nor would I that a vow were riven
That's register'd above.

Oh, no! the madd'ning time is over,
When we were all to one another—
Forget, then, that I was thy lover;
Think of me as thy brother.

And trust me, when I think of thee,
That all my thoughts are pure and holy,
Though in their tenor there may be
Somewhat of melancholy.

For dreams of youth, when past and gone,
Leave in the mind a radiance still,
Like twilight, when the parting sun
Hath sunk behind the hill.

Then, Lady, blessings go with thee,
Where'er thy path of life shall lie;
And should thy thoughts e'er turn to me,
O turn them tenderly.

LINES BY L. E. L.

Alas, Alas! I cannot choose but love him.

I HAVE a dream upon my heart,
I cannot bid it quite depart,
Although I know that dream is one
That I should like a serpent shun;
I know too well what Love will be,
To trust such guest to bide with me.

I have seen hearts well nigh to break,
I have looked on the faded cheek;
Many a sigh have I seen swelling
On lips where the red rose was dwell-
ing;
All this sorrow mine will be,
If I let Love dwell with me.

The laugh, the lightest one of all
Amid the gayest festival,

I have known altered for the tear,
Whose falling does not sooth, but sear;
Knowing this, it cannot be
That I will risk Love with me.

I have known the sweetest sleep
Changed to vigils that but weep;
I have known the careless eye
Hide the depth of agony:
This is what I feel will be
Mine when Love has breathed on me.

I have seen the broken heart
In its hopelessness depart;
Seen Life's brightest hopes but crave
Of their stars an early grave:
What sin on my soul can be,
That Love's spell is set on me?

Yet I feel that all in vain
Would I struggle with the chain
That upon my heart is set ;
I may pine, but not forget ;
Can it Love, and must it be,
One more victim found in me.

Yet that voice is in mine ear ;
Would that it were not so clear ;
Still, that look is as a spell,
With a power I may not quell.
Love, if thou my doom must be,
Find a mortal shaft for me.

All my heart can stoop to bear,
All Love's pain, and all Love's care,
To find that its own energies
Cannot to themselves suffice,
To feel another one can be
Doom and destiny to me.

Yet I love, and O ! how well
Lip or look may never tell :
Never might my spirit brook
Others on its depths to look ;
Oh, I would give worlds to be
Free, even as I once was free.

INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

Bernardine.—I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke.—Oh, Sir, you must ; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bernardine.—I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Measure for Measure.

"IT is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous rogues whom Fortune has left to shift for themselves !" Such was my feeling ejaculation when, full of penitence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and, for the most part, pecked up, the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather-jacket so tightly that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second-hand and were pretty nearly out at the elbows. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of every thing, and amongst the rest, of the distresses of his particular friends, amongst whom I had the happiness of standing very forward. My business required but little explanation, for I was oppressed by neither rent-rolls nor title-deeds ; and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small ex-

perienced eye had twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and, at the same time, had taken a very exact admeasurement of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking I wanted application ; for another I wanted capital. "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiencies is irremediable, we must see what we can do to supply the latter. Take my advice,—Insure your life for a few thousands ; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live for ever ; and from my knowledge of your rattled habits and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual ill-opinion, and he obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an Insurance Office, where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed certain little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labours of the Inquisition, among whom the surplus arising from absentees would likewise be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share and ogled that of his absent neighbour, I surmised that some of my fellow-sufferers would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable of penetrating every crevice of their constitutions, by noses which could smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast high. How indeed could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in its hole undisturbed when surrounded by a pack of terriers which seemed hungry enough to devour one another? Whenever the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bark; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labours of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon their natural lives, were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in foundation for such a project. In vain did the Board endeavour to persuade them that they were half dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, swore that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole family had been as tenacious of life as eels themselves. Alas! they were first ordered into an adjoining room, which I soon learnt was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some indeed had the good

luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees; another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer who met with any thing like satisfaction, was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom Death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

"How old are you, Sir?" enquired an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man."

"I am the strongest man in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No—The rheumatism—Nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

"Oh, he died young; but then he was kilied in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No: they were all killed in rows too."

"Pray, Sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"May be I shall, some day or other."

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh, never fear! I am the sweetest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which is not often."

"What, Sir, you can drink a little?"

"Three bottles, with ease."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face, and look apoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly."

"Devil a bit. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles —"

"Never you mind that. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married, if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose amongst the directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The words "row," and

"three bottles," ran, hurry-scurry, round the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit ; but, as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady with an elderly maid-servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to show herself and be entitled to twenty thousand pounds, for which her *late husband* had insured his life.

"Zounds," thought I, "twenty thousand pounds and a widow !"

"Ah, Madam," observed the chairman, "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last ; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man ! she would marry again, of course ! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favourable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some further transactions which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward.

"Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external integuments, "allow me to introduce Mr —, a particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of your dying sort."

The directors turned their eyes towards me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

"You have a good broad chest," said one. "I dare say your lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders, too," said another. "Not likely to be knocked down in a row."

"Strong in the legs, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third. "I think this gentleman will suit us."

I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced ; and when I was ordered into another room to be farther examined by the surgeon in attendance. I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was warranted sound. The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now ?" inquired the cormorant.

"I am going to hand that lady to her carriage," I responded ; and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again, and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John ?" said I.

"Number —, Sir, in — street," said John ; and away they went. —

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman ?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so ?"

"Why I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harum-scarum way of life ; drink moderately, leave off fox-hunting, and sell my spirited

horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity for your doing all this?"

"My wife will, most likely, make it a stipulation."

"Your wife!"

"Yes. That pretty disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but, if you choose to bet the insurance which you have bought of me against the purchase-money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done!" said cormorant, his features again straining their buck-skins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. "Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, *gratis*."

I did not flinch from the agreement. My case, I knew, was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before had it not been for the Epsom Races, at which I had particular business; and any little additional reason for disgust to the world, would, I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a sad bugbear upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it remain in the shade, but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly, on the following day, I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half way up-stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing-room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed a little heaven of sport-

tive Cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtle-doves. The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter, the vases presented nothing but heart-ease and love-lies-bleeding; the very canary birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise-shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine! I could not bear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants; and would have given the world to appear a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen years' purchase. Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and I looked round, for something to talk about, on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in a tone with what I had before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robin Grey," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half-finished drawing of Apollo, which was, equally without doubt, meant to apply to her future one; and round about were strewed the seductive tomes of Moore, Campbell, and Byron. "This witch," thought I, "is the very creature I have been sighing after! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more, unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus! I was in the most melting mood alive, when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations. She was dressed in simple grey, wholly without ornament, and her dark brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant; and I perceived that she had either forgotten, or was determined not to recognize me. I was not quite prepared for this, and, in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps,

mistaken the breakings forth of a young and buoyant spirit, under ridiculous circumstances, for the encouragements of volatile coquetry; and, for a moment, I was in doubt whether I should not apologize and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers! Nothing on earth could have sent me down stairs unless I had been kicked down! "Madam," I began—but my blood was in a turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father and her lamented husband, absence and the East Indies, liver complaints and Life Insurance; with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation and preter-plu-perfect impertinence. The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention either my father or his promising little heir-apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Ah, Madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural! I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage. He had not time—he had not time, Madam, to make his friends happy by introducing them to you."

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robin Grey and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. "Permit me, however, to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in his shoulders, which

would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest, too, and a trifle stronger on the legs, as they say at the Insurance Office."—The widow looked comically at the recollections which I brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile; and this, in turn, expanded into a laugh like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty on the stilts; but put us upon fair grounds, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirable jokes, repeated touching passages from a new poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalized, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away till I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Pigot Diamond. I kept my eye sedulously upon the pavement, to be sure that the coal-holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways, to calculate the dangers of being run over. When I arrived, I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensigncy in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going missionary to New Zealand. I wrote to him, in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow fever or devoured by cannibals, but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months, at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand, and received me

with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite, my anecdote of New Zealand irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves till it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for my increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogized my modesty till it was well nigh burnt to a cinder, and every now and then sharpened her wit by a delicate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third and the fourth and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and, at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was, at once, to decide the question with the Insurance Office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at work, and, as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she, "that I have been mightily imposed upon."

"By whom?" I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"Come now, will it please you to be candid, and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father, and the liver complaint, and Heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"Will it please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?"

"Nonsense! Will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. "It should be done so—and then so.—What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered. "I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor, swindling, disreputable vagabond,——but I love you to my soul."

The work dropped upon her knee.

* * * * *

In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend.

Dear Sir,

It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife, I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign in the West Indies or a missionary in New Zealand, you may rely upon my interest there.

[ABOUT the year 18—, one R——d, a respectable London merchant, (since dead,) stood in the pillory for some alleged fraud upon the Revenue. Among his papers were found the following "Reflections," which we have obtained by favour of a friend, who knew him well, and had heard him describe the train of his feelings upon that trying occasion almost in the words of the MS. This friend speaks of him as a man (with the exception of the peccadillo aforesaid) of singular integrity in all his private dealings, possessing great suavity of manner, with a certain turn for

humour. As our object is to present human nature under every possible circumstance, we do not think that we shall sully our pages by inserting it.—*Ed. Lon. Mag.*

REFLECTIONS IN THE PILLORY.

Scene, opposite the Royal Exchange. Time, Twelve to One, Noon.

KETCH, my good fellow, you have a neat hand. Prithee, adjust this new collar to my neck gingerly. I am not used to these wooden cravats. There, softly, softly. That seems the exact point between ornament and strangulation. A thought looser on this side. Now it will do. And have a care in turning me, that I present my aspect due vertically. I now face the orient. In a quarter of an hour I shift southward—do you mind?—and so on till I face the east again, travelling with the sun. No half points, I beseech you; N.N.W. or any such elaborate niceties. They become the shipman's card, but not this mystery. Now leave me a little to my own reflections.

Bless us, what a company is assembled in honour of me! How grand I stand here! I never felt so sensibly before the effect of solitude in a crowd. I muse in solemn silence upon that vast miscellaneous rabble in the pit there. From my private box I contemplate with mingled pity and wonder the gaping curiosity of those underlings. There are my Whitechapel supporters. Rosemary Lane has emptied herself of the very flower of her citizens to grace my show. Duke's Place sits desolate. What is there in my face, that strangers should come so far from the east to gaze upon it? [*Here an egg narrowly misses him*]. That offering was well meant, but not so cleanly executed. By the tricklings, it should not be either myrrh or frankincense. Spare your presents, my friends; I am no-ways mercenary. I desire no missive tokens of your approbation. I am past those valentines. Bestow these coffins of untimely chickens upon mouths that water for them. Comfort your addle spouses with them at home, and stop the mouths

of your brawling brats with such Olla Podridas; they have need of them. [*A brick is let fly*]. Discase not, I pray you, nor dismantle your rent and ragged tenements, to furnish me with architectural decorations, which I can excuse. This fragment might have stopped a flaw against snow comes. [*A coal flies*]. Cinders are dear, gentlemen. This nubbling might have helped the pot boil, when your dirty cuttings from the shambles at three ha'-pence a pound shall stand at a cold simmer. Now south about, Ketch. I would enjoy australian popularity.

What, my friends from over the water! Old benchers—flies of a day—ephemeral Romans—welcome! Doth the sight of me draw souls from limbo? can it dispeople purgatory, ha!

What am I, or what was my father's house, that I should thus be set up a spectacle to gentlemen and others? Why are all faces, like Persians at the sun-rise, bent singly on mine alone? It was wont to be a esteemed an ordinary visnomy, a quotidian merely. Doubtless these assembled myriads discern some traits of nobleness, gentility, breeding, which hitherto have escaped the common observation—some intimations, as it were, of wisdom, valour, piety, and so forth. My sight dazzles; and, if I am not deceived by the too familiar pressure of this strange neckcloth that envelopes it, my countenance gives out lambent glories. For some painter now to take me in the lucky point of expression!—the posture so convenient—the head never shifting, but standing quiescent in a sort of natural frame. But these artisans require a westerly aspect. Ketch, turn me.

Something of St. James's air in these my new friends. How my

prospects shift and brighten ! Now if Sir Thomas Lawrence be any where in that group, his fortune is made for ever. I think I see some one taking out a crayon. I will compose my whole face to a smile, which yet shall not so predominate, but that gravity and gaiety shall contend as it were—you understand me ? I will work up my thoughts to some mild rapture—a gentle enthusiasm—which the artist may transfer in a manner warm to the canvass. I will inwardly apostrophize my tabernacle.

Delectable mansion, hail ! House, not made of every wood. Lodging, that pays no rent ; airy and commodious ; which, owing no window-tax, art yet all casement, out of which men have such pleasure in peering and overlooking, that they will sometimes stand an hour together to enjoy thy prospects ! Cell recluse from the vulgar ! Quiet retirement from the great Babel, yet affording sufficient glimpses into it ! Pulpit, that instructs without note or sermon-book, into which the preacher is inducted without tenth or first fruit ! Throne unshared and single, that disdainest a Brentford competitor ! Honour without co-rival ! Or appearest thou rather a magnificent theatre in which the spectator comes to see and to be seen ? From thy giddy heights I look down upon the common herd, who stand with eyes upturned as if a winged messenger hovered over them ; and mouths open, as if they expected manna. I feel, I feel, the true Episcopal yearnings. Behold in me, my flock, your true overseer ! What though I cannot lay hands, because my own are laid, yet I can mutter benedictions. True *otium cum dignitate* ! Proud Pisgah eminence !

Pinnacle sublime ! O Pillory, 'tis thee I sing ! Thou younger brother to the gallows, without his rough and Esau palms ; that with ineffable contempt surveyest beneath thee the grovelling stocks, which claims presumptuously to be of thy great race. Let that low wood know, that thou art far higher born ! Let that domicile for groundling rogues and base earth-kissing varlets, envy thy preferment, not seldom fated to be the wanton baiting-house, the temporary retreat, of poet and of patriot. Shades of Bastwick and of Prynne hover over thee—Defoe is there, and more greatly daring Shelbeare—from their (little more elevated) stations they look down with recognitions. Ketch, turn me.

I now veer to the north. Open your widest gates, thou proud Exchange of London, that I may look in as proudly ! Gresham's wonder, hail ! I stand upon a level with all your kings. They, and I, from equal heights, with equal superciliousness, o'er-look the plodding, money-hunting tribe below ; who, busied in their sordid speculations, scarce elevate their eyes to notice your ancient, or my recent, grandeur. The second Charles smiles on me from three pedestals ?* He closed the Exchequer, I cheated the Excise. Equal our darings, equal be our lot.

Are those the quarters ? 'tis their fatal chime. That the ever-winged hours would but stand still ! but I must descend, descend from this dream of greatness. Stay, stay a little while, importunate hour hand. A moment or two, and I shall walk on foot with the undistinguished many. The clock speaks one. I return to common life. Ketch, let me out.

* A statue of Charles II. by the elder Cibber, adorns the front of the Exchange.—He stands also on high, in the train of his crowned ancestors, in his proper order, *within* that building. But the merchants of London, in a superfoetation of loyalty, have, within a few years, caused to be erected another effigy of him on the ground in the centre of the interior. We do not hear that a fourth is in contemplation.—*Ed. Len. Mag.*

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.—NO. II.

MY DEAR S.

I ENDEAVOURED to give you some idea of the student duels in the German universities; and when I was doing so, I little thought I should have to exemplify one of those fatal results which take place every now and then, in the person of my poor friend L——. You have often found his name in my letters. How could it be otherwise? He had been my constant companion in shower and in sunshine, on foot and on horseback, by water and by land, nearly for 12 months. I was at his side, when, with our knapsacks on our backs, we toiled through the sands of Mecklenburg and Prussia; when we wound our way over the rocks, and through the valleys of Switzerland. I was with him when we danced merrily to the sound of “tabor and lute,” at the gathering of the vintage, and sung “blessings on the Rhine,” as its blue waves were rapidly fulfilling their course beneath our feet—and I was with him when he was laid in his grave.

The first time I saw L—— was at Heidelberg. I had just returned from a ten days’ excursion to Cologne, and was sitting at the window of the inn, when my attention was aroused by a strange-looking figure, coming up the street. He seemed to be in the prime of youth, probably not twenty years of age. His form was singularly well proportioned, so much so, that though as he approached I saw he was six feet in height, he scarcely looked much above the middling size. His costume was ultra-student; his long dark hair had been carefully combed off his forehead, and hung in full curls down his back, so that there was nothing to relieve the palest countenance, and the most regular features I ever saw, except the black mustache which curled upon his upper lip. He wore a velvet cap, after the fashion of the sixteenth century, at the front of which

was affixed a small silver crucifix. His neck was bare, and a large Vandyrke frill lay on his shoulders. A Polish jacket, loose trowsers, and a sword so fastened as to be brought forward and placed nearly perpendicularly on his left breast, completed the rest of his outline. I had already seen a little of these students, but was not prepared to meet with any thing so strange as this figure. I soon learned, however, that he was from the university of Jena; and this, I was given to understand, was a sufficient cause for all this singularity of appearance. He touched his bonnet slightly as he passed us, according to the courtesy of the country, and I saw nothing more of him till we met, six months after, at Berlin. I then found him much changed. He had shorn his long locks, and had modified his extraordinary costume, to a more citizen-like fashion. His mind, however, had been too deeply imbued with the extravagancies of the Burschin-libsu of Jena, to throw off all those habits of thought which had been acquired at the very outset of his career. He had quitted one of the Gymnasias of Germany at the age of fifteen, and had been placed at this University. He found himself in a world, a world, too, in which unfortunately the imagination was called more into play than the judgment. He was surrounded by youths of his own age, the greater portion, if not the whole of whom, at this particularly University, sprung from the middling orders, and therefore hated all that savoured of aristocracy. Picture to yourself a set of boys, placed in one of the most secluded spots on the face of the earth, mingling in no society, because in Jena there is none; filled with heated notions about liberty and patriotism; always in a state of excitement, eternally duelling or studying; and I think you will not easily find a chain of circumstances more fit for building

up a mind such as that of Sandt, or of destroying one like L——'s.

L—— was an only child. His circumstances and his rank of life (for he was not a noble) obliged him to devote himself to the study of theology. His temper was mild and conciliating—he was an expert swordsman and an experienced duellist, because he was a student; but almost all of his duels arose from the quarrels of others. The impulse of his own nature was to be in charity with all men. You probably will smile at the idea of a duellist being of such a disposition; but consider for a moment how exceedingly artificial the society is which brings forth such seeming incongruities, and your wonder will cease. At an age when our feelings are freshest, and most easily moulded, a student is thrown into a world where his conduct is tried by the wildest and most romantic test. He is taught to consider himself perfectly free, because he is not bound to acknowledge any law, except those of the *Senatus Academicus*, not even those of his own country. He is therefore touchy, and impatient of restraint. He comes prepared to form romantic attachments, and his anticipations are realized. Clans are formed among themselves, each member of which swears to support his brother at all risks. Each clan has its particular days of meeting, and all the clans meet together four times in the year, for no other purpose than to foster these high-wrought feelings. Hence you will easily see that duelling among them is nothing but a necessary result of the "*esprit du corps*," and that a mild man and a regular duellist are not incompatible.

As a man, then, L—— possessed all those kindly affections which endeared him to his friends, but as a student, these feelings had been diverted from a wholesome growth, and had become rank from their very luxuriancy. I am content to be charged with prolixity in the description of his character, because this description will apply to a whole class of students, and to a class, too,

by no means scant among them. L—— had modelled his character upon an ideal of what he conceived to be the *Alt-Deutsch*. To live freely—to be true to his friend, his mistress, and, above all, to his country, was the very soul of such a model. To be sincere in his manner, nay, even to be blunt, to be strictly *chaste*, to avoid all that resembled *French*, was to be a man. In short, I cannot give you a better idea of what the greater portion of the German students strive to be, than to refer you to the character of Götz von Berlichingen, in Goethe's tragedy of that name. It was one of the German poet's earliest productions, and I suspect that Götz himself is not so much an original conception as the concrete of what was conceived to be a perfect *Alt-Deutscher* by the students. L——, though a thorough wanderer over the face of the earth, yet had contrived to obtain a profound acquaintance with the ancient tongues, both classical and the eastern. The study of these was necessary for his theological pursuits. There was a motive, however, for his ardour for acquirement, which arose from a more sacred source than the mere pleasure of study,—a sense of duty, which he owed to an aged mother. His feelings were acute on all subjects, but on this they amounted to devotion. "She has been all to me," I have often heard him say; "she has garnered up all her heart in her son. God grant that one day he may be enabled to shew his gratitude!" So mysterious, however, are the ways of Providence, that it was through that son that her grey hairs were bowed with sorrow to the grave.

We had travelled from Berlin to Heidelberg. You know, I was in the habit of making short excursions to the several capitals in the south of Germany. I had been absent a week on one of these, and had returned very late one night,—when, as I drove through the street in which he lodged, I looked for the light which I expected to find at his window, for his

burschen habits obliged him to devote his nights to those studies to which he could not attend during the day, but I found that the shutters were closed. I know not how to account for it, but I had a presentiment that he was dead. It was in vain I reasoned on the improbability of the case. In vain I thought on a thousand causes which might have induced him to have retired earlier than usual,—nothing appeared satisfactory, and I was oppressed with the deepest melancholy. The next day I went to the leader of the corps to which he belonged, and learned, alas! that my suspicions were but too true: poor L—— had been shot the very evening of my arrival. The affair had arisen from a quarrel which occurred in the great Commerz. A drunken Courlander had insulted L——; hard words were exchanged, and a duel was to be the consequence. The following morning, L——'s friends were surprised to hear that his antagonist insisted on choosing the pistol and the barrier. The reason assigned was, that he had struck the Courlander. It did not appear, however, that any blow had been given or taken by either party, but as this mode of fighting was strongly insisted upon, there remained no other alternative but to adopt it. The spot chosen for this scene of action was a field just out of the town. They met, and at the very first fire his adversary's ball passed through L——'s heart—he sprang into the air, and fell dead without a single groan. The ball had driven in a portion of the little silver crucifix, the gift of his mother, which, since he had changed his mode of dress, he wore in his bosom. The Courlander was obliged to leave the territories of Baden, and this he could accomplish in an hour. The punishment against duelling is nominally severe, but really nothing. You may be sentenced to twenty years' confinement at Spandau, or at any other fortress, and you reckon upon being set free in twenty weeks. It is a custom prevalent throughout Germany, in cases of duels, to bury

the person on the spot in which he has fallen. A grave was made near two large elms, in the corner of the field in which the duel took place, and here they buried the body of poor L——, and with it all that remained of joy or comfort to his aged and widowed mother. This was the brief outline of the events which had transpired during my absence. The several members of the Landsmanschaft to which he belonged were highly insensed. It was not a fair duel, said one. It was not according to the customary student-laws, said a second. The Courlanders have been renouncing of late. We shall see if this cannot be stopped, replied a third. It was evident from all this, that a host of duels were in contemplation. L—— had been so much beloved among his own set, and had contributed so much in making that set so well known throughout Germany, by his expertness at the sword that they were determined to revenge his death. The Courlanders, on the other hand, knew that this would be the probable result, and had come to an equal determination to be ready to take up the slightest insult, or, in other words, to see insult where there could have been none. As both of these clans were numerous and well known, the eyes of the whole university were turned upon them. Groups of youths were seen gathered in corners together. Instead of the loud jollity which attended their usual meeting, silent though menacing looks were observed. Bitter taunts, seemingly addressed to the air, but really to the passer-by, were thrown out on all sides. The whole university seemed to be in a state of restlessness and excitement, which, considering the very inflammable and light materials of which its members were composed, gave no little uneasiness to the burghers. Such was the state of affairs during the whole of the day subsequent to poor L——'s death. It was now that portion of the evening which, succeeding a brilliant sun-set, just precedes the rising of the moon. I was in my own room, ruminat-

ing upon the melancholy fate of my friend. His youth, his promising talents, the many pleasant hours we had spent together, all occurred to me, and however varied the tissue of my thoughts might otherwise be, yet he was always interwoven with it. While I was so employed, I thought I heard a murmuring sound, like the "noise of waters running violently at a distance." In a few minutes this became more and more distinct. I almost thought it was a mere imagination, until I observed others looking for its cause as well as myself. "What is the matter?" said I to a man who seemed hurrying away from something, but evidently not knowing which road to take. He looked a moment in my face, and then, without uttering a single word, fairly took to his heels. The noise approached. The deep, sullen continuous murmur, now seemed to swell, and again to subside. At once, a burst of human voices broke, as if by magic, upon me, and starting round, I saw a dense mass rapidly moving up the streets; and now there could be no doubt what this portended; had I had any, the fearful watchword of the students, "*Burschen heraus*," would at once have informed me that the students were out. Once having heard it, I knew that I, as a student, dared not stay within. I accordingly seized my sword, and ran to join the throng. Peaceable citizens, who, a few moments before, had been walking in perfect security, were now seen running in every direction. The old, the young, all sexes, and all ages, were hurrying from the living avalanche, which seemed as if about to overwhelm them.

"*Heraus, Burschen Heraus*," was echoed from all sides, and at these words students came pouring out from each street, and lane and house. Princes, counts, barons, and all the prolific host of titled youths, ran shouting and hallooing, and flourishing their swords or sharpening their *Klinge** on the stones as they joined

the throng. Nothing was heard but shouts and invocations. "*Hurrah! hurrah! Freedom and the student-life forever!*" "*Down with the Philistines!*" and a thousand such expressions, were mingled with ten thousand heavy German oaths to increase the confusion.

"To the market-place, to the market-place," was now the cry, and away we hurried to the spot. When we had assembled there, and something like silence had been obtained, there was a general cail on the leaders of the *landsmanschaften*, to explain the reason of this assemblage. "The peasantry have insulted us," was vociferated from one corner of the square. "Meyer the tailor, who was in '*Verchiss*' for not trusting the Prince von Drecke for a coat, has again insulted him grossly," was heard on another side—"No, no," said others, "the Graf von Sausen has been licked by the landlord of the Hecht!" This poor devil of a landlord had made himself obnoxious to the students, and they, after their fashion, put him into "*Verchiss*," so that none of them could become his customers. He, however, had had a sufficient number of friends among the citizens, to be able to do without their support. No sooner then was the word uttered, that one of the honourable fraternity of Students had been cudgell'd by the said landlord, than cries were heard on both sides—"To the Hecht, to the Hecht," and away we moved to the devoted house. "A Philistine, a Philistine," cried one of the foremost, as a man and a female were intercepted in their attempt to escape. "Down with him!" cried some, who neither saw nor knew who it was—"Who is he?" cried others, not quite so inconsiderate as the rest. "The landlord of the Golden Fleece, and his daughter."—"Did you not hear, friend, that the *Burschen* were out, and do you not know, that the mountain stream cannot be restrained in its course?" said a long-haired Quix-

* *Klinge*, the blunt sword with which the students practise.

otic Burschenschafter.—Poor Hans, upon whom all this poetry seemed quite thrown away, swore most roundly, that he neither had heard nor seen any mountain stream, and that he made it a rule never to oppose any stream, mountain or not. "Let him pass," said the leader of the Westphalians, whose mess was held at the Golden Fleece, "Hans is a good fellow, and Lotta is pretty."—Away then ran Hans and Lotta, and away moved the mass to the Hecht. Every house had been shut up and barricaded; the landlord of the Hecht knowing in what odour he stood, you may be sure was not less remiss in securing his own than his neighbour's. One or two of the leaders tapped at the door and demanded admission. The landlord, no doubt, would not have been at home, had he had the opportunity of denying himself; but long before any answer could be given—crack went the door. I stood on some steps just opposite the entrance to the house, and could observe what took place. The rush was so sudden, that some half dozen of heavy-gaited peasants and shipmen were surprised over their beer. No sooner, however, was the student's cap and glittering sword seen among them, than they disappeared with surprising alacrity. Some tried to force through the crowd, and got well pommelled in the attempt; some flew up stairs and escaped into the next house; two or three made for the window, and without attending to the impediment of glass or wood, bolted through; not, however, without being materially assisted in their flight by sundry pokes in the most obviously presenting part, sufficiently piquante to make them meditate on their latter end. And now a scene of the greatest tumult and confusion took place. The furniture of the house was broken to pieces, glasses, chairs, stools, and beds were flung out; and nothing short of the absolute destruction of the building itself, seemed to satisfy the students.—Matters were going

on in this way, when a cry of "Halt, halt," was heard from the end of the street. "The military are here."—"Together, together," cried some of the chiefs, as a troop of Cuirassiers, preceded by the Pro-rector and other Professors, appeared. The students, in the mean while, had had time to form a very good front behind the broken furniture and rubbish which had been collected together, and laid across the narrow street.

"What is the cause of this disturbance gentlemen? You must disperse immediately," said the Pro-rector.

"We have been insulted, most grossly insulted, was heard on every side. "Who has been insulted?" replied the Pro-rector; "only let him come forward, and the matter shall be immediately investigated by the Senatus Academicus." "Graf Von Saufen has been disgraced and beaten by the landlord of the Hecht." The landlord, who had ensconced himself in the upper story of the next house, now put forth his shaggy head and swore, he had never seen Der Herr Graf; and the Count himself corroborated the statement, by declaring he never had been thrashed at all. This unexpected turn of affairs seemed to put the students to a nonplus. It was clear, from the known animosity that existed between them and the military, that not a few cloven skulls would ensue. One party seemed to waver, and the other appeared quite ready to dash and hash. "A knote* told me," said a thin little voice from the thickest of the crowd, that one of the students had been murdered by the peasantry, and that he had seen the corpse, and I spread the report."—"Surely, gentlemen," said the Pro-rector, "you need not have placed the whole city in alarm for a mere report. Why did you not learn who was missing, and then lay the matter before us? I insist upon your immediately dismissing, or I shall give orders to the military to compel you."—"A free Bursche must not be

* Knote.—*Anglice*, Snob.

compelled," cried the leader of the Saxo Borussians; we acknowledge no laws but those of the *Senatus*. The military have no business here—let them first depart, and then we will treat with you. But if a single *Bursche* is hurt, Mr Pro-rector, we will declare the University in *Verchiss* throughout Germany." This oration was received with shouts of approbation, and cries of "Liberty for ever!" resounded on every side. The Professors knew, from sad experience, that it was dangerous to push matters too far. They were aware, that should the University be put into *verchiss*, not only they, but the whole town, would be ruined. They knew that a student was not a student of this or that particular university, subject to its peculiar laws, but that he was emphatically a German student. They knew that the bonds which united them together were so strict, that what was decreed at *Hamburg*, was confirmed at *Tubingen*. The experience of the last twelve years convinced them that putting the university into *verchiss* was attended with results so serious, that on one occasion the whole town of *Heidelberg* went forth with music to invite the students to return from the place where they had encamped previously to their finally, to a man, quitting the university. Many of the Professors too, although obliged to act with decision, were themselves averse to allow any other authority but their own to have weight in the university. A consultation of a few minutes was held, and it was resolved that the military be requested to retire to the outskirts of the town. As long as the tumult had lasted, my mind had been excited, but now that I saw the whole band about to retire peaceably, I turned with feelings of deep disgust from the noisy throng which surrounded me. I was discontented with myself and the whole world. I blamed my own egregious folly in ever joining a set of such wild fanatics, and subjecting myself either to participate in their rash acts or to fight half the university. While

I was thus ruminating, I found that instead of reaching my own door, I had insensibly wandered to the side of a hill which skirts the back of the town. All that fairy scene, which, a few hours before, had been lighted up by the gorgeous rays of a setting sun—the old castle reposing on the hill—the hills themselves, covered as far as rays could reach, with the variegated blossoms of the peach, the almond, and the apple,—the broad waters of the *Rhine* following in waves of molten gold through the fairest plain and richest vale on the face of the earth,—all this magnificent variety of hues was now blended into one soft tone by the light of the moon; colourless shapes were everywhere around me, and shadows seemed like substances, and substances like shadows. The huge forms of the mountains appeared to arise like evil genii from the midst of the deep shadows which surrounded their base—and night, and solitude, and silence, conspired to throw me into a world of spirits. The fate of poor *L—*, cut off in the bloom of youth, the grief of his broken-hearted mother, and the ten thousand thoughts with which his image was connected, crossed my mind, and I was lost as in a painful dream. I was recalled to my senses, however, by my dog, which had joined me, crouching suddenly behind me. I looked up, and I swear to you that I saw the features of my friend by the strong beam that fell on his pale forehead. He was standing beneath a tree whose shadow clothed the whole of his form, except the head, as with a dark garment. My knees tottered under me, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and the perspiration stood in large beads on my forehead. He seemed to look fixedly upon me, and I thought I could see his lips move—I could not be mistaken—I ran forward to meet him—he fell into my arms, and I found a cold stiff corpse weighing on my shoulder! the corpse of *L—*. I know not what happened for the next few minutes—but when I recovered I found myself

leaning on the trunk of a tree, surrounded by some students. They all seemed in deep astonishment. At last one cried out, "I see it, I see it! What, what! they have cast him from his grave. Who have done it? The peasantry?" At once the whole truth flashed upon us, and at once we now saw the origin of the report of the murdered student. L—— had been buried in the field of one of the small land-holders, and such is the superstition of the lower orders in Germany, that the vicinity of a murdered corpse is thought to bring the greatest misfortunes. This landholder, had, therefore, removed it

from its grave, and placed it in a conspicuous situation. Some one or other had, no doubt, seen it, and imagined it to be a murdered student, and had spread that report which brought out the whole university in arms.

A deputation was sent to the Duke to dispense with the law which obliged a man killed in a duel to be buried on the spot, and to allow L. to be interred after the fashion of the students. This was granted, and the whole university followed the body at midnight by torch-light to a quiet-er grave.

THE HORSEMAN'S SONG, FROM KÖRNER.

My horse, my horse—to arms! to arms!
 Upon us looks the world—
 Our foes, with threats and loud alarms,
 Their deadly hate have hurl'd.—
 My horse, my horse!—the night is gone,
 There is thy oaken wreath—
 Arouse, arouse, and bear me on
 Where sabres deal forth death!

What if he fall! Oh soft the place
 Of his last sleep shall be,
 Encircled in his bride's embrace,
 And guarded tenderly;
 And as the leafless oak in spring
 Renewing verdure yields,
 He shall awake from slumbering,
 Free in heaven's living fields!

Away, away! my charger bear
 Thy fire and courage high;
 No dangers now must raise a fear,
 How thick soe'er they lie.
 Behind we've many a pang and sigh
 From loves and home adored—
 In front we've death or victory—
 Beside us our good sword.

Howe'er my charger, fate decree,
 To conquer or to fall—
 Above our fortunes let us be,
 And bravely dare them all—
 Follow the path to liberty,
 Though through the grave it lead
 O'er conquest's blood-red summit high—
 What reck we how it speed!

Come, hasten to the bridal feast,
 There waits our bridal crown;
 On every dull or lingering guest
 The social band shall frown:
 For honour is a feaster there—
 The bride our father-land,
 And him to whom that bride is dear—
 Shall fear or death command?—

My horse, my horse, to victory!
 Who heeds a vaunting foe?
 Heaven is for us, it fires thy eye,
 And nerves me for the blow.
 On, on, my noble courser, on!—
 The storm roars through our land;
 If thick as hail and fierce as sun,
 Charge through the foeman's band!

THE ITALIAN NOVELIST.*

THE work now before us has long been a desideratum in English history. The fountains, whence so much of our literature has, like the Nile, taken its long and fertilizing course, at once attract the research

of the philosopher, and the imagination of the bard. It is interesting to observe the progress of that mental alchymy by which metal, base, soiled, or shapelless, becomes delicate in its polish, and graceful in its propor-

* *The Italian Novelist*, &c. : translated from the Original Italian, with Notes Critical and Biographical. By Thomas Roscoe. 12mo. 4 vols. London, 1825.

tion. Into no worthier hands could the task of selection and translation have fallen, than into those of Mr Roscoe; he has both the industry for research, and the taste for appreciation. The character of these Italian novels is well known; partly historical facts, dressed up romance-fashion; odd hoaxes; love tales, purely imaginative, and others of a humorous and satirical turn; they reflect the whole spirit of the age in which they had birth. This collection contains selected tales so far back as the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, or Hundred Ancient Tales, down to Robustiano Girone; and it is to the last degree curious to remark in how many forms these fictions have become familiar to us. Amid such variety as these volumes present, it is really difficult to make a choice, but the following tale is, we think, less known than many of its companions. We must add, that it is the history of an enamoured youth, who has at last obtained an interview with the hard-hearted mistress of his affections.

"Finding that all his efforts proved quite fruitless, and that it was impossible to make any impression, he threw himself once more at her feet, with tears in his eyes, declaring that, if she possessed the cruelty to deprive him of all hope, he should not long survive. The lady remained silent, and Messer Filiberto, then summoning his utmost pride and fortitude to his aid, prepared to take his leave; beseeching her only in the common courtesy and hospitality of the country, to grant him, in return for his long love and sufferings, a single kiss, which, against all social laws, she had before denied him; although it was generally yielded to all strangers who entered an hospitable roof. 'I wish,' replied Donna Zilia, 'I knew whether your affection for me is so strong as you pretend, for then, if you will but take a vow to observe one thing, I will grant what you require. I shall then believe I am truly beloved, but never till then.' The lover eagerly swore to observe the conditions she should impose, and

seized the price of the promise he had given. 'Now, Signor Filiberto,' exclaimed the lady, 'prepare to execute the cruel sentence I shall impose. It is my will and pleasure that you no longer trouble me with such entreaties for the future, at least for some time; and if you are a true knight, you will not again unseal your lips for the space of three years.'—The lover was greatly surprised and shocked, on hearing so harsh and unjust a sentence; though at the same time, he signified his submission by his silence, merely nodding his assent. Soon after, making the lady a low bow, he took his departure for his own residence. There, taking the affair into his most serious consideration, he at last came to the fixed resolution of submitting to this very severe penalty, as a punishment, at least, for his folly, in so lightly sporting with his oath. Suddenly, then, he became dumb, and feigning that he had met with some accident, he set out from Moncaliero, on his return to Virle. His friends, on finding him in this sad condition, expressed the utmost sorrow and surprise; but, as he retained his usual cheerfulness, and sense enough to conduct his own affairs, they corresponded with him as well as if he had retained the nine parts of speech. Committing his affairs to the conduct of his steward, a distant relation, in whom he had the highest confidence, he determined to set out on a tour for France, to beguile, if possible, the irksomeness of his situation. Of an extremely handsome person, and possessing noble and imposing manners, the misfortune under which he appeared to labour was doubly regretted, wherever our hero made his appearance.

"About the period of his arrival in France, Charles, the seventh of that name, was engaged in a warm and sanguinary war against the English, attempting to recover possession of the dominions which his predecessors had lost. Having already driven them from Gascony and other parts, he was busily preparing to follow up

his successes in Normandy. On arriving at this sovereign's court, Messer Filiberto had the good fortune to find several of his friends among the barons and cavaliers in the king's service, from whom he experienced a very kind reception, which was rather enhanced by their knowledge of the cruel misfortune under which he laboured. But as it was not of such a nature as to incapacitate him for battle, he made signs that he wished to enter into the King's body guards; and being a knight of well known prowess, this resolution was much applauded, no less by his majesty than by all his friends. Having equipped himself in a suitable manner, he accompanied a division of the army intended to carry Rouen by assault. Here he performed such feats of strength and heroic valour in the presence of the King, as to excite the greatest admiration; and on the third attack the place was carried by storm. His Majesty afterwards inquiring more particularly into the history of the valiant knight, and learning that he was one of the lords of Virle in Piedmont, instantly conferred upon him an office in his royal household, and presented him with a large sum of money as an encouragement to persevere in the noble career he had commenced, observing at the same time, that he trusted some of his physicians would be enabled to remove the impediment in his speech. Our hero, smiling at this observation, expressed his gratitude for these royal favours as well as he could; shaking his fist at the same time, in token that he would punish his Majesty's adversaries.—Soon after, a sharp skirmish occurred between the French and the enemy for the possession of a bridge. The affair becoming serious, and the trumpets sounding to arms, the King, in order to encourage his troops, galloped towards the spot: Talbot, the commander of the English forces, was already there, and had nearly obtained possession of the bridge. His Majesty was in the act of encouraging his soldiers, when Messer Fil-

iberto, on his black charger, passed him at full speed with his company. With his lance in rest, he rode full at the horse of Talbot, which fell to the ground. Then seizing his huge club, and followed by his companions, he made such terrible havoc among the English, that, dealing death in every blow, he shortly dispersed them on all sides, and compelled them to abandon their position on the bridge. It was with difficulty that their commander himself effected his escape; while King Charles, following up his success, in a short time obtained possession of the whole of Normandy.

“On this occasion the King returned public thanks to the heroic Filiberto, and in the presence of all the first nobility of his kingdom, invested him with the command of several castles, with a hundred men at arms to attend him. He now stood so high in favour at court, that the Monarch spared no expense to obtain the first professional advice that could be found in every country, with the hope of restoring him to the use of speech; and, after holding a solemn tournament in honour of the French victories, he proclaimed a reward of ten thousand francs to be paid to any physician, or other person, who should be fortunate enough to discover the means of restoring the use of speech to a dumb cavalier, who had lost his voice in a single night. The fame of this reward reaching as far as Italy, many adventurers, induced by the hope of gain, sallied forth to try their skill, however vainly, since it was impossible to make him speak against his will. Incensed at observing such a concourse of people at his court, under the pretence of performing experiments on the dumb gentleman, until the whole capital became infested with quacks, his Majesty ordered a fresh proclamation to go forth, stating, that whoever undertook to effect the cure, should thenceforth, in case of failing to perform what he promised, be put to death, unless he paid down the sum of ten thousand francs. The good effect of this re-

gulation was quickly perceived, in the diminution of pretenders to infallible cures, few caring to risk their fortunes or their lives, in case of their inability to pay, though they had before been so liberal of their reputation. When the tidings of Messer Filiberto's good fortune and favour at the French King's court reached Moncaliero, Donna Zilia, imagining that his continued silence must be solely owing to the vow he had taken, and the time being at length nearly expired, fancied it would be no very bad speculation to secure the ten thousand francs for herself. Not doubting but that his love remained still warm and constant, and that she really possessed the art of removing the dumbness at her pleasure, she resolved to lose no time in setting off directly for Paris, where she was introduced to the commissioners appointed to preside over Messer Filiberto's case. 'I am come, my lords,' she observed, 'hearing that a gentleman of the court has for some time past lost his speech, to restore to him that invaluable faculty, possessing for that purpose some secret remedies, which I trust will prove efficacious. In the course of a fortnight he will probably be one of the most eloquent men at court; and I am quite willing to run the risk of the penalty, if I perform not my engagements as required. There must, however, be no witness to my proceedings; the patient must be entrusted entirely to me. I should not like every pretender to obtain a knowledge of the secret I possess; it is one which will require the utmost art in its application.' Rejoiced to hear her speak with so much confidence on the subject, the commissioners immediately despatched a message to Messer Filiberto, informing him that a lady had just arrived from Piedmont, boasting that she could perform what the most learned of the faculty in France had failed to do, by restoring the dumb to speech. The answer to this was, an invitation to wait upon our hero at his own residence, when he recognized the cruel beauty who had im-

posed so severe a penance, and concluded at the same time that she had undertaken the journey, not out of any affection for him, but with the most mercenary views. Reflecting on his long sufferings and unrequited affection, his love was suddenly converted into a strong desire of revenge: he therefore came to a determination of still playing the mute, and not deigning to exchange a single word with her, merely bowed to her politely at a distance. After some moments' silence, the lady, finding that he had no inclination to speak, inquired, in a gentle tone, whether he was at a loss to discover in whose company he was? He gave her to understand that he knew her perfectly well, but that he had not yet recovered his speech; motioning, at the same time, with his fingers towards his mouth. On this she informed him that she now absolved him from his vow, that she had travelled to Paris for that purpose, and that he might talk as much as he pleased. But the dumb lover, only motioning his thanks, still continued as silent as before; until the lady, losing all patience, very freely expressed her disappointment and displeasure. Still it availed her nothing, and fearful of the consequences to herself, if he persisted in his unaccountable obstinacy, she at length had recourse to caresses and concessions, which, whatever advantage he chose to take of them, proved ultimately as fruitless to restore his eloquence, as every other means. The tears and prayers of the lady, to prevail upon him to speak, became now doubly clamorous; while she sorely repented her former cruelty and folly, which had brought her into the predicament of forfeiting either ten thousand francs or her life. She would immediately have been placed under a military guard, had it not been for the intercession of the dumb gentleman, who made signs that they should desist. The penalty, however, was to be enforced; but the lady, being of an excessively avaricious turn, resolved rather to die than to

furnish the prescribed sum, and thus deprive her beloved boy of a portion of his inheritance. When reduced to this extremity, Messer Filiberto, believing that upon the whole he had sufficiently revenged himself, took compassion upon her sufferings, and hastened to obtain an audience of the King. He entreated as a special favour, that his Majesty would remit the fine, and grant liberty to her, as well as to some other debtors, which, in the utmost surprise at hearing the sound of his voice, the King promised to do. He then proceeded to inform his Majesty, of the whole history of his attachment to the lady, and the strange results by which it had been attended to both parties, though fortunately all had ended well. Messer Filiberto then hastened to hold an audience with the lady, seriously proposing to give her a little good advice; and she was quite as much rejoiced as his Majesty, when she first heard him speak. 'You may recollect, madam,' he observed, 'that some time ago, when at Moncaliero, I expressed the most ardent and constant attachment to you; an attachment which I did not then think that time could have ever diminished. But your conduct in cheating me into the vow of silence, and your cruelty to me, as well before that time as since, have wrought a complete change in my sentiments towards you. I have acquired wealth and honours; I stand

high in the favour of my Monarch; and having, I think, taken ample revenge upon you, by the fears and trouble you have experienced, I have not only granted you your liberty and your life, but ordered you to be freely supplied with every convenience and facility for your return home. I need not advise you to conduct yourself in future with care and prudence; in all the economical virtues you are reputed to be unrivalled; but I would venture to hint, that from the example I have in this instance afforded you, you will be more cautious how you sport with the feelings of those who love you, as it is an old saying—that 'the wily are often taken in their own nets.' He then provided her with an honourable escort, and money to defray her expenses; while he himself, not long after, received the hand of a young beauty of the court, bestowed upon him by his royal master."

The biographical notices are brief, but comprise much information; and of the translation we can speak in terms of unqualified commendation; in short, these volumes should be found on the shelves of all lovers of the light, but nevertheless, foundation order of literary architecture. The engravings are of a mixed character, several of them happily conceived, and others not so well drawn; but all prettily finished, in as far as the burin is concerned.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

[SEE PAGE 85.]

DABNEY—another American poet, of whom we know nothing at all. We have never seen a line of his to our knowledge; but we have heard of some pretty translations by him.

DAVIDGE—a Scotchman: a capital surgeon: founder, we will venture to say, of the Baltimore Medical College—an institution of high character, wherein some two or three hundred medical students are kept

in training. Dr Davidge has made several attempts to get up a medical journal under his own eye—but always failed; and always will, so long as he writes in the Johnsonian style—of which he is very fond; and for the writing of which, with all his good sense, he is altogether incompetent. It is the burly-burly nonsense of a giant, at best; but never to be used at all, with impunity, by anything less than a giant.

DELAPLAINE—the publisher, not author, of Delaplaine's Repository—a work purporting to contain the biography of "DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS." It begins with a life of Christopher Columbus ; and, reasoning therefrom, will end, we should suppose, with one of Captain Parry. It is, altogether, a ridiculous affair—a piece of solemn blarney—very ponderous, and very interminable. We hardly know at whose doors to lay it. Walsh, we believe, had a hand in Franklin's life ; and Mr. Sanderson worked up some of the other pieces. Altogether, however, it is the production of some newspaper people, who had got a reputation for classical writing and patriotism—two things—either of which were enough now to play the devil with any man of common sense. No two of these gentry seem to have had the same opinion upon any one point ; and yet, all have united, like a company of glass-blowers—in puffing up whatever they turned hands to ; till it was ready to fly into their own faces, and could only be cooled by putting it into a hot oven.—In one word—the work is a reproach to the literature of the age—and a disgrace to American modesty. There's a climax !

DENNIE—Projector, founder, and editor of the PORTFOLIO, a monthly magazine, published at Philadelphia, which, for many years, enjoyed considerable reputation abroad ; we think undeservedly. Mr Dennie was not a man of genius—there was nothing remarkable in any thing that he ever said or did. He was only a man of talent—assiduous—tame—and (what more *can* we say ?)—*classical*. Genius, we take to be—in comparison with talent, what the countenance is to the body of a man. The divinity is only to be discovered in the face. A regal tread is nothing to a regal front. Fine forms are forgotten : fine faces are not.—Forms are often alike—countenances rarely. In short, it is by the countenance of a man, that we remember him, it is by his *genius*. It is not by his person—it is not by his *talent*. Mr Dennie's "LAX

PREACHER" is very common-place ; though universally praised in America. Perhaps the true cause of such unreasonable admiration is only this. Dennie is dead. John E. Hall, the present editor, is alive. Dennie was a gentleman : John E. Hall is not. Dennie did, now and then, say something that a man might remember, if he worked hard : Hall—Heaven help him—has no other hope, but in being forgotten. Dennie knew his deficiencies ; and, therefore, never ventured upon sarcasm, eloquence, or wit. John E. Hall has no notion of his ; and is eternally blacking his own face—and breaking his own shins, to make people laugh. He had the misfortune, some years ago, to fall acquainted with Mr Thomas Moore, the poet, while Mr Moore was "tramping" over America. It spoilt poor Hall—turned his brain. He has done little or nothing since, but make-believe about criticism ; talk dawdle-poetry with a lisp ; write irresistible verses under the name of "Sedley," in his own magazine ; twitter sentimentally about little Moore—his "*dear* little Moore"—puffing himself all the time anonymously, in the newspaper—while he is damning himself, with unspeakable sincerity, twelve times a-year, in his own magazine.

We do not think very highly of the mutton-headed Athenians, at Philadelphia ; but we do think, nevertheless, that Mr John E. Hall is a little too much of a blockhead even for their meridian. They have some honesty ; he has none. They are not unprincipled—he is. We have caught him swaggering, now and then—with a bold formidable countenance. We have inquired into the matter ; and have uniformly found—that it was on account of what the Portfolio *had been* : as if one, while robbing a hen-roost—should carry it off, with an air of heroic desperation ; as if one, on coming into possession of another man's wardrobe, should presume to play off the noble indignation of a brave heart, and a noble mind—with a lathe and pot-lid—at

second hand. But—stay we our arm—If he be not very far gone indeed, he will understand us; and go hang himself, before we have any more trouble with him. America must work herself clean of such pollution—ay—and *shall*, or we shall open the secrets of her prison-house.

DRAMA—See COMEDIES. Mr Noah, editor of the New-York Advocate, a *Jew*—and *the Jew*, whose election to the office of High Sheriff, was the reason why the *Christians* of New-York were afflicted by the yellow-fever—this Mr Noah, who is very clever in his way, has written some tolerable farces, and some intolerable popular entertainments. Neal wrote a tragedy, which might be made something of, if he would go all over it again, with a bold, unsparing temper. He declared once, that he would; and, moreover, that he would undertake to show, that what men call poetry is altogether out of place, in the serious and pathetic—and little better than atrocious nonsense, in the solemn and awful; the profound and passionate. The great passages of Shakspeare, says he, are without poetry. Men, who feel—never talk poetry. Fine language is always a mark of insincerity: it has no business in the drama, except in *description*.

The writers of America have no encouragement, whatever, to venture upon the drama. The managers of theatres, like the book-publishers, cannot afford, of course, to give an American author anything for a play, when they can get a better one, by every arrival, *for nothing*—after it has been cast for the London stage; and passed the ordeal.

DU PONCEAU. A distinguished civilian; and, we believe, a Frenchman. We have seen some valuable papers of his, on the Roman law; and by him, if we are not mistaken, a translation of Bynkershoek. It was a masterly performance.

DWIGHT, TIMOTHY: D. D. President of Yale College, New-Haven, Connecticut; one of the New-England States. Dr D. wrote the CON-

QUEST OF CANAAN—a poem of great strength—no splendour—and little beauty: yet, altogether of a character which bespeaks a proud, strong, comprehensive, and exalted mind. The unluckiest,—if not the cruellest things, ever said of it, (although the Edinburgh Review laid it on—hot and heavy—) were by Darwin and Campbell. The former praised the versification; and the latter, after selecting a passage or two for his Beauties of *English Poetry*—went a little out of his way to pour forth a lamentation over poor Dr Dwight, because Mr Campbell had never heard of him, and knew little or nothing about him. Dr D. has written like an antediluvian—(we mean a civil thing to his *power* and *stature*)—upon theology and politics; and our brethren of the Quarterly Review—so remarkable for their impartiality and consistency—have lately taken up the cudgels in favour of *his* divinity;—whose politics, if they had known anything of them—or even pondered well, upon certain of his theological works—would have made the hair of their flesh rise. Dr Dwight was a strong—upright—obstinate man; of extraordinary good sense, and unconquerable resolution: two properties which appeared in every thing that he ever said or did. He gave no quarter—he took none.

EASTBOURN—Author, in partnership with somebody else, whose name we forget, of YAMOIDEN, a story in verse, about King Philip of Mount Hope. We have never been able to read the whole of it; but, in what we did read, we found some passages of singular beauty; a deal of newspaper trash; and a very active, penetrating sense of what poetry is—in some cases. With more practice—more boldness—more fire—than any other people under heaven but such as they had—their own countrymen for auditors—this pair of poets might have made a poem, which would have outlasted ninety-nine one-100ths of the popular poetry with which this generation has been tormented. Simpletons!—will

new poets never learn, that *poetry* is always poetry—however it may be expressed ; that rhythm, cadence, (regular cadence,)—rhyme—alliteration, riddles, and acrostics, are all beneath poetry ; that better poetry has been said in prose, than ever has been said—or ever will be said—either in blank verse or rhyme. Poetry and eloquence have a rhythm and cadence of their own ; as incapable of being soberly graduated by rule, as the rambling, wild melody of an *Æolian* harp. But more of this hereafter.

EVANS, OLIVER—A millwright : a capital mechanic, and one of the most extraordinary men that America has produced. Fulton was greatly indebted to him ; so is Mr Perkins. On going back, now, to the language which Oliver Evans held, nearly two generations ago, respecting the properties of steam, it sounds like prophecy. He foretold, with astonishing precision, things which were then hooted at by his countrymen—phenomena and inventions which have all come to pass. A few only remain to be accomplished. Our carriages—and coffee-mills—perhaps our wheelbarrows—are to run by steam. We are not only to boil potatoes and wash clothes by steam—but perform a multitude of other familiar, matrimonial, household occupations. We know of some pretty experiments already, that have been made with hot water, tea slops, &c. &c. ; entertain great expectations from the use of vapour—vapours—and vapouring—not only in domestic, but in public life ; and hope to see the time, when a man may venture to leave his whole family—his conscience—and all his affairs—in the care of a steam engine—built, perhaps, like an Etruscan vase—a flower pot—a coffee urn—or a mantle-piece : and, on going a journey, will only have to put up a chafing-dish, and a vial of water, (with his razors, tooth-brushes, and soap,) which, on being properly attached to his body, will propel it—at whatever rate he pleases ;—in whatever direction he pleases. Nay, in process of

time, who knows but his own perspiration may be so applied, without either a chafing-dish or a bottle—as to send him over a tolerable road like the mail-coach !

EVANS, ESTWICK—A lawyer—a Yankee—(tautological, that)—a native of Portsmouth, New-Hampshire. His PEDESTRIAN'S TOUR over two or three thousand miles of North America on foot—barefooted a part of the time—over ice and snow, in the depth of winter—in company with two dogs only—both of *which* (not *whom*, as Irving and certain other of our popular writers would say) were destroyed by the wolves, bears, or catamounts—is quite another Robinson Crusoe journal ;—and what is yet better, perhaps—it is faithful, true and particular. We believe in the book ; and by this we mean, that we have confidence in the truth of it. Some of his countrymen have a meaning for the word *belief*, which might mislead a fellow, if he were not rather scrupulous. They will say, for example, We don't *believe* in patent ploughs, wooden broad axes, *ditto* nutmegs, cuckoo-clocks, and horn gun-flints ; that is, we do not *approve* of such things : and they will say, too, for example, We do *believe* in Mr Jefferson, the American war, and spitting where we please ; that is, we do *approve* thereof. This mode of speech is heard in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and parts of Maryland ; a population, altogether, who do not believe in nightcaps.—Evans was an eccentric, bold, queer, adventurous fellow—a little mad undoubtedly—as all men of genius—all extraordinary men—and all who are unlike the *majority* of mankind, always are. Every aberration from the common road is eccentricity ; and what is eccentricity but madness ?—as our friend Polonius would say. Every deviation from the plane of the ecliptic—wherein all the mob of stars, constellations, and signs, are eternally plodding, makes a comet of a fellow.

(To be continued.)

DANISH TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

[SEE PAGE 77.]

THE ERL-MAIDEN AT EBELTOFT.

NOT far from Ebeltoft, as a country lad was watching the cattle, there came towards him a handsome maiden, who enquired whether he was hungry or thirsty. But perceiving that she was very careful not to let him see her back, he guessed at once that she was an erl-maiden; for these beings are all hollow behind. He would therefore have nothing to say to her, and endeavoured to escape; whereupon she produced her breast, and invited him to suck. There was so much sorcery in her voice and manner, that he could not resist; but when he had done what she told him, he was no longer master of himself, and she had little difficulty in persuading him to go with her. He was missing three days, whilst his parents sat at home and sorrowed, for they concluded he had been beguiled, and never expected to see him more. On the fourth day, the father saw him coming afar off, and immediately commanded the mother to place a pot of meat upon the fire. The son very soon after entered the door, and seated himself silently by the table; the parents likewise spoke not a word, but behaved just as if nothing had happened. At length, the victuals being ready, the mother placed them before her son, and the father told him to eat; but the youth suffered the meat to stand untouched, and at last said that he now knew where to get much better food. The father was very wroth, and seizing a large heavy stick, again commanded him to eat. The son was forced to comply; but when he had once tasted the meat, he devoured it with frightful greediness, and fell shortly afterwards into a deep slumber. He slept exactly as many days as he had staid away; but he was never afterwards in his right senses.

SWEND TRUNDSEN'S SONS.

Swend Trunsden had two sons, fine handsome men, and both of great importance in the kingdom. Eskild was a soldier, bold and daring, but haughty, cruel, and stained with the grossest vices. His brother Swend, on the contrary, was Bishop of Viborg, and a good and pious nobleman. Observing Eskild's evil disposition and daily misdeeds, he thought that such would bring him to no good end, and therefore entreated him in the most pressing manner, to reform, and to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. But Eskild would not consent, until his brother had promised to accompany him. Bishop Swend prepared himself for this fatiguing journey, rather than his brother, whom he tenderly loved, should fall into the claws of Satan. When they had reached the river Jordan, they went together into a little church, called Paternoster church, where they prayed, and then dipped themselves in the sacred flood. But just after they had received the sacrament, Eskild was seized with so violent a sickness, that he gave up the ghost on the spot. Bishop Swend was heartily rejoiced at this, because he considered it as a manifest sign of God's mercy, and his brother's salvation. He fell down upon his knees, and entreated God to take him also, because he had a great desire to follow his brother, and to share his happiness. His wish was granted; for he almost immediately expired in the same place. The brothers were enshrined side by side in Paternoster church; and whenever pilgrims visited the Holy Land from Denmark, they offered up their prayers there, and made presents to the church.

SIR ESKE BROCK.

As Sir Eske Brock, who lived at Vemmeltøft, once went through the fields cracking his whip, a hat sudden-

ly fell upon the ground before him ; he caused his servant to pick it up, and then placed it on his own head. But no sooner was it there, than he became invisible ; he then tried it on the servants, and whoever wore the hat, was seen by none of the others. The knight was overjoyed at his prize, and carried it home with him. Presently a bareheaded boy came to the gate, and desired to speak to Sir Eske Brock, and when the latter appeared, the boy asked him for his hat, which, he said, Sir Eske had just knocked off his head with his whip ; he offered him a hundred ducats, and afterwards a thousand, to restore it, but the knight refused to do this, knowing the value of the hat. At last, when the lad swore, that if Sir Eske would give him his hat again, none of the children which his newly-married wife might in future bear him should ever come to want, the nobleman restored it, thinking that he was well paid by such a promise. But when the lad went from the gate, he said "It is true they shall never want food, money, or clothes, for they shall all be still-born." And so, indeed, it came to pass, for all the children Sir Eske's wife brought forth were dead before they saw the light, so that he died the last of his race.

SIGNELIL AND HABOR.

Near Ringsted lies Sigarsted, which takes its name from King Sigar, who dwelt there. His daughter Signelil loved Habor, a warrior ; and the spot is shewn, near Alsted, where the lovers used to meet. It is now called "Signelil's walk." Once, when she and her father were out hunting, they pursued a stag across the stream of Vangstrup, where her horse fell be-

neath her, and her life was in great danger ; but Habor coming up at the critical moment, plunged into the water and saved her. Their mutual tenderness was at length carried to such a pitch, that Habor, disguised as a maid servant waited upon Signelil, and lay with her every night ; but Gunvare, Signelil's nurse and confidante, betrayed the whole proceeding to King Sigar. All now being discovered, and Habor being seized by the king's men, the two lovers vowed to die together. Habor was led forth to the "Gallows-hill," in order to be hanged ; but, just before his death, he felt a desire to put Signelil's fidelity to the proof ; and he therefore entreated the executioners, that before they dispatched him, they would hoist his cloak upon the gallows, so that he might thereby see how he himself would hang. In the mean time, Signelil cast all her valuables into a deep pit, which is now called Signelil's well ; and whence arises the saying, that Sigarsted has more gold and silver in it than it knows of. She then locked herself in her bower, and fixed her eyes upon the gallows on which Habor was to be hanged. But when she saw the mantle, she set fire to her bower, in the belief that Habor was already dead ; and when the bower and Signelil were burning, Habor, who was convinced of her love, allowed himself to be executed. He was afterwards buried in the height of Hage. But the accursed nurse reaped the just reward of her treachery ; for Sigar, considering her to be the cause of his daughter's death, caused her to be placed in a barrel of spikes, and rolled down the Gallows-hill.

VARIETIES.

TO READ INSCRIPTIONS ON COINS.

THE following ingenious method of ascertaining the devices and inscriptions on medals and coins, which have been almost obliterated by oxidation, has been communicated

by Dr Brewster, in his late number of the *Journal of Science*.

After alluding to the well-known fact, that rough surfaces radiate *heat* more freely than polished ones, it was inferred by the author, that a

similar law prevailed with regard to the radiation and reflexion of *light* ; though there is not, perhaps, in all cases, a sufficient analogy to warrant any decisive opinion on the subject. In order to submit this question to the test of experiment, the author placed some coins, which had been partially obliterated in the impression, on a red-hot iron, in a darkened room, when the letters of the inscription appeared more luminous than the other portion of the coin, in consequence of their oxidated surface radiating light more powerfully than the other parts. By means of nitric acid, a rough surface was given to one part of the coin, while other parts were polished ; when the rough parts, uniformly, radiated most light from the surface. Several coins, which were almost entirely obliterated in the impression, on being placed upon the red-hot iron, were distinctly legible in their inscriptions, owing to the greater brilliancy of those parts. It is, however, necessary that the temperature of the iron should be, at least, at a full red-heat.

ANECDOTE.

The following satirical note was sent by Louis XIV. along with his portrait, to the Prince de Vaudemont :

“ If the opportunities to recompense your services are more rare than I could wish ; it is my desire, whilst in the expectation of them, to give you some mark of my esteem and affection. Preserve the portrait that I send you, as an assurance of my sentiments. The simplicity of the present will convince you that it is not my intention it should exceed its intrinsic value, and, consequently, nothing beyond the price at which you will estimate it.”

SINGULAR EASTERN CUSTOM.

In a paper, in Brewster's *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, by Dr Govan, on the *Natural History, &c.* of the *Himalayah Mountains*, he states, while at *Nahan*, which is from 3000 to 3200 feet above the level of the sea, and where the *Croton* is used for fences, “ Here I first noticed the custom which has been frequently observed

to prevail in these districts, of laying the children to sleep, apparently much to their satisfaction, at the commencing heats, and till the rainy season begins, with their heads under little rills of the coldest water, directed upon them for some hours during the hottest part of the day. Here it was practised in the case of a life no less precious than that of the young *Rajah of Sirmoor*, a boy of about ten or twelve years of age,—a sufficient evidence of the estimation in which the practice is held. It is most commonly, however, followed in the case of infants at the breast. The temperature of the water I have observed to be from 46° to 56° and 65°, and have only to add, that it seemed to me most common in those districts which, having a good deal of cold weather, are nevertheless subject to very considerable summer heats. It was a great preservative, the people affirmed, against bilious fever, and affections of the spleen, during the subsequent rainy months.”

SOLICITATION.

Come down to the lattice,
Come down, love, and list,
When the eve lights her stars
In the purple of mist ;—
My heart, like a traveller,
Long journeying afar,
Looks up to thy zenith—
Hope's beautiful star !

I have vows for thy bosom
To sigh unto truth ;
I have perilous tales
Of the bridal of youth ;
O ! come to the lattice, love !
Come thee and list,
When the stars are so bright
In the beautiful mist.

THE EMPEROR LEOPOLD,

who died in 1704, was most passionately fond of music, and himself not a contemptible composer. Finding his end approaching, and having performed his last religious duties, he ordered his band of musicians to be admitted to his presence, and calmly expired in the midst of a concert.

CHA LANG KAE ; A CHINESE DINNER.

On the 19th June, Mr Haki, a most respectable Chinese merchant of London, entertained all the European

merchants, as well as the military officers of the settlement, with a grand *cha lang kae*. The choice and luxurious viands, selected by him, were entirely *a la mode Chinoise*; and a better or more abundant table we have never seen, even at a *cha lang kae* in Canton. The bird-nest soup was admirable, as well as the six other soups of mutton, frogs, and duck liver. We could not but partake of almost the whole of the dishes, and we did ample justice to an excellent hasher made of stewed elephants' tails, served up with sauce of lizards' eggs. We also noticed particularly that some French gentlemen present seemed to eat, with particular *gout*, of a stewed porcupine, served up in the green fat of a turtle; the *beech de mer* was excellent, as well as the fish maws served up with sea-weed. There was also a dish novel to the party, and we have only seen it, once, at the great kinqua feast in Canton; the expense of this dish, alone, was estimated at 200 dollars; it consisted of a platter-full of snipes' eyes, garnished round with peacocks' combs, and, it is said, was the most delicious and delicate viand ever tasted.

NEW PIECE OF ARTILLERY.

A Report was read, at a late Meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, on certain experiments made at Brest, on the effects of a new kind of Artillery invented by a M. Paixham. The piece (*canon à bombes*), of which trial was made, had a bore eight inches in diameter. The object fired at was an old vessel of 80 guns; each discharge caused such injury as would entirely have disabled it from continuing in action. The fire of the new piece, charged with ten pounds of powder, was much superior to that of a thirty-six pounder, having a charge of twelve pounds of powder, at similar angles. The Commission who witnessed the experiments were unanimous as to the advantages which would be produced by the adoption of this new piece of artillery in the defence of places, and in floating batteries placed at the entrance of harbours. They were also of opinion that, ultimately, they would

be introduced on board vessels without inconvenience, and thus have the effect of establishing a sort of equilibrium between vessels of different dimensions.

IMITATION CHINA INK.

Dissolve six parts of isinglass in twice their weight of boiling water; and one part of Spanish liquorice in two parts of water. Mix the two solutions while warm, and incorporate them, by a little at a time, with one part of the finest ivory black, using a spatula for the purpose. When the mixture has been perfectly made, heat it in a water-bath till the water is nearly evaporated; it will then form a paste, to which any desired form may be given, by moulding it as usual. The colour and goodness of this ink will bear a comparison with the best China or Indian ink.

TO DYE IVORY SCARLET.

Make a ley of wood ashes, of which take two quarts; pour it in a pan upon a pound of Brazil wood; to this add two pounds of copper filings and one pound of alum: boil the whole half an hour, then take it off and let it stand; into this put the ivory, and the longer it continues in this liquor the redder it will be. The same process and dye will do for bone, and will make either of a fine coral red.

FOR ALLOYING COPPER FOR SHIPS.

In order to increase the tenacity of pure copper, to render it more fibrous, and to prevent the common effects of sea-water upon it, Mr Mashet has taken out a patent, in England, for the following process:—

“He mixes with the copper, as an alloy, regulus of zinc, in the proportion of two ounces of zinc to 100lbs. weight of copper; or two ounces of block or grain tin; or four ounces of regulus of antimony; or eight ounces of regulus of arsenic, in the same quantity of copper. Or, instead of employing these substances alone in the above-mentioned proportions, to 100lbs. of copper he proposes to add half an ounce of regulus of zinc, half an ounce of grain or block tin, one ounce of regulus of antimony, and two ounces of regulus of arsenic.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 4.]

BOSTON, MAY 15, 1825.

[VOL. 3, N. S.]

ON THE TRADE IN HORSES, AND THE REPOSITORIES IN LONDON.

BY the number of horses of all descriptions bought and sold, and used in London, an immense capital is put in activity, and the purposes of business and pleasure forwarded to an unspeakable extent, and a very considerable part of the labouring population are employed.

To Aldrich's Repository, in St. Martin's Lane, a priority of notice is due, as being the original establishment of the kind in London, and of course, in England; dating probably at about the year 1740. It was opened by Mr Beavor, and perhaps the idea of this mode of selling horses, by auction, originated with him. The father of the present Mr Aldrich succeeded Beavor, Mr Aldrich succeeding his father, has held the Repository about thirty years, and realized a handsome fortune. The species sold at this Repository are journey horses, or hacks, carriage horses of all descriptions; occasionally all sorts: the sale day Wednesday. The chief City Repositories are Dixon's, in Barbican, and Sadler's in Goswell Street; their sale days, Tuesday and Friday. The Christmas Cattle Shows are held at Sadler's. The Barbican Repository, formerly held by Langhorne, is of long standing, and, I believe, preceded Tattersall's. Carriages are there sold, and great numbers of inferior low-priced horses, particularly those from the public roads.

Tattersall's at Hyde Park Corner, was founded about the year 1760, by the grandfather of the present gentle-

man. The first Tattersall had been clerk and chief manager to Mr Beavor, and afterwards became steward to a noble duke, whose service he soon quitted. There is an excellent portrait of him in the *Sporting Magazine*, with a memoir, at considerable length by a barrister, his old crony. Tattersall was a man of a very respectable appearance and demeanor, and singular character; the chief point in which was a saving grace. He spoke little, but always to the purpose. This trait never forsook him in the pulpit; where, however, his brief but pithy oratory was universally admired. He was the great favourite, to his death, of all our highest classed sporting Corinthians; and, in his time, the oracle of Newmarket. Tattersall, truly his own *faber fortunæ*, clenched the nail in the purchase, at six thousand guineas, from Lord Bolingbroke, of the celebrated race-horse Highflyer, in 1777, named from a walnut so called in Suffolk. This horse was bred by Sir Charles Bunbury, late the father of the course, and unwarily sold by him, when a yearling, at a very inconsiderable price, perhaps about seventy or eighty guineas. On the mansion of the estate, which Mr Tattersall subsequently purchased in Cambridgeshire, of Mr Potter, of cheap bread and Colchester election memory, he bestowed the name of Highflyer Hall.

During the life of old Mr Tattersall, the Repository had reached its

height, as a place of general resort, and for extent of business, particularly in sporting horses, breeding studs, sporting dogs, and carriages. The greater part of the commerce in horses, for exportation, was also transacted there. His son, the late Mr Tattersall, succeeded to, and retained a vast business. At this Repository, exclusive of every animal in the sporting line, are to be found horses of all kinds, cart horses excepted, which are seldom seen there; the Eastern or City Repositories, adjoining Smithfield Market, are the places of sale for these.

The sale days, at Tattersall's, formerly on Monday and Thursday, were afterwards confined to Monday, but of late the Thursday's sale has been revived. The viewing days from Saturday to Monday, before twelve o'clock, when the sale commences. The horses may be viewed on Sunday forenoon, but not led out of the stables. Trials are allowed in the yard and the ring, which is a very convenient ride. Formerly, a trial was allowed in Hyde Park, but I believe that custom is discontinued. There is a subscription room, occupied chiefly by professional betterers on the turf. The subscription is twenty-five shillings yearly, commencing January 1st, five shillings of which go to the clerk. Commission and tax on the sale of horses, at the hammer, two shillings in the pound; on private contract, one shilling in the pound; on horses put up to auction, but not sold, three shillings each; keep, three shillings and sixpence per night each horse.

The Horse Bazaar, formerly barracks, King Street, Portman Square, was opened for the sale of horses and carriages by auction, in 1822, by Mr George Young. It is the most extensive and splendid establishment, hitherto known in the world for such purposes, and well merits inspection, if only from the motive of mere curiosity. The immense increase, of late years, in the population and commercial opulence of this country, with the concomitant overflow of cap-

ital, necessarily demand and stimulate every possible addition to convenience and luxurious accommodation. Thence the origin of the Bazaar; which, notwithstanding the bold and unlimited expenditure with which it is conducted, has, it is averred, been hitherto successful. The plant is quadrangular, inclosing, two acres of ground. The whole originally consisted of stabling, shew rooms for carriages, sadlery, and harness, riding house, farriery, auction range, with the quadrangle and straight rides for the exercise and shew of horses. Alterations, additions and improvements have however, been made, to a vast extent, within the last twelve months. The space above stairs, allotted to the carriage, sadlery and harness saloons, has been doubled; the sadlery room, itself, extending to the length of 154 feet. The carriage-rooms have space sufficient to contain five hundred carriages of all descriptions. These saloons present a striking and brilliant *coup-d'œil*. The saddle-room, on the ground floor, is an interesting spectacle; not only sadlery and harness, but horse-cloths, whips, spurs, curry-combs, brushes, even to the lowest stable requisite, are there displayed for sale. Not the least curiosity, in this room, is a weighing machine, in which any gentleman or lady may sit most commodiously, and have their contents in solidity determined, at the moderate price of a *tester*, ready cash, that being a first and universal principle at the Bazaar. There is an additional suit of rooms, including the grand subscription room, coffee-room, three billiard-rooms, and a refectory for the various usual forenoon refreshments, liquors and a variety of fruits, from the pine to the common apple. The length of the great room is 113 feet by 47, and the height 44 feet, with a dome or cupola above; it is, perhaps, one of the most capacious rooms in the metropolis. This Mr Young proposes to let to private musical or convivial parties. As a subscription room, in course, non-subscribers cannot be

admitted, with the exception of ladies, who are introduced to view the establishment, and lady visitors are frequent. The annual subscription is a sovereign. The number of subscribers already amount to between three and four hundred, among whom, the establishment has the honour to reckon his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, with many of the highest rank and eminence in the country, or of the first distinction in the sporting line. A private room will be reserved for members of the Jockey Club, or for the adjustment of any particular business of the subscribers. The leading newspapers of the day are provided, together with the chief sporting publications, and other periodical works of general interest. The range for the shew of horses during the auction, is covered in to a sufficient length; and the galleries on each side, for the accommodation of persons attending the sale, are rendered very commodious and complete.

The stabling will accommodate five hundred horses, in the very first style of comfort and convenience, the stalls being on the most roomy and ample scale: equally so the space for spectators who attend to view or purchase. The horses exhibit, in their appearance, the most liberal keep, and the best grooming; and the grooms who are in a sort of military costume, appear to be under excellent regulations. Boards of reference, with distinguishing numbers, state the price and qualifications of the horses. In brief, the whole management of this celebrated horse mart is regularity itself; every species of information that can be required, by the stranger, appearing in text letter throughout. A veterinary surgeon (Mr Turner, also the auctioneer), also a chief clerk of the stables (Mr Duke), smith, and their assistants, are in constant attendance. There is a nightly watch kept. The sale days, by auction, are Wednesday and Saturday.

There are at present, I believe, no other repositories for the sale of

horses, in London, at least none where any extensive business is carried on. Osborne's Commission Stables, near Gray's-Inn-Lane, have of late years been noted for extensive sales. Smithfield has been long known as a weekly market for cart and ordinary horses of every description.—We use the title *Christian*, with a religious emphasis, and by way of eminence—how then in a Christian country, can such scenes be witnessed without horror and remorse, in this secular hell of horses and cattle as are beheld weekly, not barely with *nonchalance* and indifference, but apparently with gratification? Is it a general sentiment, that no animal, except it stand on two legs, can claim justice or mercy at our hands? Here we witness the infliction of torture, in every possible form, on animals which nature has endowed with a sense of feeling proportionably equal to our own, here we see the most horrible and wanton cruelty exercised in exact proportion with age, decrepitude and debility. Here are to be found the wretched stage horses, victims of our speedy travelling, of our comfort and convenience, covered with wounds and bruises, sinews strained, crippled, blind, emaciated, the truest pictures of animal misery; under which, every step, every exertion, must be a source of increased and increasing torture. These creatures are either doomed to spend the bitter remains of life in the most painful drudgery, with starvation; or are at once sent to the *nackers and cat-gut makers' yards, where they have been seen devouring each other's excrement, and even attempting to feed on the manes and tails of their famished fellow sufferers*; or (it is averred by eye-witnesses) have been purposely and actually starved to death, that their sinews, becoming dry and tense, might be more completely adapted to the cat-gut manufacture!! Thus are the labours of the noble horse rewarded.

The present writer has no ultra or pseudo-philanthropic views on this or any other subject, and is equally

desirous with his neighbours to avail himself of the utmost good qualities of the horse, but he is equally the advocate of justice and fair play, whether the subject be man or beast. This is an essential part of his religion; and he apprehends that justice to beasts ought to form part and parcel of every religious and moral system. In the meantime, he is appalled and horror-stricken at the fact, that the sufferings of animals, and the moral solicitude of those who labour to mitigate them, should be made a popular subject of ridicule.

The London horse dealers are extremely numerous, a considerable number of them men of respectability, and possessed of large capitals. They are divisible into two classes—those who purchase in the country, and the repository dealers, who are constant attendants, and buy and sell at those markets. The foreign trade in horses is chiefly in the hands of the first class of dealers, and, we believe, Dyson, of Park-Lane, has as great a share in it as any one. Since the peace, the export of our horses to the Continent, to North America, the West and East-Indies, and to Australia, has been great beyond all previous example. This and other obvious causes have greatly enhanced prices. Nor is there any apparent probability of their reduction, notwithstanding the vast increase of breeding studs, and the annually increasing quantity of stock; but, in the nature of things, a turn must come, as has hitherto never failed under similar circumstances. In the mean time, the universally-acknowledged superiority of the English horse, the *managed* forming the single exception, is surely to be admired in every sense of the term. The English racer, the hunter, the hack or journey horse, the lady's pad, the horse for quick or heavy draught, are yet unequalled under the sun. Belgium, indeed, whence we originally had the stuff, makes a shew of rivalling us in the heavy draught horse: but if they equal us in bulk and weight, we have improved upon

them in the important quality of activity: even as we have improved the Arab and Barb, the natural coursers of the desert, conferring on them not only greater size and power, but far greater speed. In fact, those originals have never stood in any tolerable degree of competition with their derivative, the English racer, in respect to speed, even in the countries and climates bordering on their own; and in this country, they could never, comparatively, run at all. This improvement, however, has not been wrought, in the mode often alleged by the uninitiated in our mysteries; that is to say, by crossing with our own common strong breeds, which indeed would be a roundabout proceeding of very problematical success. No, the racing breed in this country has invariably been preserved pure, as derived from the horse of the desert, with some few and known accidental exceptions, during the past two centuries. The soil, the climate, the air, the food, the water, and, perhaps, beyond all, the stable *science* of English jockies, have worked this miracle, to which the whole race of the *Hohenlohes* would have been unequal. The fraternity, in the United States of America, approaches the most nearly, as they ought, their pedigree considered. They have even the hardihood to boast a superiority over us, in the performance of their racers and trotting hacks; with respect to *padders* or *pacers*, their superiority is unquestionable, since those paces have been obsolete in this country full four score years. We content ourselves, wisely or not, with the more natural and graceful pace, the canter.

To conclude, with another object of admiration—it has not hitherto been satisfactorily accounted for, why the horses of the neighbouring continent should continue, in so great a degree, inferior to those of this country, seeing that the continental studs have, during so long a period been supplied with English breeding stock, and occasionally with English grooms.

GIPSY SONG.

(FOR MUSIC.)

WE are come—we are come
From a rich and warm countrée ;
We have neither trump nor drum,
Yet we'll sing to thee.

We've no harp—we've no lute,
Stringed bass, nor evening bell,
Nor the soft and pining flute
Which thou lov'st so well.

But our voice—and our pipe,
These will sleeping passions move ;

One is rich, the other ripe.
And our song is—Love !

What is Love ?—an odorous life,
Sweeter than the sweetest sins ;
'Tis a warm and wanton strife,
Where the vanquish'd wins,

Love is hope—Love is wealth,
Rich possession, rare employ,
Honest though 't be got by stealth,
Earth's divinest joy !

THE OLD OAK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH.

HERE have I stood the pride of the park :
In winter, with snow on my frozen bark ;
In spring, 'mong the flowers that round me were spread,
And among my own leaves when summer was fled.
Three hundred years my top I have raised ;
Three hundred years I have sadly gazed
O'er Nature's wide extended scene,
O'er rushing rivers and meadows green ;
For, though I was always willing to rove,
I never could yet my firm foot move.

They fell'd my brother who stood by my side,
And flung out his arms so wide, so wide.
How I envy him, for how blest is he,
As the keel of a vessel he sails so free
Around the whole of the monstrous earth ;
But I am still in the place of my birth.
I once was too haughty and proud to complain,
But am now become feeble from age and pain,
And therefore I often give vent to my woes
When through my branches the wild wind blows.

A night like this, so calm and clear,
I have not seen for many a year ;
The milk-white doe and her tender fawn
Are skipping about on the moon-light lawn ;
And on the verge of my time-worn root
Two lovers are seated, and both are mute ;
Her arm encircles his youthful neck,
For none are present her love to check.
This night would almost my sad heart cheer,
Had I one hope, or one single fear.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

LET others list the trumpet blast
That fir'd my soul in days long past ;
Let others dwell, in airy dream,
With joy upon the poet's theme ;—
Enough for me if thou wilt smile,
And I behold thee but the while.

For I have doff'd the golden band,
And flung the red sword from my hand ;
And ta'en the corslet from my breast,
And from my head the helm and crest ;
And left court and camp to follow thee,
And, like a menial, bend the knee.

And for yellow baldrick my scrip is hung,
 And for belted brand my harp is slung ;
 And for corslet the garb of minstrelsy,
 With cowl for casque encircles me ;
 And 'stead of the vassals that came at my
 call,
 I stand a slave within thy hall.

Yet pine I not for warrior's fame,
 Valor's meed or poet's name,
 Martial tent or canopy,
 Courtly halls or revelry ;—
 Enough for me if thou wilt smile,
 And I behold thee but the while.

THE NOVICE IN TOWN.—NO. II.

[SEE PAGE 66.]

GILES GRENTREE TO HIS COUSIN
 GEORGE GAMBLE.

Harley Street.

Dear George,

I TAKE up my pen again to continue my narrative ; and first, our feast, instead of a round of beef and carrots, or a leg of mutton and turnips, with a good barn-door fowl and some home-fed bacon—turtle, turbot, venison, and a set of things in masquerade were sumptuously served up on china and silver, so that when aunt Polly and I were alone, I remonstrated, and said that I was afraid Alderman Nobbs would soon break, for which my *mild* aunt threatened to break my head. The green fat of the turtle made me sick enough to look at, let alone the eating of it, and so I said at table, on which the company was begged to excuse me, for a poor bumpkin as I was, and a disgrace to the family,—that was the first *choker*; next, as I told you, I was placed mum chance next to the French governess, and after enduring the scorn of the whole party, I amused myself with making *Mamselle* speak bad English, and then with laughing at her, but a slip of paper written upon with a pencil, from Mrs Nobbs, warned me to hold my tongue. I now ventured to take a glass of wine with a decentish fellow opposite me, but on my calling him Sir, I was snubbed and told, when I addressed that gentleman, I was to do it by the name of Sir Matthew ; and what do you think he was ? why what they call a staunch baronet—a certain folk in high life, who has the power of getting an alderman returned for a borough ; you understand me, George. Next to him was a lord ; I dared not

to look at him all the night (for we dined almost at night) for fear of meeting aunt Polly's wicked eyes and black frowns. At last a fine young fellow, who sat on my left, took compassion on me and asked me to drink with him, "that I will" says I, "hob or nob." "Oh," said he, smiling, "its all nobbs here." I thought that tolerably smartish, but aunty gave me a pretty look for it. "What wine," say he, "Vin du Grave, or Bucellas?" "Bucephalus," says I, "for I am too grave already." I saw that he laughed at me, which made the colour come in my face, but very good-naturedly he turned it off, and shaking me by the hand said, "you and I will be better acquainted, we'll ride out together tomorrow, and I'll mount you upon one of my own best horses, brother to Smolensko." "Thank you kindly," says I, "I should like to ride a gentleman of such a good family," for I must have a bit of a pun ; and who do you think he was ? why an officer in the king's own body guards, the life guards, with a whisker enough to frighten the crows, and who goes on guard in real armour, like the fellows at Lord Mayor's show, and he has got a dozen horses all his own, and has pretty nearly got through all his own money, so he wants to marry one of my cousins, because he thinks her rich ; but my opinion is, that if they go on in this way much longer, the biter will be bit, and there will not be much cash left for cousin, but I will ride with the lad and make myself as comfortable as I can, in spite of them all. Well, the rest of the company, some city people, who were rather treated slightly by ma'am Nobbs,

but whom uncle was obliged to be civil to, on account of trade; and a battered beau of a fellow, a lord's brother, whom I thought too civil by half to aunt Polly, and should have thought more than that had I been Nobbs; this sprig of nobility plays upon the alderman, borrows his cash, and flatters up ma'am to have a good word in the house. Poor aunt Polly, upon my life I am sorry for her, these quality notions will turn her head, and she was a mighty good woman before she took up this line, but so altered,—why she is a show of herself; how do you think she was dressed? in what she calls a *gros de Naples*, of pale pink, enough of expensive lace about it for a duchess; her poor starving arms bare, and a great deal more display in front than a modest lady ought to have; I said to her before dinner,—“lau, Aunty, upon my life, you look no better than you ought to be,” whereupon she gave me a tap of a spangled fan on the cheek, and said, “all people of fashion dress thus.” What a figure of fun! you know that her hair is a rusty black, and that she is not overburdened with a quantity of it; well, upon this occasion she had a profusion of flaxen locks, in cork-screw curls, hanging about her neck, and so thick upon her forehead, that she looked just like an owl in an ivy bush, and such a colour on her cheeks, that I innocently asked, “Aunty, do you paint?” “Paint, you fool!” answered she, “to be sure not, only a little of the *vegetable*.” “What vegetable?” said I, “it is most like a red cabbage.” “Idiot!” said Aunty; very civil, you will allow, but that's nothing, bless you, all is artificial in what they call high life, and as soon as I get provided for, I will get out of this mess, for I love honesty and plain dealing, no sham Abraham for me, either side of the house. Purity is a country plant, town air don't agree with it, it withers and gets smoke-dried; but, in its native soil, it is fanned by the breeze of freedom, and flourishes, open and unconcealed

as a good heart, or a generous sentiment: there's for you, George, by goles, I think I should be able to assist uncle Nobbs at a speech. Zooks, I cannot help laughing when I think of him for a parliament man; but I am told that a wig block will do on one side of the house, and a yes and no tory on the other; the leading folks have only to touch the *right* string, and up pop the members in their places; but I am determined to see this with my own pair of eyes, before I will believe it:—why, with us, every man thinks and speaks for himself. I dare say that I have a great deal to learn before I leave London, the shorter the lesson the better, but you shall know it all. I shall visit both houses of parliament, all the theatres, the public walks, the auctions, the sales, and every thing that is curious, and you shall have it all in black and white; by the way, I should very much like to see the king, God bless him! I am told that he is a wonderful man; the life-guard's man says that there is nothing in Europe like him, and I never saw a king in my life, but I will take an outside in the Windsor, and have a look at royalty, for I have been drinking his health ever since I was a boy. And now, George, remember me kindly to the parson and to his agreeable family; what kindness and simplicity there! tell them that Aunt Polly has left off going to church and has become a free thinker; what will they say to that? and that old Nobbs never goes but upon grand occasions, to show himself and put down a handsome subscription for some public concern, where he is sure to be put in print, a thing that ma'am likes vastly; for she told me that Mrs Nobbs' next rout would be in the Morning Post; what a *rant* about nothing; as for me, I shall take care and keep out of the papers, for I was sadly ashamed to see our member's nephew in the account of a watch-house riot and a police report; that would never go down with us in the country, but the devil

is in London. Nice open weather this for hunting, I wish I was among you ; in the mean while, believe me,

Dear George,

Yours sincerely, (a thing not to be met with here)

GILES GREENTREE.

P.S. I forgot to tell you that the gold flew about after dinner at the

card table, like shot ; bankers and tradesmen playing as deep as the first nobles in the land : but, I say, George, who would like to trust their money with them after that, not I, Cousin, I can assure you. Once more farewell, honest, plain fare, for the fare here is too fine for me.

THE GIPSY OF DEBRETZIN.

Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know—
And blanch at once the hair ;
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
More deeply than despair.
Happy whom none of these befall,
But this poor *Gipsy* knew them all.

MARMION.

IT was now the depth of autumn ; and, according to an immemorial custom, the poorer inhabitants of Debretzin, whose lands lie at several days' journey from their homes, pursued their way across the sandy plains ; the greater portion in droskies, or little waggons, and not a few on small, lean-looking horses.

On the produce of these acres, though situated so far from them, depend their almost only hopes of sustenance, and thither, for a week or so, twice or thrice every year, do they journey with their families, as cultivation, seed-time, and harvest, call for their presence.

"Thrice did they cross the shade of night," and three times did the horn, blown beneath the morning sun, summon them to arise and be going, ere they hailed, at the base of the great Carpathian chain, the scantily tilled fields, enclosed with ranges of thinly scattered poplars ; the only inheritance which had descended to them from their fathers. In the course of a few hours, they came to a spot marked out by a gibbet, on which a criminal had been hanged, and the road branches out from a central spot in many directions ; the cavalcade paused.

After a short halt, to permit of a general palaver, and interchange of

amicable greetings, it divided itself into various portions ; waggons drove to right and left, accompanied or followed by panniered horses, bearing women and children ; while perchance a listless donkey lagged in the rear, with its burthen of kitchen utensils. Behind all, stalked the brawny peasant, with his long whip, which, ever and anon, he threw out before him, and smacked over the heads of the jaded animals, as a tale-bearer of threatening castigation ; his wide, heavy jack-boots impeding the journey he strove to cheer with a timeous whiff of tobacco-smoke, a loud shrill whistle, or the chanting of some old, rude, half-forgotten Slavonian ditty.

The area of cultivation consisted of small fields, or rather patches of wheat, mingled with rye, oats, or maize, the last of which predominated, from its being the most productive in crop, averaging generally in the rate of thirty-fold. No houses being erected, as no one took up a permanent residence in the neighbourhood, the sound of the hammer echoed in a hundred quarters over the plain, as each family busied itself in fitting up an abode, such as was requisite for accommodation during the time of harvest, varying in shape and dimensions, according to the number intend-

ed to be packed in the interior, or as the geniality of the weather seemed to warrant. Some constructed tents, by fixing four poles in the ground at right angles, stretching a blanket between them, and covering in the top by means of skins or oiled cloth. Others, by nailing boards together, erected booths more fit for shelter and comfort; while many contented themselves with simply sleeping in their oblong waggons, screened from the cold and moisture of night by the envelopements of a coarse cloak, or, by burrowing, like pigs in a barn-yard, beneath bundles of fresh straw.

It was now evening. Surmounted by masses of picturesque and illuminated clouds, the great sun was sinking majestically behind the mountain boundary of the west. The voice of song continued from the woodlands, as the birds chanted their vesper hymns, and a shrill, murmuring, monotonous sound, like the tinkling of a thousand little bells, was heard at a distance, which was afterwards discovered to proceed from innumerable frogs, collected around the margin of the swamps and marshy grounds. The various encampments were now almost finished; and the cattle enjoyed, beside them, the privileges of a conscientiously long tether, to make up matters with their masters, and annihilate the marks and remembrances of fatigue, encountered in a long and difficult journey. The men, in their loose cloaks, during the time that preparations were making for the evening meal, rested before the line of huts, in the fine, serene sunshine, smoking pipes, and making observations on the changes of the landscape, over which their eyes wandered; while, here and there, might be seen some one of the younger females, passing to, or returning, with the pipkin on her head, from the stream that flowed beneath its fringe of pollards, at the western extremity of the enclosures. Among these was Theresa, the heroine of our little story, whom we shall briefly introduce.

This Hungarian beauty was now in her twentieth year, fair as a lily of the brook; and, though born to the estate almost of a peasant, nature had beneficently endowed her with those gentle and delicate feelings, which can alone add lustre to a higher station, and form the only real distinguishing excellence of female character. With her aged parents, who were alike contented, virtuous, and respected by all who knew them, she had come up from their home at Debretzin, to assist in the labours of the harvest. In stature, she was rather below the common, and more slender than otherwise; but her form was elegant in the extreme. She had none of that clownish heaviness and insipidity about her, which seems to hang like a dim wintry cloud over a countenance, which is thereby rendered unmeaning, though well-favoured; but, in the grace of her gait, and in the expressive quickness of her eye, dwelt the life and animation, which communicate themselves to others. There is no doubt, in a word, that she was a bright, sweet little creature; and whoever glanced down for a moment at her small foot and taper ankle, knew at once that the elastic form to which it belonged was one of fairy agility.

She had reached the stream: one foot rested on a stone a little in from the brink; and, with her right hand, she was dipping down the pitcher, while, with the other, she supported herself by catching hold of a wild lilac bush which grew behind her, when she was accosted unawares by a voice which caused her to start, as she had perceived no one, and deemed herself alone in the solitary place. Turning round to whence the sound came, she saw an old man rising up from the flowery bank, whereon he seemed to have been resting, clad in the habit of a Cygani or Gipsy; and, as people belonging to the wandering tribe are to be met with in every section of the country, his appearance, after the first startle of surprise was over, excited no alarm. "This is a fine, calm evening, my

child ; may I have a draught from thy pitcher ?" He drank, and proceeded. "Now, by the sparkle of thine eye, I guess, that since we happen to be here alone, you would confess to me that you would like to have your fortune told. Say at once, now, that I am right. Is it not so, my sweet girl ?"

"Nay, now, returned she, making an effort to draw her breath, which her momentary surprise seemed to have impeded, and blushing, as she lingered to answer him ; "nay, now, good father, you are wrong, believe me ; I have no such anxiety about me. How should I, pray, now ?"

"These are women's words," answered the Gipsy, "not to be taken just as they are spoken ; though, like worn coin, they sometimes pass current at full value. There is one—nay, but look in my face—a secret one, in whose fate and fortune you are not altogether uninterested. Turn not away, child ; look up, and tell me, if you dare, you simpering fairy, that it is otherwise."

Theresa looked half playfully at him. "That may, or may not be. I will not make you wiser. You only want to try me ; but, if I had secrets, I know how to keep them, my good father. Isn't it foolish in an old man like you," added she, added she, smiling "to be prying into a poor girl's thoughts ? But—good evening—I am loitering with you here, when I have other things to attend to ;" and with this she stooped down to raise the pipkin from the stone on which it rested.

"Nay—stop but for a moment, my nightingale ; I ask not your secrets. But what would you say were I to tell you, without asking you any questions at all, what you oftenest think about ? Love promises bring long hours of thought after them, before they come to their fulfilment ; as the morning sun casts before him many a flattering and fleeting ray, before he shews his bright face over the mountains. Sometimes they may be altogether forgotten, when change of scene, and change of companions,

bring about change of heart. Yours are not so—if I have any skill in reading a lesson from a fair face.

"Old man, you are flattering me. Farewell—I must away—good even."

"Nay, nay—another moment, and I have done. Methinks I see one who is far away ; yet, amid strange scenes, and amid strange faces, he is mindful of his home, and of a dwelling still dearer than his home. It stands on the bank of a stream—its windows look to the east—and at each side of the door are two barberry bushes. He is mindful of a love he left there ; ah ! as mindful as ever you could be of such a one. It will be well for you both, when the wars are over, and the weapons put into their sheaths. Now, you look down, and sigh. I knew that I had something which you would like to hear."

"How can you, who are an old man, speak such silly things ? or how can you know anything about foreign parts, or about people you have never seen ? I could almost think—but I am a foolish girl, or I would not stand listening to your nonsense, as earnestly as if it were one of Father Nicholas' sermons. Really, I am foolish, and the evening coming down so heavily," she added, pointing to the hills, whose declivities were darkening to azure, and to the mass of sombre cloud above them, from whose margin the gold of day was decaying, and lifted up her pitcher to depart.

"Let me look at your hand a moment—but a moment, then, since you have no patience with me, and care not to hear my prattle, however full of good things, and fair promises, and I shall tell you in a breath, fair flower, whether the future shall be sunshiny or sombred with clouds, like yon. Why do you hesitate ? Do you doubt my skill ? Indeed, you have soon come to think yourself very wise."

Theresa stretched forth her small white hand to him ; and, turning up the palm of it, she looked in his face, as, with a semblance of serious thought, he cast his eye along the lines of life.

"Now I know your destiny, Theresa—Is not that your name ?"

She looked at him perplexed, and then nodded assent. He then added, with a degree of fervour, as he gazed over her beauties with a more than momentary steadfastness, which made her shrink, and turn away her eyes from him, "He whom you love, Theresa—he who loves thee as his soul, is not far distant. I, who perhaps have never gazed on you before, am prophet enough to assure you of this; and do you still doubt my skill? Lo, the truth is at hand, and the flight of time shall not be far, till my words be made good. But there are leisure hours till then; and I leave these things, my fair girl, for your dream this night. I bargained for no fee—but you will not refuse me this;" and gently pressing her yielded hand, he raised her fingers to his lips,—“it is a sufficient reward for my fortune-telling. Despise not a Cygani hereafter. Weeds are but flowers under a meaner name. Good-night, and may Heaven bless you.”

With a mind overflowing with meditation, Theresa returned home; and, during the remainder of the evening, her mother observed her pensive and silent. She sat, seemingly attentive to what was going on, yet absent when spoken to, and more inclined to gaze into the fire, than to look her neighbour in the face.

Night passed over, with many a dream peaceful or perturbed; and, with the morning sun, all were astir, and preparing for the field labours. Theresa, like Juliet, was willing to mistake the nightingale for the lark, such a paradise of vision floated before her heated imagination; nevertheless, she arose with the rest, partook of their slight breakfast, and with her sickle thrown over her arm, passed forth in the early sunlight to the labours of harvest. To the buoyant mind, toil is scarcely an effort; the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed; the waters made a pleasant sound, and hour after hour passed rapidly away, while Theresa dreamed sweet dreams, and never before felt such a delight in the soft breeze, and the verdant landscape.

When the sultry day had journeyed by, beholding an industrious band gathering in the treasures which Providence had furnished so liberally for their support, and the evening star had arisen to light them on their homeward road, Theresa started, and her heart went a-fluttering, when the band of females were met by the same old Gipsy, who was loitering by the wayside. She knew not whether his eye had singled her out or not, as she turned away her head to avoid his gaze; but, when they had passed on a little way, she glanced behind, and saw him making up to the men, who were escorting the loaded wains. Like an idler, who had nought but his amusement in view, he turned back again with them; and, at a bend of the road, Theresa, mounting on a stone, saw him in conference with her father.

With that hospitality so characteristic of the Hungarian peasantry, he was invited to partake of the evening meal; and, when all were duly refreshed, the old men of the party replenished their pipes, and seated themselves on the temporary settle before the door,

“Have you been long in these parts?” said old Peter Shennitz to the Cygani, after an hour’s conversation and fellowship had made them better acquainted; “or do you reside at a distance?”

“You may as well ask the direction to Cain’s dwelling as to mine.—We are none of your shell-fish that grow to the rock. As the swallow passes from country to country, so pass we from town to town. Will you have a little music?”

“What can you give us?”

“Why, almost what you choose, on violin or dudel-sack—Zrinii’s March, Maria Carlvitch, the Song of Istolar, or anything you like. I have brought a famous pipe from Vienna.”

“So you have been at the great city; come, tell us something about it. ’Tis said all the great kings are there, carousing after the wars are over.”

“True, indeed,” said the Cygani, smiling; “the times are miraculously

changed. The French lion has at length been caught in the toils ; and I hope that a long peace will bring prosperity and plenty along with it."

"Come tell us what you saw. It is a mighty fine thing to have seen the world. 'Tis said the Emperor's town is ten times as big as Pesth."

"Truly I cannot exactly tell, but an immense place it is without doubt ; and so rich and fine ! Ah ! if you only saw the nobles there, with their crosses and golden stars, galloping through the streets in their grand chariots !—if you only saw the palaces, and the churches, and the castles, you should never think any more of Pesth, and its bridge of boats. But other things than seeing rare sights caused me to travel. I had an only son, and he was called away to join the army ; for we borderers of Transylvania must all be trained up as soldiers. He was my only son ; and after he was torn from his home, I heard nothing of him for years. I had none to leave behind me, none to care for me, and of what value is life to a man in that case ? The news of bloody battles came to us often and often, as the sound of far-off thunder comes upon the wind ;—the yearnings of a father's heart are difficult to be borne ;—so, having braced my little bundle on my shoulders, and taken my staff into my hand, I even locked the door of my widowed hut, and set out on what many would reckon a fool's journey."

"Was it so ?—What success had you in your travels ? I dare say you found him out after all ?"

"Alas ! you urge me to recal heavy thoughts to my mind, but——"

"No, no ; save yourself the pains. We understand that he perished on the field of battle."

"Yes, indeed he did ; but it was some consolation to my old heart (*here he wiped his eyes*) to find, that he still lived in the remembrance of his comrades, who cherished his memory with a fond regard, and welcomed the father from love to his son.—There was one of them who had long been his tent-fellow, and had

stood by his side in many an action, in many an hour of danger. By the by, he came from this very neighbourhood. His forefathers had possessed a place at Warlada for many generations ; till forced, in his fathers time, to mortgage it.—His name was Ludovico—I forgot what more."

"Ludovico Marlin !—I knew him well, I knew him well !—Theresa," he cried, turning round his head towards the cabin door,—"*Theresa, here is one who has seen——*"

"So you knew him ?" said the Cygani, sharply.

"Knew him ! how could I not know him,—Ludovico !—For years many, and full of pleasure, he ate at my board, and warmed himself at my humble hearth ; though he was no doubt born to a better fate. Our parting was as the tearing asunder of the nearest and dearest of kindred, though, poor fellow, his only hold upon us was his good conduct, and our own compassion : for his parents, who were once in better circumstances, died early, and left him on the wide world, unprotected and an orphan.—And are we to see him so soon again ? The news is like a cordial to my heart."

"So you are the man I am in search of ?" said the Cygani, catching hold of his hand. "That morning on which I parted from him, he asked me through what part of Hungary lay my road ; and, on ascertaining that I journeyed this way on my homeward rout to Buda, he begged of me to search out Peter Shemnitz, and tell him of his welfare."

Peter scarcely refrained from hugging the Gipsy.—"*Theresa,*" he cried, "*Theresa, my love, bring us out a flagon of your elder wine, and let us make merry. Girl, why do you stand there moping ? make haste !—You have been crying, child ; a pretty occasion, too, surely.*"

The wine was set down, and circled ; the pipes whiffed ; the jest and the song went round ; and the Cygani, elevated with the good cheer, shook off the weight of years ; and,

as he pressed his dudel-sack with might and main, he failed not to make it "discourse most eloquent music," till twilight had sombered into night, and the glittering stars were high in the forehead of heaven.

Notwithstanding the most kind and hospitable entreaties, the Cygani could not be persuaded to consent to an abode among them for a few days. When sunrise warned the local colony to the fields, the old man buckled his knapsack on his back, and, taking his staff in hand, prepared for his onward pilgrimage. All set out together, as their paths lay for a quarter of a mile in the same direction. The morning was calm and delightful; the golden sunshine lay on the sides of the far-off Carpathian hills; and, fringing the extensive plain, arose dark forests, which in several places, bounded the horizon.

A delicious odour was wafted on the gentle breeze from the luxuriant wild-flowers; and the wide air was musical with the song of birds. Theresa lagged behind with some of her companions, who failed not to remark the feverishness of her looks, and the languor that slept on her heavy eyelids; but she smiled away their enquiries; listened, or seemed to listen, to their carols, as she pointed out the beauties of hill and dale that expanded around them. The Gipsy loitered with her father at the cross which parted their several roads; and when Theresa came up, he took her by the hand, bade God bless her, and departed.

If the reader is particularly anxious to know what kind of harvest these peasants had to depend upon for their next year's subsistence, we have the ineffable pleasure of assuring him that he may keep his mind easy on that score, as the crop was considerably above an average one; and day after day beheld them with grateful hearts gathering in the bountiful provision which a kind Providence had willed for their wants; but, with leave, we shall let them alone, until all be cut down, bundled up, and stored into the waggons;

while we return, in the meantime, to the city of Debretzin, and endeavour to find something there to fill up what might otherwise prove a vacuum with respect to interest.

After six years' participation with the great army of the Germanic Empire, of the fatigues, horrors, and casualties of war, Ludovico had returned to his native place. The field of Leipsig, so fatal to Napoleon, was that in which he had last been actively engaged; and though he had received wounds in less desperate encounters, from that great battle he had escaped unharmed. From that time his military career was restricted to garrison duty, till the arrangement, resulting from the throne-overthrowing victory of Waterloo, once more shed a hope of happy days through the wide extent of the continent, and restored many a war-worn soldier to the bosom of his family. Countless, alas! were the thousands who returned no more.

From the constitutional laws of Hungary, it results, that the tenure of property is next to unalterable—a certain way of maintaining the state of vassalage to which the great body of the people is subjected, as their claims, when preferred, can be carried in all cases of emergency, even from the Herrenstuhl, or court held by the nobles on their own estates, where they are but little likely to obtain impartial justice, to the general council of the nation, at Offen. From the operation of an ancient edict, still enforced, property may be transferred on a mortgage for thirty years; but at the expiration of that term, it is redeemable by the lineal descendants of the ancient proprietors.

Before Ludovico was born, the small property which, from immemorial time, had remained in the hands of the Marlin family, passed, with this feudal burden of course upon it, into the possession of strangers, who, doubtless, reckoned themselves secure in lasting occupation; for, in the lowly estate of a peasant, the only son had been permitted to grow

up to manhood, and had been drawn away at the age of eighteen, in the conscriptions for the army. The time, at which restitution could be demanded, had now well passed on. A large placard was exhibited on the outer wall of the house of the Rentrichter; and, failing the appearance of a claimant, with adequate proofs of his consanguinity, the estate passed, within a month, irretrievably into the hands of the present occupier.

Fortunately, at this very era, fate put it into the power of our young soldier to make a personal demand for the restitution of his paternal estate; and immediately on his return to Debretzin, he laid his claims before the constituted authorities; and as immediately were they attended to. For, to conciliate the lower orders, this branch of their claims upon the state is most assiduously attended to, and the occupant, knowing that no countenance will be given either to litigation or refusal, on the mortgage being paid up, tacitly left the house and adjoining fields, already stripped of their autumnal honours, open for the entrance and occupation of their legitimate proprietor.

With all possible dispatch, things were put into order; and the dwelling prepared for the reception of the young officer of hassars; for to that rank the fortune of war, and his own exertions, had honourably raised him. Though, from the absence of all his old friends on their accustomed harvest excursions, he was literally surrounded by strangers, yet money is a rare talisman, and can work wonders which might startle the most profound adept in alchemy. In a few brief days, the house was replenished in a style to which it had not found itself equal for half a century. The plots were weeded and delved into trim; the wild wood pruned away; and the vines festooned with greater neatness about the slender pillars, which form, along with the projecting roof, common to the better houses throughout the country, a kind of piazza, where, during rainy or in-

tensely warm weather, the family may work, sit, or amuse themselves.

In the course of a fortnight, all Ludovico's plans were executed—his grounds set in order—and his house such as he had imaged in his mind's eye;—nor could he look upon either, without a degree of pride and satisfaction, that may readily be pardoned to a newly-created landlord. The future appeared bright before him; hopefulness sat upon his heart; dreams long cherished, seemed verging towards accomplishment; after procrastination and absence, the anticipations of youthful ardour glowed in more agreeable colours, and he wearied for the time when Peter Shemnitz and his family should return, less that they might wonder at his wealth, than that he might shew them all his gratitude, for benefits which had been conferred without expectation of fee or reward.

Ten days had elapsed; and the harvest of the peasantry of Debretzin was nearly over; when, one evening, as the young of both sexes were indulging themselves in their accustomed dance on the green sward, beneath the lilac trees, the Gipsy again made his appearance. He stood for a few minutes looking on with a pleased countenance, seemingly participating of the light-heartedness of youth; and, perhaps, revolving in mind the many happy times, when long, long ago on the banks of the far-off Danube, he himself joined in similar festivities—but the remembrance either overcame him, or some other thoughts called him away, for he shortly turned on his heel, and strayed by the hedge-row of pollards down to the temporary abode of Peter Shemnitz.

While yet at some distance, he descried the old man on his bench by the door, smoking his accustomed pipe; and as he approached still more closely, was somewhat vexed to meet with rather a cold reception, Peter looking much more sombre and demure than usual. His mind seemed either otherwise occupied, or he wished not to take any notice

of him, as he was almost upon him before he raised his head, or wished him a good evening. The old man started from his reverie, but immediately recovering himself, recognized the face of the stranger, and proffered cordially the right hand of friendship.

"So you have come back to see us once more, have you? You are well met; for we are not right here. Most of your people pretend to skill in the application of remedies; and my daughter, poor soul, is ailing."

"What! Theresa?"

"Yes; I have but one daughter, and I am afraid to lose her. Better 'twere that the old died first; but why should I dare to murmur?"

"Why, she looked blooming and healthy but two weeks ago, when I was here?"

"It is exactly since that time that I have observed her not looking well; food she would scarcely look at, and word would she scarcely speak any. Some slow fever is, I am afraid, working within her; but, come in, and you shall see for yourself."

Theresa started up from her seat by the hearth, as the Cygani entered; and a faintness came over her heart, inasmuch, that her head sank back on the wall but, without complaint, she speedily reassumed composure, and welcomed back the stranger to their dwelling. "That man," she thought, "somehow or other possesses secrets, which give him a control over my destiny. He seems to know more of what lies nearest to my heart, than he seems willing to make me aware of. Sure he must be the bearer of evil tidings—he dares not to leave them unrevealed; yet he has not the heart to communicate them! May heaven strengthen me for all things!"

"Your father tells me, Theresa," said the gipsy, gently taking hold of her hand, "that you have been unwell since I saw you. Can I do anything for you?"

Theresa, turning her beautiful, but languid eyes from him, looked on her father, and said, "My dear father, you deceive yourself; I have nothing to complain of, your affection for me

deceives you. Believe me, I am well—nay, shake not your head,—quite well."

"Yes," added the Cygani smiling, "I insist upon her being quite well; as I have returned back all the way from Debretzin, on a special errand to her. Theresa, believe me, it is true."

Theresa looked anxiously at him, and heaved an involuntary sigh from the bottom of her heart, that made her bosom swell, as if it would have cracked the girdle that surrounded her waist.

"Indeed it is quite true. A young soldier has returned to his home, and is making bustling preparations to have all things in order against your return. Hither have I come at his earnest request, to remind you of an old promise, which, now demands immediate fulfilment—always providing that your heart remains the same as when that promise was made."

Theresa read in her father's face the lines of doubt and anxiety; and, looking round to the Cygani, he said, "To whom do you allude? There is but one person alive to whom my daughter shall, with my consent, give her hand; and, if I am not mistaken, that person is far enough away yet, I'll warrant it. Though, droop not, my Theresa, the day may not be far distant when the separated may meet to sunder again no more. If faith dwell in a human bosom, fear not. The token which claims you may come to—"

"Knowest thou that?" cried the Cygani, drawing from his breast a golden bracelet, marked with the letters T. and L.—"Knowest thou this?—By this token am I sent to claim attention to my errand!"

"Has Ludovico returned?" asked Theresa eagerly, as she started to her feet, clasping her hands together, as she approached the gipsy—"oh, say he is well!—Is he at Debretzin?—Oh, he will be here, father, he will not wait; he will be here to see us!—Then all my fears and my dark dreams are false. Half did my heart

assure me that he had fallen on the field of battle ; that I—that we should never see him more.”

“Stuff—stuff, Theresa,” said old Peter, checking her ; “you must be well now, and dream so no more.”

“Stuff—stuff,” echoed the Cygani. “On the word of an old man, with one foot in the grave, your lover is well, and awaits your arrival at Debretzin. He could not get away immediately, but hurried me back to apprise you of his arrival. He is to meet you on your road home, nevertheless, and I have my fears Theresa—why do you look afraid, girl ?—that when you enter Debretzin, it must be under a different name than that with which you left it. Nay, but you need not blush—neither need you pout and try to look angry. I am only telling you the plain truth.”

“To-morrow we set out early,” said old Peter, hobbling to and fro, with his hands thrust into his large coat-pockets, and looking ten years younger than he did but half an hour before ; “and, methinks, it is a day too late. Warn our neighbours, Theresa, that we delay not in setting out by sunrise.”

Peter and the gipsy spent a blithe night of it together ; and as the latter had seen much of the world in his wanderings, the hours passed over, winged with interest and cheerfulness, till the time of sleep arrived.

One of the lowest of the peasantry, with a strong twist of sinister intellectuality, whose province was that of herd to, and feeder of, the cattle, aroused the little colony, by careering out on a donkey, and parading through the whole extent of the lines, whom he summoned by sound of a large crooked horn, to strike their encampment, and prepare for march. Nor was his part ill acted, as, in the course of an hour, the whole machinery of horse and foot was effectually put in motion. The dews of morning, as yet undrunk by the sun, lay on the grass when their journey commenced, and, by an hour before noon, they had gained the height that looked far forth into other valleys. No-

thing particular occurred till the ensuing day, when the gipsy produced a letter, which he seemed to have forgot, purporting that Ludovico was to meet Theresa at the Chapel of St John, and to claim her at the altar for his bride.

“And how looked Theresa ?” the female reader, with very pertinent curiosity, may be supposed to enquire ; “and what like was the dress which, along with his letter, the Cygani brought her from her lover ? It would be a pretty story, indeed, if essentials like these were omitted.”

Well, then, Theresa looked charmingly. She had ever been considered a beauty, but, on the ensuing morning, when the spire of St John’s rose in sight, on the word of an honest tale-teller, I assure you, that, of all days in the year, she looked on that one the most bewitchingly. As to her dress, I suppose that I dare not pass it over, though really—but here it is. Over her head was thrown a square of very thin white muslin, wreathed so as to form a roll in front, one fold falling down the back, and another towards either shoulder, the margin of the whole being adorned with a rich lace several inches deep. Her vest, which was without sleeves, of a fine crimson cloth, richly embroidered with silver spangles, accurately fitted her sylph-like figure, as far as the waist, which was confined by a girdle of blue silk, scarcely to be discerned, from the multitude of beautiful small beads ornamenting it. Below the girdle, the vest descended in loose folds to a little under the knee, and terminated in a deep fringe, corresponding with the girdle. At the bosom the vest opened, to display the curiously laced front of a satin bodice, held together by silver clasps, yet affording indistinct snatches of a breast fairer and finer than all that enveloped it ; amidst the elysium of which, “a thousand little loves in ambush lay.” Under the fringe of the tunic, a few inches of snow-white muslin petticoat were allowed to descend, so as only partially to interfere with the elegance of a finely turned

ankle in its silken stocking, and contrasting well with the yellow boot, delicately edged with black fur, which enclosed her slender foot. Throw, now, a slight shawl of pale blue over her shoulders loosely, and you have her such as she entered the church for the last time in her state of "single blessedness."

Although no great judge of these matters, yet it may be affirmed, that since she looked so passing well, the taste of her lover is not much to be disputed. It may be said, that a genuine natural beauty must look well in any thing. We stop not to dispute the point—but repeat, that in the costume selected by Ludovico, she appeared beautiful, beautiful as the feigned wood nymph, or the Oriental Peri—the light of love glancing in her dark eyes, and the rose of paradise alternately fading and flushing on her damask cheek.

But where was the expected bridegroom? The company were already assembled, and the priest in his robes, awaited his arrival. Dressed out in their holiday garments, the whole agricultural colony, male and female, attended in honour and affection to the parties; so that the small chapel was crowded, and a hundred uncovered heads formed a semi-circle around the open space by the altar.

Silence and expectation dwelt in the midst of them, and the eyes of every one were turned on the almost angelic beauty of the young bride, who was now led in. The priest summoned the parties to stand forward. Theresa, attended by one of her companions, in a dress similar in

fashion, but less costly than her own, was conducted forward by her father. But where was the bridegroom? The old gipsy, who was standing amid the spectators, exchanged looks of anxiety with the venerable Peter, as if in wonder what could possibly have happened. He read perplexity in every line of the old man's countenance—the perplexity of a father—and he stepped forward, in Christian charity, to breathe some comfort or consolation into his ear. Theresa lifted up her eyes to him as he came forward. His wide clumsy boots had been cast aside, in honour of the auspicious day, and, considering his years, his step seemed elastic with youthful vigour. He exchanged a second glance with her, but could no more. The hoary beard and mustachios, which had so effectually disguised him, were in a moment on the ground, and, throwing aside the large Hungarian cloak which shrouded him, Ludovico, in a rich hussar uniform, stood for an instant confessed—then rushed forward to his matchless Theresa—who, meeting him half way, threw her arms about his neck in her surprise and joy, and almost fainted away on his breast.

A murmur of delight and admiration arose—the priest proceeded with the ceremony, and putting the hand of Theresa into that of her lover, acted as the immediate viceroy of the Deity, in uniting together a most deserving pair, and leading them to the choicest blessings that earth has in store for her children.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

[SEE PAGE 124.]

EVERETT, ALEX. H.—Chargé d'affaires of the United States, America, to the Court of the Netherlands. A very sensible and very amiable man; who, in the year 1823, wrote a book of about 100 octavo pages, in reply to Mr Malthus; wherein Mr E. deceived himself, we think, of several matters,

which it would be well for anybody to undeceive him in.—In the *first* place, he persuades himself, that "his illustrious friend Sir James Mackintosh,"—that "great statesman and philosopher," as he calls him, (with some propriety, too,)—was able to understand Mr Everett's "new ideas

on population:—now, not being more remarkable for politeness, perhaps—though sufficiently remarkable for that—such as it is—than for our modesty and sincerity, we beg leave to set Mr Everett right.—We say, that Sir James never understood Mr E.'s explanations; because, if he did, we have too much respect for Sir James to believe, that he would have permitted Mr E.—so amiable and good as he is—to expose himself so unhappily, as he has, by publishing the book.

In the *second* place, Mr E. persuades himself, that he had a long conversation with Mr Malthus himself, at the East India College, on the subject of his, Mr E.'s "*new ideas*;" and that he, Mr E. made his theory intelligible, as a *reply* to Mr Malthus.—Now do we undertake to say, that Mr Malthus never did understand Mr E.'s "*NEW IDEAS*;" that he took them for a *defence* of Mr M.'s theory—or—or—that the politeness of Mr Malthus is greater than the sincerity of Mr Malthus.

And, *thirdly*, Mr Everett has persuaded himself—with some difficulty, it would appear—that his book is a *refutation* of Mr Malthus. Now, do we undertake to say, that it is a *confirmation* of Mr M.'s doctrines and theory.

Mr Everett sets out with a denial of Mr M.'s principles, and ends with an *admission* of their truth.

Malthus maintains, that there is a *tendency* in the human family to increase *faster* than the means of subsistence; that pestilence and famine are the means by which the increase of population is kept within the means of subsistence; that, instead of encouraging, we should rather discourage the increase of population—*because* it is better never to have been born, than to die of pestilence and famine.—Of course, we only aim to give the substantial part—the sum and substance of the argument.

Mr Everett says no, to all this.

"Mr Malthus maintains that the increase of population *necessarily* produces distress and scarcity"—says Mr E.—But Mr Malthus maintains

no such thing. He only maintains that there is a *tendency*, in such increase to produce distress and scarcity: and that, after a certain time, and a certain increase, distress and scarcity must be.

Mr E. says, that "the effect of an increase of population is to produce comparative abundance."—(N. B.—For a time, it is.)

Mr Malthus declares, that population increases at the rate of 1. 2. 4. 8. 16: and that food increases as 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. &c.

Mr Everett says, that population increases as 1. 2. 4. 8. 16: and that food increases as 1. 10. 100. 1000.—(Mr Owen of Lanark, by the way, says the same thing—in conversation.)

But how does Mr Everett *answer* Mr Malthus? How does he establish his own theory?—take his own words.

"The population of London," says he, "has the power of *doubling itself every twenty-five years*; or, of increasing in the manner of a geometrical progression: But—

"The means of subsistence, which can be obtained, from the *direct* products of the territory, occupied by the city of London, cannot be made to increase with greater rapidity, than that of an arithmetical progression.

"Hence it may be *affirmed with certainty*, at any given moment, that the period must very shortly arrive, when the population of the city of London will be distressed for want of provisions—If (Mr E. overlooked a certain 18, upon which the whole system depends)—If the population of London cannot find provision out of their own territory."

Observe, Mr E. chooses London; states his own case—puts the whole controversy at issue, in his own way; and, as he appears to believe, demonstrates the absurdity of Mr Malthus's doctrine, by this case of London—because the *territory* thereof, "upon which more than a *million persons* are supplied in ease and abundance, does not supply perhaps, *directly*, the means of subsistence for *twenty*."

To all which *argument*, we reply thus. What would become of London, if it could not obtain provisions

from abroad?—if it could not obtain the produce of other lands, to nourish its population?—or—which is the same thing—if the whole world were as populous as London?—Would not pestilence and famine follow? and would it not have been better for the surplus population of London—yea, of the whole world, if it had never been born?—

“Such a case cannot happen,” you will say. Granted. But why make such a case for yourself? Why argue that population should be encouraged, because 1,000,000 of people are maintained—in a territory capable, on your own supposition, of supporting only twenty)—by subsistence, which is drawn out of other territories?—Do you not perceive, *now*, that you have admitted all—everything that Mr Malthus contends for?

You have. But how has it happened?—We will inform you. Mr Malthus reasoned upon *tendencies*—he looked upon the whole world at the same time. You reasoned upon tendencies too; but yours were proximate—his remote: and you saw only a part of the world at a time. He is right, in the whole: you are wrong, in the whole. But—you are right, in supposing, that, for a *time*—among a *part* of the population—*so long as every man is able to raise more food than he himself can consume*, that increase of population may cause an increase of food.—That, however, is never disputed by Mr Malthus. He only wants to know what is to become of mankind, when the earth cannot support them: when they have multiplied—any where—at any time—so that food cannot be had for them: whether a pestilence, a famine, or a civil war, be not likely to do that (long before the whole world has become like a city) which common sense, and wise legislative provisions, might have done ages before, with little or no difficulty—and little or no suffering.—

Mr Everett has also written a work upon EUROPE, which has been spoken well of; but we have never had an opportunity of reading it properly;

and will not venture an opinion upon it, until we have.

EVERETT—EDWARD, (we believe:) late editor of the North American Review; A fine scholar: and a man of uncommon genius. His diction is beautiful and clear; but never bold, passionate or expressive. His eloquence—written eloquence, we mean—is persuasive, chaste, and very agreeable, without being either wonderful, or overpowering. The best of his work is to be found in the North American Review, from the “fall” of 1819, immediately after his return from Greece, when he undertook the Editorship, up to this time. His papers are chiefly relating to language and literature—Greece, Italy, and Germany.—He still writes for the North American Review; and may be placed, undoubtedly, among the first young men of the age.—He was a graduate of Harvard University, Cambridge, (Mass.) near Boston. When about nineteen, or twenty, he was chosen to succeed Mr Buckminster, (whom we have mentioned,) a distinguished Unitarian preacher, in the charge of a very rich, numerous, and respectable congregation—who, in Boston, where all the “clergymen” are spoilt by the idolatry of their congregations, were quite remarkable for their absurd idolatry of Mr E.—a mere boy—a clever boy, to be sure; but, nevertheless, a boy.

Well—Mr E. soon grew tired of the desk. His ambition would not let him sleep. His conscience became tender; and, after some pleasant manœuvring, he cut himself loose from his people, who became exceedingly wroth against him—reproaching him with ingratitude—and all who admired him, with infatuation. Nor was their wrath much lessened, when they found the captain of their salvation—taking orders from another quarter; enlisting as a professor in Harvard University; and preparing to traverse Europe, at the expense (we believe) of that institution.—He went leaving them full power to choose another boy, if they would: spent his time profitably abroad; re-

turned—just when, to hear them talk, you would have believed, that the congregation whom he had so deserted, and set at naught, would sooner have set fire to their church, than permit him to enter it.—We had the good luck to hear him preach his first sermon, after his return. It was delightful—quite a fourth of July oration—full of discreet, beautiful, temperate eulogy upon America—and, in short, any thing *but* a sermon—And—better still, it was delivered, in spite of their teeth—to his old congregation—in their own house—out of their own pulpit.—And his impudence was more delightful, if possible, than any other part of his conduct. He told his congregation in effect—and we might say, in so many words, that he had been thinking of them all the time of his absence; that whenever he heard a certain great bell toll, (perhaps the bell of St Mark's, at Venice)—while he was abroad—he found it unspeakably distressing, on account of his “Brattle-street” recollections; that—he had, still, one consolation, throughout all his pilgrimage—namely—that he had been succeeded by a friend of his own heart, (Mr Palfrey, standing *behind* him at the time)—who, if any body could, must have supplied *his* place: that he would preach to them, yet, whenever he pleased, in spite of their teeth; and hoped—which hope had been a great comfort to him, while abroad—and at sea—to have the pleasure of seeing their faces again—or of looking upon their graves—and remembering who had buried their friends and relations.—We do not, of course, give the very words: we only say that, substantially, the sermon of Mr E. to his insulted congregation, was what we have said.

Immediately after his return, he undertook the North American Review; and held on, (lecturing, meanwhile upon Greece,) until Mr Sparks, another ex-unitarian minister, left *his* congregation to become the Editor, about a twelvemonth ago.

FARCES.—About a dozen or twenty sober, childish, or disagreeable

“entertainments” have been produced, in the United States of America—by the natives—within the memory of man, we believe—under this title; but, in almost every case, with such a serious, reasonable, or cautious, untimely air, that, when they came to be performed, people—who were not in the secret—nor *concerned* in any way, *with*, or *for*, the piece,—knew not whether to laugh or cry.

The truth is, that our Transatlantic brethren—fruitful, as they certainly are, in a sort of stubborn oddity—a kind of unmalleable humour; abounding, as they certainly do, in what may be called respectable absurdities—have nothing outrageous in their nature; little or no raw material, of their own, for generous broad, rich caricature; no humour, worth working up; no delicious drollery; little or nothing, in themselves or their habits, for good-natured misrepresentation. The farces, in America, therefore, without one exception, are made, by English workmen, of English—or British material—and performed, in almost every case, by Englishmen. Our friends, over the water, in this part of their practice, therefore, not only steal our brooms ready made—but people to use them—which we take to be a great “improvement,” as they would call it, of Joe Millar. The French pieces, which appear in America, are always in *our* translations, after they have been adopted *here*.—

FARMER—DR:—A young physician, who wrote some five or six years ago—some five or six—(we mean to be very bitter, now, of course—*very*)—some five or six downright, Philadelphia poems. Nevertheless—in mercy—that we may not break his heart, altogether—drive him stark, staring mad—we must allow him a word or two of comfort, after this—a spoonful of syrup—a lump of sugar—to quiet him.

He has, really, some good stuff, in his nature: some ore, worth coining:—a little (the stronger, perhaps, for being so little)—of that fiery, strange

element—the true *elixir vitæ*—which, in its rectified state, becomes the elixir of immortality—“that is to say”—poetry.—We would advise him to try once more; give the public another dose; and, if they won't have it without—pinch their noses for them, till they are glad enough to swallow it—critics or not.

The poetical ore, by the way, in Dr F. may be estimated—*safely*—thus—6 parts fire : 2 earth : 1 lead : 1 pure gold.

Yes—let him try again. Let him sink a shaft—*not* himself—in some other place—not in Philadelphia—that quaker “ATHENS.” It is too low and flat for him, there: he will find little or nothing but cold water—dirty water, perhaps—go as deep as he may, into that land of accretion;

where there is nothing primitive but a few Quakers—nothing solid, or heavy, but a few purses, and a few heads—nothing rich or valuable, under the surface; that alluvial district, where every thing but wreck and rubbish, driftwood or animal remains—like those of the Port-Folio—and some other antediluvian shel-fish—are secondary. Let him do this, in some other place—among the mountains; work hard, in the granite regions; build a better furnace; begin altogether anew; sweat, like a good fellow, over the anvil—shut his eyes to every thing else—neither sleep nor doze while the fire is in blast. If he follow our advice, we will answer for his “turning out” a piece of workmanship, after all, of which his country may be proud.

CHAPTER ON CHURCHYARDS.

NOT far from the town of —, in —shire, where I passed some weeks in the early part of the present summer, is the pleasant village of Halliburn, much resorted to by persons visiting the county, sojourners in the adjacent town—health-hunters, view-hunters, antiquity-hunters, felicity-hunters,—*Time-killers*; in short, to whom anything serves for a lion, and as a point in view for an hour's excursion. But there are really things worth seeing in and about that same village of Halliburn, as those friends can bear witness—those dear fellow-view-hunters, in whose company I explored it. They will remember, how, after sundry and various consultations, as to *when* we should go, and *how* we should go, and at what time, and for how long, and after consulting the Guide-book, and recalling all we had ever heard reported of this or that place, by *such* or *such* a person; and after all talking together for an hour, and each suggesting a different plan, and one premising on the *best* authority, that such a road was in an impassable state, and a second re-

joining, from still *better* authority, that it was as smooth as a gravel walk—and one prophesying it would rain, and the rest staking their lives that it would not rain—and some proposing to walk, and others to ride—and one voting for a car that would hold all, and another for a brace of donkey-carts—the matter in debate, at last, resolved itself into something of a settled plan, our clashing votes subsiding like a parcel of little frothy waves into one great billow; and it was definitively agreed, that we should go to Halliburn—that we should dine early and set out early, to enjoy a fine long summer evening in rambling about there with our books and pencils—that we should go in a car, and that we should go that very evening. Don't you remember all this, dear friends of mine? and how quickly we dispatched our dinner, and how we packed up the pencils and sketch-books?—and how James was sent off for a car, of which description of vehicle, *one* of us averred there were hundreds to be hired at every corner—and how James was gone a mortal time—and how we

called him all sorts of names—"loitering," and "stupid," and "blind," and what not—and how he came back at last, looking as innocent as a dove, and puffing like a grampus—and how it turned out that there were but *two* cars in the whole place, and that by superhuman exertions he had at last secured one of them—and how we flew down stairs and found it at the door—and how it was a very odd-looking vehicle! mounted up like a tub upon stilts—and how it cocked up so behind, we could hardly scramble in—and how, when we were in, we looked at the horse, and did not like him, and then at one another, and did not like each other's looks—and how we went off at last, bang! with such a jerk, as jerked us altogether in a bunch, with our eight hands up in the middle, like four pigeons in a pie—and how we tore down the street like fury, and whisked round the corner like a whirlwind—and how the beast of a horse pranced, and snorted like a griffin—and how *one* of us vowed he *was* a griffin, and no mortal horse—and how another of us was partly of the same opinion—and how we all hated the irregularity of his proceedings, and the jolting, and swinging, and bumping of the tub—and how at last we all attacked the driver, and insisted on getting out—and how we all blest our stars on once more touching terra firma—and how we found out that we had narrowly escaped the fate of Mazepa, having actually been tied on to the tail of a wild horse, whose proprietor had allotted to us the honour of breaking his spirit, or our own necks.

Out of evil often good proceedeth—our proud spirits were humbled. We had enough of prancing steeds, and jumping chariots—we had tasted of exaltation, and were satisfied—we had been set up aloft, and were glad to come down again—so with meek minds, and amiable condescension, we entrusted ourselves, *deux à deux*, to a couple of donkey carts, and off we were once more! Ours, you know, Lilies! leading the way. And, don't

you remember—can you ever forget—that blear-eyed goblin, that attended us as a running footman? shuffling along by the side of his donkey, and regaling us, *chemin faisant*, with his amiable conversation. One of his eyes, you know—the right—with its little rusty tuft of eye-brow, had wandered half-way up into his forehead; the other (leaving a long, black, shaggy eye-brow in its natural place) had dropped down hill (languishingly half closed) towards the left corner of his mouth, which lovingly twitched upwards to meet it half-way; and his nose was puckered down all on one side into the cheek, by a great red and purple seam; and he was all over seamed and speckled with black, red, and purple, for the poor wretch had evidently been blown up and half-roasted some time or other, though never the worse for it when we had first the happiness of beholding him, except in the afore-mentioned trifling disarrangement of physiognomy, at which, for my part, I was so far from conceiving any manner of disgust, that I thought the countenance had more than gained in character and expression, (which is everything you know,) what it had lost in the trifling point, regularity of features. There was something infinitely piquant! something inexpressibly wild and picturesque (quite Salvatorish) in the tout ensemble! the whole face had undergone a facequake! and sparks of the volcanic flame were yet visible in the one little ferret eye, that gleamed in his forehead like a live coal, as he ran on beside us, now vehemently exciting his donkey to super-donkeyish exertions, now declaiming to us, with all the fervour of a dilettante guide, on views, antiquities, curiosities, fossils, minerals, snail-shells, and Roman pavements. He was a jewel of a guide! "Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again!"

Well! you remember we alighted (unlighted, as an old lady of my acquaintance used to say,) at the entrance of the village, and there again debate ensued, as to where we should

first shape our course. There was the church—a fine old church! to be seen, and *perhaps* sketched. There was a famous grotto, of which the Guide-book told wonders; and, lastly, there was, within a pretty walk of the church, an old, old house, the oldest in the county, a manor-house, the property of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom, the family of the De la Veres. That venerable mansion was, I believe, the greatest attraction to us all; but, like dainty children, we set it aside for *bonne bouche*, and decided to begin with the grotto. Strange misgivings crept over us, when we were directed through the village street, to the door of a mean-looking house, and told *that* was the entrance to “the cool cavern! the mysterious grot!”—and when, instead of a Nymph, a wood or water-nymph, an Oread, a Dryad or a Hama-dryad, there came forth to greet, and introduce us to the romantic solitude, an old, frightful, painted hag, with her her elf-locks bristling out in papers like porcupine quills from under the frills and flap-pets of a high French cap, and in her ears, (prodigious ears they were!) two monstrous gold rings, that looked like the handles of a copper teapurn. We shrank back at sight of this Gorgon, but she strutted towards us with her arms a-kinbo, and there was a sinister determination in the tone in which she said to us, “Walk in, ladies, and see the grotto.” *She* looked determined that we should see it, and *we* looked at her claws and her fierce eyes, and felt she was not a person to be affronted; so, as our evil stars had led us to the entrance of her den, we submitted to fate, and followed the sylvan goddess—followed her through a dark, dirty, narrow, passage, out at a little mean door, into an enclosed back-yard, about forty feet square, divided into four compartments, containing a parterre—a wilderness—a castle—and *the Grotto!*—and over the entrance to this Elysium, was flung a wooden arch, painted sky-blue, whereon it was notified in gold letters, that “the

whole was to be seen for the considerable sum of sixpence a-head; moreover, that tea and rolls, and all other refreshments, were furnished on equally reasonable terms.”

Oh ye Gods!—so we poor innocents had been betrayed into a sixpenny tea-garden, and, sure enough, there—just opposite to us—perched upon a grass mound, in the—the—the donjeon keep of the castle, I suppose, sat six merry mortals, in a state of earthly beatitude, their faces shining in the red-hot evening sun like fresh varnished vermilion coach-pannels,—swilling tea and negus, and stuffing down hot rolls, bread and butter, and cold ham, with most romantic fervour. We paid our sixpences, and made our retreat as quietly and civilly as possible, having first, to pacify our conductress, poked our noses into the dirty coal-hole, stuck with bits of glass, oyster and periwinkle shells, which she called “*The Grotto*,” and *you*, my dear Lilius, had the complaisance to mount up to the battlements of the castle, (where, by the by, you looked like Sister Anne in Bluebeard,) in compliance with the Gorgon’s importunities. To *you*, therefore, we were indebted for her gracious patronage, when, on inquiring, as we left the enchanted garden, whether strangers were allowed to see Halliburn House, she replied, with a consequential toss of her head, that *she* was well known there, and that if we applied to the butler in the name of “Madam Simpson of the Grotto,” we might be sure of immediate admittance. So much for the first of our three lions; and truly we had obtained sixpennyworth for our sixpence, in the patronage of “Madam Simpson of the Grotto.”

Five minutes’ walk brought us to the next object in our itinerary, and here no *shock* awaited us. No human Gorgon—no officious guide—no Madam Simpson, to fling open the low white wicket, and cry, “Walk in, ladies, for sixpence a-head.”

Sole guardians of the gate, two fine old maples arched over it their interwoven boughs; and many others,

and several majestic elms, were grouped together, or stood singly, in and about the churchyard. A few cottages, with pretty, neat gardens, were scattered around; and at the further end of a broad, smooth grass-plot, parallel with the churchyard, and separated from it only by a low stone-wall, stood the rectory, a long, low, irregularly shaped building, of common brick, and with a tiled roof, but made picturesque by the rich and mellow colouring of age, and by the porches, pent-houses, and buttresses, the additions of many successive incumbents, and by a noble old vine, that covered the entire front, a great part of the long sloping roof, and had even been trained round one of the gables, up to the very top of a high stack of clustered chimneys.

Behind the church and rectory appeared an undulating sea of foliage, ancient oak and beech, with here and there a graceful feathery birch, glancing and shivering in the sun, like silvery froth above the darker waves; and beneath those venerable trees, winded away a broad, shady, park-like road, to which a gate opened from the lane that ran along, behind the church and rectory. That road was the more private approach to Halliburn House, the ancient mansion of the De la Veres, and every object in the surrounding scene was, in one way or other, associated with the past or present circumstances of that venerable race. The whole village had, in former times, been a fief of their extensive lordship, and great part of it was still in their possession. The living was in their gift, and had always been held by a younger son of their house, till the branches began to fail about the old family tree. The church had been erected by their pious progenitors, and many succeeding De la Veres had beautified and enlarged it, and added gallery and organ loft, and adorned the chancel with carved and gilded work, and its long window, with painted glass, emblazoned with the twelve Apostles, and with the family escutcheon; and had enriched its altar with pix

and chalice of massy embossed silver, and with fine damask napery, and with high branched candlesticks of silver gilt; and with scarlet cushions and hassocks, bordered with broad gold lace, and sumptuously fringed and tasselled with the same.—And these pious benefactions of theirs, and their good deeds that they did, and the ring of bells that they gave, and the gilt weathercock that they caused to be set up on the church steeple, and the new face wherewith they did repair and beautify the old clock that was therein, and the marble font that they presented, and the alms-houses that they built, and the school that they endowed—are not all these things recorded in goodly golden capitals on divers tablets, conspicuously affixed in sundry and several places in the said church; to wit, over the great door, and in the centre of the organ-loft, and in five several compartments along the panneling of the long north gallery; and to each and every one of those honourable memorials are not the names of the church-wardens, of the time being, duly and reverently appended?

And on the left, as you go up the chancel, immediately beside the gilded rails of the altar, is the large, square, commodious pew of the De la Veres, to which you ascend two steps. And its floor is covered with what hath been a rich, bright Turkey carpet; and the damask with which it is lined and cushioned, was once resplendent crimson, now faded to tawny orange, and sorely perforated by the devouring moth. And all the testaments, prayer-books, and hymn-books, lying on the carved oak reading-shelves, are bound in vellum, emblazoned with the arms of the De la Veres, and clasped, or have been once, with brazen or silver clasps. But some of them have bulged out of all bookish shape, and the fine parchment covers have shrunk up like sear and shrivelled leaves. That small, thick prayer-book, in particular, that was once so splendidly emblazoned—One clasp still hangs, by half a hinge, on one remaining

cover—the other is quite gone from the curled and tattered leaves. And see! on that blank leaf before the title-page is some pale, discoloured writing. First, in a fine, delicate, Italian hand, comes the name of

“Agnes de la Vere—her Book,
Ye gifte of her Hond Mother,
Dame Eleanor de la Vere,
june ye 20the, 1614.”

And lower down, on the same page, is again written, in larger and more antique characters—

“Mye deare Childe dyed
june ye 26the, 1614,
in ye 19the yeare of her age.—
“Ye Lord gave, & ye Lord taketh awaye.
Blessed be ye name of ye Lord!”

Those words have been blotted as they were written, but not alone by the unsteady *hand* of the writer.

The book falls open at the Psalms.—See! at the xxth morning of the month—and there! there!—in that very place, almost incorporated by age into the very substance of the paper, are a few stiff, shrunken rose leaves! They fell, doubtless, from the bosom of that young Agnes, on that happy birth-day; and before those leaves were withered, the human flower had dropt into the dust! And now, what matters it, or to whom, that the lovely and the loved was taken hence so early?

And all the chancel, and many other parts of the church, are covered with hatchments and monumental tablets of the De la Veres. Of the former, some, so faded and blurred by age and damp, that the proud bend of the milk-white plume, towering from its coronated crest, is scarce distinguishable from the skull that grins beneath, in the centre of its half-obliterated “Resurgam.”—On the right of the altar, just opposite the family pew, is a railed-in space, containing two monuments—One of great antiquity; the other very ancient also, but of a much later age.—Both are altar tombs. The first—once deeply and richly wrought with curious carved work—is worn away (all its acute angles and salient points, and bold projections, flattened and

rounded off) to a mere oblong stone, one side of which has sunk deep into the pavement of the church. Two figures, rudely sculptured, are extended on it. One of a knight in armour—(see! that mailed hand is almost perfect,) and of a lady, whose square head-gear, descending in straight folds on either side the face, is still distinguishable, though the face itself has long been worn away to a flat, polished surface—just slightly indented at the place the mouth once occupied. The upper part of the Knight’s high Roman nose still projects from his demolished visage; and one can still trace the prominent cheek-bones, and the bold martial brow—

“Outstretch’d together, are express’d
He and my ladye fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer:
Long-visag’d—clad in armour, he—
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.”

Their heads repose on a tasselled cushion, and a greyhound couches at their feet—and on the sides of the tomb — — — is it really impossible to make out any part of that long inscription?—Surely some words are yet legible here and there—some letters at least. See! that great R is plain—and the next letter, i—and all the following ones may be spelt out with a little patience—and, lo! the name that was doubtless consigned to immortality—“Sir Richard de la Vere.”—And then! lower down, on that third line, the word—“Plan—tagenet”—and then again, “Kge. E—w—,” Edward, surely—and those figures must have designated him III^d of the name, for immediately after, “Cressy” is plainly discernible. And on the shield—what countless quarterings have been here! One may trace the compartments, but no more—and the rich mantle! and the barred helmet! and then—oh, yes—surmounting the helmet, there are the ducal coronet, and the fine ostrich plumes, the noble achievements of the De la Veres, won by that grim knight upon the plain of Cressy—“Requiescat in pace”—Sir Richard de la Vere!

And on this other tomb are also extended two figures, male and female—and theirs is the fashion of a later age.—There is the slashed vest, and the bulky, padded shoulders and chest, and the trunk hose, and long pointed shoes, with larger rosettes, of Elizabeth's or James' era.—And the small ruff and peaked beard of the male figure, and the chain, and the great thumb ring—all perfect.—And the lady's little jewelled skull-cap, and monstrous ruff, and hour-glass shape, and the multitudinous plaits of her nether garments.—And on that compartment of the tomb, the shield, with the proud bearings, is visible enough. It hath been emblazoned in colours proper, and patches of gules and azure yet cling to the ground-work, and that griffin's claw is still sheathed in or.—And the surrounding inscriptions are all legible. In the compartments opposite, are the names of “Reginald de la Vere,” and “Dame Eleanor, his wife, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Marmaduke Hepburn.” And in the next, and next, and yet another, of three “faire sonnes,” who preceded their parents to the grave—and last—(here is *no vacant space*) of “Agnes de la Vere, their only daughter.”—Ah! yes—the same.—See there the end of all things!—Illustrious descent—heroic deeds—worldly prosperity—parental hopes—strength, youth, and beauty!—“Sic transit gloria mundi.”

Look! in that dark corner of the chancel, at the termination of that narrow passage running along from the communion table behind the two monuments, is a low strong iron door, just visible from the family pew. More than half a century hath passed away since that door hath grated on its rusty hinges, but before that period, frequently were its heavy bars removed, and down the narrow stair to which it opens, generation after generation of the De la Veres descended to their “dark house of kindred dead,” till no space remained unoccupied in those silent chambers. And it should seem that the extinc-

tion of the ancient race drew near, from the time that their sepulchral home, having received the apportioned number for whom its rest was prepared, closed its inexorable doors against their posterity. Certain it is, that from about this time the name has been gradually perishing away from among the rolls of the living, till it rested at last with three persons only, the son and two daughters of the tenth Reginald.

That son was named after his martial ancestor, but the last Richard De la Vere lived and died a man of peace, a widower, and childless; for the wife of his youthful love had been taken from him in the first year of their union, and, from the time of her death, withdrawing from the world and from public life, and well nigh from all neighbourly intercourse, he had lived entirely at the old family mansion with his two unmarried sisters, whose veneration for the last male survivor of their ancient race, as well as their strong affection for him, suffered them not to murmur; even in thought, at the life of total seclusion, which, in all probability, condemned them to one of single blessedness. So the squire and his two faithful companions lived on together a long life of tranquil monotony, a vegetative dream-like existence, so unruffled by the usual accidents of “chance and change,” that their very minds became stagnant, incapable of reflecting exterior objects, and insensible to the noiseless wafting of Time's pinions, that swept by so gently.—But those quiet waters brooded on their own depths—on “the long-faded glories they covered,” and perhaps the pride of ancestry, and the feeling of hereditary consequence, were never more powerful than in the hearts of those three secluded persons, whose existence was scarcely remembered beyond the precincts of their own domain, whose views, and cares, and interests, had long been circumscribed by its narrow limits, and with whom the very name itself, the long-transmitted name, would so soon descend into the dust

and be extinct forever. Barring this human failing, and perhaps also the unsocial retiredness of their general habits, which had grown on them imperceptibly, partly from natural shyness, heightened by indulgence into morbid feeling, and partly from the altered circumstances of the family, which they shrank from exposing to the vulgar eye—Barring such human failings, these last descendants of the De la Veres were kind, and good, and pious people, beloved in their household and amongst their tenantry, and never named but respectfully (when named at all,) even by the neighbouring gentry, with whom they had long ceased to keep up any visiting intercourse, beyond the rare occurrence of a morning call. So years stole on, till age had palsied the firm step of the squire, and silvered the bright locks of the once blooming sisters.

Then was the last branch shaken off the old sapless tree. Three withered leaves yet hung upon it, to be succeeded by no after vegetation. First dropt the brother; and soon after the youngest of the venerable sisters; and then one poor, infirm, solitary female, the last of her race, was left alone, in the desolate habitation

of the once flourishing De la Veres. But if you would know more of that antique mansion, and of its aged mistress and her immediate predecessors, you must come outside the church, for there are *their* sepulchres. There, since the closing up of the family vault, have the later De la Veres made their beds in the dust, though *without* the walls of the church, yet as near as might be to its subterranean chambers, and to the ashes of their kindred dead. These things that I have spoken of—those tombs and those hatchments, and the family pew, and the low iron door—are they not to be seen, even unto this day, in the ancient church of Halliburn?—You know, dear Lilies! they so engrossed our attention on our first visit to the same, that time remained not that evening for our purposed survey of the old family mansion. Besides, the churchyard was yet to be conned over, and the sun was already descending behind the distant hills. So taking our outward survey of the venerable church, and a slight pencil-sketch, almost as rapidly executed, we turned our faces homeward, reserving for another evening the farther prosecution of our antiquarian researches.

ESCAPE OF THREE NUNS FROM THE MONASTERY OF ST CLARE.

TWO officers of an English regiment, stationed at St Philips, in Minorca, in 1749, being induced by curiosity to go and converse with the Nuns of St Clare, through the iron grate, saw two with whom they fell desperately in love. They declared their passion, solemnly promised to marry the ladies whenever they could be got out, and received all the encouragement they could wish. Many were the schemes formed by the ladies to evade the vigilance of the old nuns their keepers, to pick the locks, and get over the walls; at length they got a key to the door that opened out of the house into the garden; and having given the slip, in

the dark, to the nun who locks them up when they go to bed (for they all sleep in one room), they went into the garden about twelve at night, where the two gentlemen were ready to receive them; who by ladders had got over a wall twenty feet high, and by the same means conveyed the ladies out. But how surprised were the gentlemen, when, instead of only the two that they expected, they found a third, who was a volunteer! This was the confidant of the other two; and though she knew of nobody that would give her protection, yet was resolved, at all events, to get from her imprisonment; thinking nothing could happen to her so bad as

to be kept in the nunnery for life. Though the nunnery is in the middle of the town, and every way surrounded with houses, and though it was clear moon-shine, nobody observed them scaling the walls; otherwise the consequences might have proved fatal; for the gentlemen were well armed, and resolved, at all events, to carry off their prizes.—Next morning, upon missing the nuns, the whole convent was in confusion; and the town took the alarm, concluding they were among the English, as none else could be so wicked as to harbour them.

The gentlemen immediately applied to the English chaplain to marry them, who acquainted them, that if the ladies continued Roman Catholics, he would not marry them; for, though he did not look upon the vow of chastity which they had taken, to be lawful in itself, yet it was binding while they continued of that persuasion; and they might look upon any future engagements as contrary to a prior vow. Putting the question to the ladies, they readily replied, that they looked upon their vow as unlawful in itself; and that it was so contrary to the dictates of their own natures, that they could not believe it was enjoined them by the God of nature; they doubted therefore the truth of that religion which imposed such cruel hardships upon them: for which reason they were very desirous to be instructed in the protestant religion. They added, that the vow was extorted; for that, when they were seventeen years old, (the time of their taking the habit) they informed their father confessor of their aversion to that secluded life, and their resolution not to take the vow. But he told them, if they came out of the nunnery, their relations would put them to death; and upon his acquainting the abbess with their worldly inclination, she shut them up in a dark dungeon, fed them only with a little bread and water, and whipped them every day with a cat-o-nine-tails, till she forced them into a compliance.

The chaplain was five or six days instructing them in the protestant re-

ligion; all which time the Romish clergy had, by the general's orders, free access to them, that if they could prevail upon them to continue Roman Catholics or return to their convent, they should be left entirely to the freedom of their own wills.

The priests pressed them to return back to their convent, from the obligation they lay under from their vow; and urged that their marriage was impossible, they being already espoused to Jesus Christ; but their arguments were inferior to those of the Protestant priest. However, when they found that the ladies inclined to the protestant religion, they offered, if they would continue catholics, to give them immediately a dispensation from their vows, without waiting for one from Rome (which, however, was not in their power) and to marry them to whom they pleased. This, however, was ineffectual; they made a formal renunciation of the church of Rome, and the chaplain took upon him the power of the Pope for once, giving the two ladies a dispensation from their vows, and marrying them the day after they had declared themselves protestants.—From the time of their escape till they were married, they continued in the lodgings of their two lovers; but the doors and windows of the room where they lay were sealed up every night before the priests, and opened before them in the morning, to satisfy their relations that the gentlemen had no communication with them. The unmarried lady was put into a gentleman's house, under the care of his lady, and was married in a month's time to another officer.

It is not to be conceived into what a ferment this adventure threw the whole island. All the relations of the ladies (who were of the best families in the place) all the magistrates, and all the clergy, were constantly harassing the general, complaining of the sacrilege committed, and petitioning that the nuns might either be returned back to their convent, or delivered up to their relations; they did not say to put them to death, but, doubtless, that would have been

their fate, if either of these requests had been granted. When they found that they could not succeed with him, they took advantage of one of the gentlemen being abroad one evening, and having bribed one of the servants, his wife's mother, and some of her relations, came into his house, and carried her away by force. They designed to have sent her in a boat to Majorca, and have put her into the inquisition; but as soon as she was missed, the gates of the town were shut, and guards placed, that no body might go out: then a search was made for two days, but all to no purpose. Orders were then issued to put all those concerned in carrying her off in prison, and they were threatened with death, unless they

would produce her. This order induced them to deliver her up. They had kept her in bed all the time she was among them, and would not suffer her to put on her cloths, lest she should run away, or get to the windows and call out to any of the English; but did not use her any otherwise ill, knowing it would be retaliated upon them. They brought a priest to re-convert her, whose endeavours, you may believe, were in vain; she had tasted too much of the sweets of liberty to think any more of convents and cells.

One of the ladies made a Spanish song upon their coming out of the nunnery, which a gentleman turned into English, to the tune of, *By Jove I'll be free.*

DANISH TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

[SEE PAGE 126.]

THE DEVIL IN THE SHAPE OF A HARE.

IN the year 1573, Joachim von Hagen, Lord hereditary of Nubel, went out to hunt on a Good Friday; and as he, during service-time, rode with his dog along the shore by Hattlund, the devil came in the shape of a hare, and allowed himself to be hunted about by the dog. Then the devil sprung over a large stone or rock, in which are yet to be seen the prints of his feet; but the hound, in endeavouring to follow him, tumbled over the stone, and broke his neck. Then the same hare sprung back again, and was pursued by the youth, until it once more bounded over the stone; and the hunter, who was coming behind, ran himself and his horse against the rock, and both fell down dead.

THE DEVIL RUNS AWAY WITH A LADY.

Dame Christiana Von Hagen, a noble lady of Holstein, and widow of Otto Rantzow, was walking with several distinguished females before the castle-gate of Lubeck; and upon her going somewhat aside from the others, she was suddenly carried off by the devil; so that she was never seen again, alive or dead. Her wait-

ing-woman confessed, that this lady was acquainted with the black art, and was very fond of reading mysterious books.

THE DEVIL STEALS SWINE.

At the time Peter Bass was superintendent of Upper Moen, a peasant who resided there lost a sow, with her litter of nineteen pigs. He sought for them every where in the neighbourhood, but all to no purpose. After the lapse of a year, the fellow one day, at the entrance of a wood, met the devil himself riding on a swine, and driving before him nineteen others, which he frightened by beating upon a huge copper kettle. The nineteen swine that went foremost were in excellent plight; but the sow which the devil rode was very lean and haggard. The boor, who instantly recognized his lost property, began therupon to shout and holloa in such a manner, that the devil, surprised and disconcerted, dropped the copper kettle, abandoned the swine, and took to flight as fast as he could. Then the peasant rejoiced at heart, drove the swine home, and gave Peter Bass the kettle to keep in remembrance of so remarkable a circumstance.

PETER VOGNFORER.

There was once a priest belonging to Bierbye church in Vendsyssel, by name Peter Vognforer. He was very cunning, and knew a great deal besides his paternoster. Having taken a dislike to a priest at Isdale, he so managed with his hidden art, that the priest always stammered when he mounted the preaching stool. Soon this Peter Vognforer was had up before the king, where he was judged, and as the story goes, condemned to be burnt on a pile of fag-gots.

THE HOSTILE WARRIORS.

At a small distance from the town of Kiersing, two warriors lie buried in a wild moor; their names are Ginfeseek and Syre Prentepose. They lived in mutual hate, and, even now they are dead, that hatred is unabated. Every night they rise from the mould, and wander about the moor in quest of each other; and when they meet, they begin a combat, the noise of which is frequently heard for miles. Several years since, a man was passing by night over the moor, when a tall, frightful-looking warrior met him, and cried with a horrible voice, "Do you know me?"—"No," replied the man, trembling. "I am Syre Prentepose," said the giant: "come not again to my moor by night, or I will twist your head off; but provided you now tell me where Ginfeseek is I will give you as much gold as you can carry home."

THE PUNISHMENT OF WICKEDNESS.

A little girl served in a farm house between Gyrsting and Gelytterup. Once, upon a holiday, she wished to pay a visit to her aged mother, and asked permission so to do. Her mistress consented, and gave her five loaves to carry to her mother, who was very poor and necessitous. Away went the girl, drest like a lady, in her finest clothes. But when she came to a part of the road where there was so much mire and dirt that she could not pass through without soiling her new shoes, she flung the loaves, one after the other, into the slough, and endeavoured to walk over upon them; but while in this

wicked act she was swallowed up by the earth, and a ballad is still sung, founded on this shocking circumstance.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Once upon a time an aged man, with a long beard, a stick in his hand, and a bundle upon his back, was seen walking across the plain of Frank-holm down to the lake of Halle. When he came to the water he neither stopped nor turned aside, but plunged in without the least hesitation, and the lake immediately concealed him for several minutes, he then walked out at the other side by the castle of Halle. Both young and old who had observed this, were struck with wonder, and all concluded that it must have been the wandering Jew, as no doubt it was.

THE MIGHTY SWORD.

There stands near Horsen a tower, called Bygholm; near to it is a heath, and in this same heath is a hillock, in which once was found a sword of such an enormous size, that it required three horses to remove it to the tower. But it did not remain long at Bygholm, every night all the other weapons in the armoury clattered and clashed till the very walls shook, and there was no end to this tumult till the sword was carried back, and buried again in the hill.

ST MARGARET'S FOUNTAIN.

There lived at Thisted a maiden of the name of Margaret she was so pious, virtuous and lovely, that her fame resounded through the whole country. Once, when she was going to church, she was forced and murdered by three robbers, who lived in the hills of Gelade; but on the very spot where this inhuman outrage was perpetrated, there sprang from the earth a lovely fountain, which was considered by the people as a proof of her innocence and sanctity. Men and women who came sickly and weak to this fountain, recovered their health and strength by tasting its waters, and it is said, that from the money the grateful pilgrims left by the fountain, the church of Gelade was built, and consecrated to the honour of St Margaret.

THE BLUE EYES OF MY MARY.

AIR—*Over the water to Charlie.*

OH ! bright were the days ! for their gloomiest hour
 Was at worst, but a lost one only,
 When I stole before time to our sweet rose-bower,
 And, though among flowers, felt lonely ;
 Till, soon, a light footstep came quickening on,
 And I look'd for a fawn or a fairy,
 But, instead—through the roses—beheld, in the sun,
 The laughing blue eyes of my Mary.

How oft would I turn from her kisses, and try,
 In my fulness of joy to discover
 Some cause for a tear ; but in earth, sea, and sky :
 There was nothing I—*could* ?—would weep over.
 For e'en if that sky had enshrouded its hue,
 It were nought to make *me* sad or wary ;
 I'd a heaven of *my own*, as bright and as blue,
 In the soft sunny eyes of my Mary.

And well I remember one golden eve,
 When the moon had given day warning,
 But his rays were so long in taking their leave,
 That it seemed they would revel till morning ;
 An old gipsy we met at the garden gate,
 And though she was haggard and hairy,
 How charming I thought her while telling my fate
 Word for word with the eyes of my Mary !

That moon just silver'd the winding brooks,
 And again fell under the mountain,—
 Yet I fancied it ling'ring on Mary's looks,
 Though dim was the face of the fountain,—
 When I said, as I turn'd to the load-star of night,
 Whose beams never lessen nor vary,
 " Sure nought under heaven is so constant and bright,
 " — *Except the blue eyes of my Mary.*"

But Mary is gone ! and the heart she led
 To the cage her enchantments wove it,
 May flutter unheeded, unfreed, unfed,
 With no one to cherish, to love it ;
 Near *her*, I could bear the sweet thralldom as well
 As her own gay bird of Canary ;
 But the songs that I pour, and the sorrows they tell,
 Are unwept by the eyes of my Mary.

JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER

RESIDING IN COLUMBIA,—FROM MARACAIBO TO MERIDA.

LEAVING Maracaibo early in the morning, we proceeded by the lake until we arrived at Puebla Laguna, a small village about six leagues from Maracaibo, consisting of about forty houses or huts, on the margin of the lake : here we proposed breakfasting. Having sent one of our gondoliers, or bargemen, to announce our arrival to the villagers, the chief person came to the beach to invite us ; and we accompanied him to his habitation, through a long pathway, intersected with cocoa-nut trees of an amazing height, and bending with the weight of the nuts ; this damp sit-

uation being favourable to the growth of them. As we entered the house, an open house to the world, having neither door nor windows, his daughters, six in number, were employed in making tippets, or handkerchiefs, of the down of the golden heron,—myriads of which resort to this lake. These tippets, made in alternate lines, were tinged with the beautiful tints which the plumage of those tropical birds display, especially when exposed to the rays of the sun. Even in Europe, they would be considered rich and beautiful. I wished to purchase one, but was told the sale of them was prohibited, until the state officers' ladies were first supplied. This branch of feather-manufacture was confined to the nuns of St Clara, until the revolution caused a schism amongst them, and some of them left the convent ; among which was Leona, our host's daughter, a fat, pleasant woman, about forty, who communicated her knowledge to her sisters. This radical nun informed me that the knowledge of their handicraft was obtained by the sisterhood from an Englishwoman, the wife of a deserter from Buenos Ayres, who left General Whitelocke's division, and died in the hospital at Merida ; to her the nuns were also indebted for many recipes in cookery as well as millinery. A large basket of wild-fowls' eggs having been brought in by an Indian boy, Leona began to prepare breakfast. As I had some curiosity respecting the mode of dressing plantains, I watched her culinary preparations, which consisted of lard, seasoned with Chili pepper and lime-juice, in which the plantains were fried, being garnished with pomegranate seed and some red berries. In like manner were fried the eggs, and a species of fish not unlike trout, except the head, which resembled a mullet, of very delicate flavor. Our breakfast consisted of those, with the addition of cocoa-nut milk and coffee ; and never did I breakfast with so much gusto ; while Leona's pleasant sallies made me forget I was in company with one of the holy sisterhood of Santa Clara.

I asked her whether she meant to return to the convent, now that her party were successful : she said, not until her poor father left this world, as she was his principal support since he lost his sons in the Caraccas struggle. I told her, I thought she was more laudably employed in this way, than in working out her own salvation in a corner of a cell ; and added, the pious duties of a wife would do her more honour in the next world than mortification would in this. She burst into a fit of laughter, and told me that the English always endeavoured to lead poor women astray,—and that the *soldados sangras*, who remained after Whitelocke, played the devil in the country. Having remarked a little coral cross which I wore, she said I was a Christian. "Yes," I said, and wished to make her a present of it ; but she received it reluctantly. I now took leave of my kind host, and wanted to force two dollars on him ; but he refused, adding that Leona would be very angry, after receiving my handsome present. But judge of my surprise at seeing a small wicker basket, crammed with three days' cooked provisions, sent off to the boat by Leona's orders. I now shook hands with this good-natured nun : shewing her a ring, I told her jocosely I meant that should bind us. She smiled, and looking up, said her husband was in heaven ; but should she marry on earth, she would choose me ; at the same time, giving me one of the tippets, she requested I would let no person see it until I arrived in Europe, when I should sometimes think on her.

The sun shone in full splendour over the lake, adding beauty and dignity to rocks, trees, and precipices that overlooked it, and were reflected in the crystal waters. On the right, the country appeared more open, with very little cultivation. Although the bottom appeared thirteen or fourteen fathoms in depth, a person would suppose it within a fathom, and that its innumerable funny inhabitants of every hue were within

grasp, such was the clearness and transparency of the gravelly bottom, impregnated with gold and other minerals, with a quantity of crystalline gravel and shells. About three leagues distant we betook ourselves to our mules, which had made a circuit of the lake in order to join us, and proceeded up the country by the river Chama, that rolled beneath the rugged and painful track we had ascended, with great velocity and astounding murmurs, along a bed of rocks, sometimes forming a smooth sheet of water, at other times, an irregular cascade. After a painful journey we arrived at a bleak eminence or tableland, on which was built a small hut, where we halted. But judge of our astonishment at finding here the wretched habitation of an English deserter, in the last stage of a consumption; he had undergone a severe castigation by order of Morales, for refusing to fight against the British legion at Boyaca: he was tied up, and got four hundred lashes on the soles of his feet with a peterculo, added to the malditas or ulcers, caused by the mosquitoes in prison, of the most painful description, discharging a fetid ichor. He informed me, that being disgusted with Whitelock's treachery, he, with a number of others, deserted from Monte Video, allured by the promises of the treacherous Spaniards; that after living a debauched life, most of them died unpitied; that disgusted with this sort of life, he took up with a native woman, who remained constant to him even to that moment, and aided his escape from the dungeon of Maracaibo. He regretted that he had ever left his brave regiment, and placed confidence in the faithless Spaniards. Having recommended him to the care of Dr Murphy, the surgeon-general at Valencia, whose countryman he was, we continued our route to Merida, along a beautiful and picturesque country, abounding in haciendas, or plantations of sugar: here the vine and olive are cultivated. Merida appeared in view, situated in the most fertile spot in the world, with an equality of

climate seldom known, only from forty-four to sixty-four degrees. Here a man can choose his own temperature, as he may live in the valley in sixty-four degrees in the shade, and walk in two hours to where the thermometer will get down to forty, or even lower, as he ascends the lofty Paramo; or he may live mid-ways, and have his haciendas in the valley; he may combine, too, interest with all those advantages, as the haciendas yield incredible crops of wheat, peas, pulse, beans, potatoes, Indian corn, even indigo, cotton; and, in a word, the products of India, as well as Europe, may be the property of one man on the same estate.

The town of Merida is the second largest in the province of Venezuela, but, like its rival the Caraccas, has suffered by the earthquakes. Two-thirds of the buildings are in ruins, and some very fine houses are uninhabited, although tastefully ornamented with gilded pillars and handsome verandas; also green-houses and kitchen-gardens. This town exhibits more of European taste than any in South America, and is better adapted for an European settlement than any other, from the equality of its climate, fertility of its soil, and proximity to the port of Maracaibo, being only five days' journey from Merida. A little trouble would make the Chama, which washes the town, navigable to the lake of Maracaibo: this is the entrepôt of the Lanos. Perhaps there is not in the world a happier spot, as the clergy knew, having immense haciendas here: there were three Dominican friars and two convents, — verifying the remark of the learned gentleman who said,

No jesuit ever took in hand
To build a church in barren land.

And, indeed, the holy fathers were so well aware of the delights of this little paradise, that they very charitably excluded every person who was not a well-known benefactor to their community. But there are at present but a few radical monks in our convent, and a few nuns of the same de-

nomination. Here are a greater number of flowers and exotics than are to be found in any collection ; and I am persuaded that the place will become

an European settlement, combining all those advantages to the quantity of neglected estate in its vicinity, and the mildness of the laws.

TRADITIONS OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

We are sensible that next to the authentic source from whence this tradition is derived, and which gives it its principal value, a great part of its charm consists in the plain, manly, unadorned, and unaffected strain in which it is written. At a time when so much contemptible trash is published concerning the Highlands of Scotland, we are glad to be able to communicate something on that subject, which is not only curious and interesting to the great body of mankind, but is of inestimable value to those who are versed in the history and antiquities of that remote district.

THE BLACK KNIGHT OF LOCHOW.

THE power of Richard, and the treachery of his mercenary partisans in Scotland, had almost effected a cessation of all open resistance in that unhappy country. In the Highlands, however, a few individuals still avowed hostility to the tyrant, and among these Sir Niel Campbell, the black Knight of Lochow, made the most conspicuous figure. He was the chief of that ancient race, the descendant and the progenitor of many a soldier and patriot. His influence rendered him formidable, his principles were unquestionable, and his talents were of the highest rank. John Macdougall, Lord of Lorne, was his neighbour ; and unfortunately for himself and his family, the powerful faction, which favoured the English interest, availing themselves of his youth and inexperience, entangled him in their toil, by his marriage with a sister of the red Cumming. To conquer or to corrupt Sir Niel was an object of the first importance to the whole party ; and many attempts were made by the Lord of Lorne to accomplish that, but without success. When the Southern parts of Scotland were roused by the efforts of the renowned Wallace, the hostile disposition of the Knight of Lochow, became a matter of serious consideration to Richard, and that monarch entered into a treaty with Sir John Macfadzean, granting him the lands then possessed by Sir Niel, and also the

very extensive estate of the Lord of Lorne, provided he should conquer the obnoxious Chief. The Lord of Lorne was to be remunerated for his property in another quarter, but Campbell **was** to be utterly destroyed, root and branch.

Duncan Macdougall, the uncle of Lord Lorne, was true to the cause of his country, and opposed the plans of the English faction with zeal and ability. Tradition asserts, that he gave his assistance to Sir Niel, and history appears to countenance this assertion. Macfadzean's force was, however, too numerous to be openly combated in the field. He had collected an army of 15,000 men, consisting of Irish and treacherous Scotch, who had joined him with the hope of plunder ; and Campbell showed a degree of skill and conduct as a general, which was worthy the best days of Greece or Rome. Availing himself of his accurate knowledge of the country, he retreated before the barbarous horde, which had penetrated into the heart of Argyleshire, and by a circuitous route he enticed the enemy to pursue him to a narrow pass, from which he escaped by a wooden bridge, which he then destroyed. He immediately occupied an impregnable position, and left Macfadzean in a situation where he was exposed to every disadvantage. The country in his rear was extremely barren, and the barrier in his front, defended by his

gallant opponent, was impenetrable. The pass we allude to is that of *Brandir*, where the river *Arve* escapes from the lake of that name; and the position which Sir Niel took up, is the lofty ground and rock of *Craiginaony*, on the western side of the river.

Great as these advantages were, they could not enable Campbell to accomplish the object of his wishes; for the enemy could plunder and destroy the country in the course of a little time; and it became necessary to inform Sir William Wallace of his situation; Duncan Macdougall had been a school-fellow of Wallace, and their kindred feelings had produced intimacy and friendship. Under the critical circumstances in which their affairs stood, Duncan offered to be the ambassador of his brave countrymen. He left Sir Niel, and crossed the lake by night, accompanied by one faithful attendant, called Gillinichael, who is supposed to have been the progenitor of the Mac Michaels (or Carmichaels) of this country; and was then advanced in life, but still celebrated for swiftness of foot and for bravery. Tradition relates that Duncan found Wallace at Dundaff, and on hearing the condition in which Campbell was placed, he instantly resolved to march to his assistance. The case, indeed, admitted of little doubt or hesitation: Scotland contained few such men as Sir Niel, and if Macfadzean and his adherents were victorious over him, Wallace would have been surrounded by enemies on all sides.

This was about the time when that illustrious patriot had returned from the overthrow of the English in the Barns of Air. Having mustered his forces at the bridge of Stirling, he found them two thousand strong. Duncan of Lorne was his guide, and he sent forward Gillinichael to procure intelligence of the enemy. The march of Wallace was so rapid, that a considerable portion of his army was unable to support the fatigue, and he determined to divide the strong from the exhausted. The first divi-

sion, consisting of seven hundred men, he commanded in person, accompanied by Sir John the Græme, Richard of Lundi, and Wallace of Richardtown. On the rout they were met by Sir Niel Campbell, who had left Craiginaony in the middle of the night, and contrived to deceive Macfadzean with the belief that he still maintained his position, having ordered a small part of his force to remain there to support that appearance. Macfadzean sent out a scout to obtain information, but he was encountered and slain by the faithful Gillinichael, and he who had despatched him was ignorant that his formidable enemy was at hand.

Sir Niel Campbell brought three hundred of his brave clan to join Wallace; and having intelligence that Macfadzean continued at the pass of Brandir, they made every possible haste to attack him in a situation where he was encumbered by his numbers, and could not bring a tenth man into action. The onset of Wallace was indeed terrible, and the horde of Macfadzean fell back five acres, but he rallied them, and they made a stout resistance; at length, however, the valour and the cause of Wallace prevailed. The Irish gave way and fled, and the Scots among them kneeled for mercy. Vast numbers were slain among the rocks and fastnesses, and two thousand were drowned in the lake. Macfadzean, with a few men, took refuge in a cave, where he was discovered and put to death by Duncan of Lorne. His head was stuck up on the pinnacle of a lofty rock, which is still distinguished by his name. Sir Niel Campbell and his men were conspicuous for their bravery on this memorable day. Sir John Macfadzean appears to have been an Irishman, but his clan was of a very ancient standing in the West Highlands: in the island of Mull particularly, they certainly possessed considerable landed property before this period; but they never recovered the destruction which they suffered on this occasion. Exclusive of the loss of their lands, the very

name become odious; and even to this day there is a strong prejudice against it among their countrymen, though they are generally totally ignorant of the cause from which it originated. The cause, without doubt, was the part which their chief acted, in espousing the English interest at this time; and though it is now above 500 years since the event occurred, the effect has not yet ceased. The same remark applies, perhaps more strongly, to the remnant of that once powerful clan, the Cummings. However cruel and unjust such prejudices may be, and however little men of sense will be led by them, it

must be confessed that they operate greatly in favour of patriotism and public spirit. Soon after the defeat of this very formidable force at Brander, Sir William Wallace called a meeting of the principal men of the Western Highlands in the Priory of Ardehataw, and he there exacted their oaths of fidelity to Scotland. He remained for some time at that place, endeavouring to rectify the many evils which had for some time existed, in consequence of the unhappy state of the country. It was in the same place that King Robert Bruce afterwards summoned a Parliament to assemble.

VARIETIES.

DEATH OF A CALIPH FROM GRIEF.

IN the Abbé de Marigny's History of the Arabians, is an account of a very remarkable casualty, which was attended with as remarkable a consequence.

The historian, after giving an account of the warlike exploits of the Saracens, during the short reign of Yezid the Second, who was the Fourteenth Caliph, adds as follows;

"Whilst the Caliph's generals were earnestly labouring to maintain the glory of the nation, at the head of numerous armies, that prince who was naturally indolent and sensual, passed his time in his seraglio, and left to his courtiers the care of the state.

"Among the women, his usual companions were two, for whom he entertained a violent passion; The one was named Sélimah, the other Hababah. One day, when that prince was walking with them in a pleasant garden belonging to him, which lay near the Jourdan, he was diverting himself with throwing grape-stones at a distance, which Hababah caught in her mouth with great dexterity. (The grapes of Palestine are much larger than those of Europe.) This sport continued some time, when one of the stones stuck in the

fair favourite's throat, and choked her, so that she died in the Caliph's arms.

"Yezid was afflicted beyond expression at this melancholy accident. Nothing was capable of diverting the excess of his grief; on the contrary, he indulged it more and more. Vain were the preparations they made to pay the last tribute to the remains of that unfortunate woman, in order to take from out of his sight the object of his grief; he would not permit them. He ordered her body to be carried to his chamber, where he shut himself up for eight whole days, to feast his eyes with that horrid spectacle. The body becoming insupportable to those attending the Caliph, he was forced to consent to its being removed, on the representation of his officers, who declared they could not possibly serve him if he kept the body longer.

It was hoped that time and the absence of the object, would put an end to his sorrows, but they became more excessive; and he was so unreasonable as to order the body of that woman to be taken out of the ground, and brought back to him. But no person would obey the order, and he dared not insist upon it. The violence of his affliction threw him

into a consumptive illness, of which, having languished a short time, he died, and, according to his own command, was buried in the same grave with his beloved Hababah."

FRENCH PROMISES.

The Queen Marie Antoinette, said to M. de Breteuil, "Baron, I have a favour to ask you." "Madame," he replied, if the thing be possible, it is already done; if impossible, it shall be done."

EXTINGUISHING FIRE.

M. Cadet Vaux, reflecting on the circumstances of a fire when it occurs in a chimney, was led to endeavour at its extinction, by rendering the air which passes up the flue unable to support combustion. This object he obtained by the simple means of throwing flour of sulphur on the fire in the grate, and so effectual was it, that a faggot suspended in the chimney very near the top, and consequently near the external air, when set on fire and burning with great fury, was instantly extinguished on the application of the sulphur below.—This process is the more applicable, inasmuch as it does not require that all the oxygen in the air should be converted in sulphurous acid gas before it passes up the chimney; on the contrary, a comparatively small proportion of the latter gas, mixed with common air, is sufficient to prevent its supporting the combustion of common combustible bodies.

ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

An English lady being possessed of actions (shares) in the Embden company, and having occasion to raise money on them, repaired to Antwerp, and made application for that purpose to a director of the company, established there by the king of Prussia, for the managing all affairs relative thereto. This person very willingly entered into treaty with her; but the sum he offered to lend, being far short of what the actions would bear, and also insisting on forfeiture of her right in them, if not redeemed in twelve months, she broke off with him, and had recourse to some mer-

chants at Antwerp, who were inclinable to treat with her on much more equitable terms. The proceeding necessarily brought the parties before the director, for receiving his sanction, which was essential to the solidity of the agreement; and he, finding he was likely to lose the advantage he had flattered himself with, disputed the authenticity of the actions, and thereby threw her into such discredit, as to render all attempts to raise money on them ineffectual. Upon this, the lady wrote a letter by the common post to his majesty of Prussia, accompanied with a memorial, complaining of the treatment she had received from the director; and likewise inclosed the actions themselves, in another letter to a friend at Berlin. By the return of the post, his majesty condescended to answer her letter; and the actions were returned authenticated, and so restored her credit, that in a few hours all difficulties were removed, relating to the transaction she had in hand; and the director felt his majesty's resentment for his ill behaviour.

The Lady's Letter.

"Having had the happiness to pay my court to your majesty, during a pretty long residence at Berlin, and to receive such marks of favour from their majesties the queens, as I shall ever retain a grateful sense of, I presume to flatter myself that your majesty will not be offended at the respectful liberty I take, in laying before you my complaints against one Van Ertborn, a director of the Embden China company, whose behaviour to me, as set forth in my memorial, hath forced me to make a very long and expensive stay at this place: And as the considerable interest I have in that company may further subject me to his caprices, I cannot forbear laying my grievances at the foot of your majesty's throne, most respectfully supplicating your majesty, that you would be graciously pleased to give orders that this director shall not act towards me for the future, as he hath done hitherto.

"I hope for this favour from your majesty's sovereign equity; and I shall never cease offering up my ardent prayers for the prosperity of your glorious reign; having the honour to be, with the most respectful zeal, Sire,

Your majesty's most humble,
most obedient,
and most devoted servant,

* * * *

Frederick's Answer.

I received your letter, of the 19th instant, which you thought proper to write to me, and was not a little displeased to hear of the bad behaviour of one of the directors of the Asiatick company of Embden towards you, of which you were forced to complain. I shall direct your grievances to be examined, and have just now dispatched my orders for that purpose, to Lentz, my president of the chamber of East-Friesland. You may assure yourself the strictest justice shall be done you, that the case will admit. God keep you in his holy protection.

Potsdam.

FREDERICK.

THE BARON DE BRETEUIL.

This minister was a great smuggler, and used to gain immense sums by getting merchandize introduced into Paris free of duty. His partner, the merchant, went to him one day, and said he was in great distress, a wagon load of goods was lying at St Denis, but the bales were so large there was no chance of smuggling them in. "No chance!" exclaimed the Baron, "why, are they too large to go through the Porte St Denis?" "No, Sir." "Then be under no apprehension, they shall be got in."—The Baron carried his extravagance to such a pitch that all the utensils of his kitchen, even the spit, tongs, and shovels, were made of solid silver.

CARDINAL DUBOIS.

Dubois died immensely rich. His political and ecclesiastical preferences amounted to about 574,000 livres a year. Added to this, he is said to have received a pension of 40,000*l.* a year from England, which,

if true, would make his whole income amount to nearly 64,000*l.* a year. But it is probable that the amount of his pension is exaggerated, and very possible that it never existed.

His chief talent lay in intrigue, and in governing the Duke of Orleans. He is said to have employed so much of his time in this last occupation, that he had no leisure left for public affairs; and a story is current of his taking up a large parcel of unsealed letters and throwing them into the fire, saying, "Now I have brought up all my arrears."

Many anecdotes are related of his ungovernable temper. He would often get up and run round the room upon the tables and chairs, even in presence of the Regent. Those who attended his audience, of whatever rank they might be, were often dismissed with rudeness, if not with oaths. One day a lady of the court went to wait upon him, to thank him for a favour conferred upon her. She had no sooner begun—"Monseigneur," than Dubois interrupted her; "Oh! Monseigneur, Monseigneur, it can't be done."—"But, Monseigneur"—"By all the devils, when I tell you it cannot be."—"Monseigneur"—began again the poor lady, when Dubois seized her by the shoulders, turned her round, and pushed her out of the room.

With a violent temper, Dubois was not ill-natured. An officer, who had long attended his levee to make an application, burst out a laughing at seeing him swear violently: Dubois came up to him, and said, "I see you are no fool; you shall have what you ask for." Another time he was swearing at his clerks, saying, that with thirty clerks he could not get his business done: Venier, his secretary, after looking at him a long time in silence, answered, "Monseigneur, take one clerk more to swear and scold for you; half your time will be saved, and your business will be done." Dubois laughed, and was appeased. It must be said to his praise, that he seems to have been quite exempt from cruelty.

PERUVIAN POETRY.

We copy the following *Triste*, (poetical composition of Peru,) written by D. Augustin Videla y Ortiz, with its translation, for the gratification of our readers.

Un corazon afligido
Viendo tardar en esperanza
Con doloroso instrumento
Al compas de un llanto canta y dice
Todo en penas y aflicciones
Me veo
No hay Mengua en mi padecer
Que es esto?
Tiranos!
Martirios!
Ya seran mis ojos rios
Ay de mi
Hasta fallecer.

Translation.

With sickness of the fainting heart
(Which hope deferred can bring)
Oppressed to weariness,—apart
From all, I hear him sing,
While Music's saddest notes are heard
To lengthen every mournful word.

"To suffering woe and sorrow,
"For me there is no morrow,
"My eyes, that fill
"With weeping still,
"No light from Hope can borrow.

"Oh! what is there before me,
"That I should not deplore me?
"The tyrant's chain,
"The martyr's pain,
"Are all, my soul, before thee.
"Alas for Death! for only he
"Hath power now to set me free."

CANOVA.

Many authors have fancied particular hours of the day, or particular seasons of the year, as most propitious to the flights of genius. Love-sick swains seek woods and groves, and purling streams, to pour out the overflowings of passion. Canova fancied the Sun of Italy alone propitious to his genius; a cloudy sky or a foggy atmosphere cast a gloom on his spirits which he could not overcome, so that even Paris was to him the grave of genius. Napoleon perceived that in the bust Canova made of him, and which is now in the possession of Baron Denon, there was wanting that grand character which dis-

tinguished his works from the rest of modern sculptors, and observed to him that he did not think he had been happy in the execution of his work. "I feel it, Sire," replied Canova, "but I cannot help it; the clouded sky of France does not inspire me like the warm sun of Italy."

JUSTE CIEL.

The tester of a bed is in French called *le ciel*; the Marquis de Bievre, of punning memory, hearing that the *ciel* (tester) of Calonne's bed had fallen upon him, he exclaimed, *Juste ciel!*

SAFETY COFFIN CASE FOR THE DEAD.

Notwithstanding it is necessary for the benefit of mankind, that subjects for dissection should be obtained by that part of the rising generation into whose hands the lives of people are to be entrusted, there cannot possibly be a more unhappy state of mind than that which is excited by the rapacious pillage of the last remains of a dear friend or lamented relative. There is something besides, so repugnant to the natural feelings of civilized man in the profession of *sepulchral pillager*, that surely no punishment can be considered too bad for the brute who is so abject as to follow the abominable calling, which, while it renders him fit for every species of crime, for the sake of the sacrilegious bribe it procures is the means of turning the afflicting but wise dispensations of Providence into the most heart-rending anguish, for which time itself has scarcely any alleviation. To prevent in some degree this additional misery to the day of mourning, put a bar to the disgraceful traffic, and excite legislative influence to meet the necessity of providing means for anatomical supply, are the inducements which have caused me to trouble you with the following suggestion.

Iron coffins are certainly inestimable in the protection they afford against the robbery of graves, but they are both expensive and inconvenient; few can purchase them, and their duration must in time, be produc-

tive of serious inconvenience in our churchyards. I would suggest a *Coffin Case*, made of iron, formed of top, sides, and ends, but no bottom, so as to admit of being placed over the *last coffin, continually*, which is put into the grave. One would answer for the protection of all beneath, and, being sufficiently capacious, no inconvenience in point of size could happen. Durability would then be a desirable object, and the expense to a family considerably lessened, while clerical privileges would be retained as heretofore, and of consequence, clerical altercation prevented. Many contrivances might be resorted to in order to impede the lifting of the *coffin case*, such as having plates from the lower edge of the sides projecting in a horizontal direction, or a couple of iron bars on each side fixed, or passing through staples connected with the outside of the top. On this principle I conceive every family might be in possession of one of these cases, that, on the present system of iron coffins, could not meet the expense.

GUTTA SERENA.

The Rev Jacob Stanley, a Methodist minister, states, in a late number of the Methodist Magazine, that an *amaurosis*, or *gutta serena*, with which he had been afflicted, amounting to almost total blindness, was entirely removed by a succession of blisters applied to the spine, from the shoulders downwards.

DAY-LIGHT.

The duration of day-light, and the length of candle-light, on any given day or night in the year, in the southern parts of England, are given in a useful pamphlet, by Mr Bevan; which contains the average mean, or clock-time, of lighting candles in the evening, and extinguishing them in the morning, of every day. The equation of time produces in these tables some curious anomalies; as, for instance, there is, in December, eighteen days' interval between the earliest period of lighting, viz. 4h. 26m. on the 12th; and the latest period of

extinguishing, viz. 7h. 31m. on the 30th; on which latter day, the time of lighting has increased 9m. from its minimum. In June there are only four days between the earliest period of extinguishing, viz. 2h. 58m. on the 19th. and the latest period of lighting, viz. 9h. 4m. on the 24th. The lightings, at six o'clock, take place February 24th and October 5th; and the 6h. extinguishings, on the 9th of March and 19th of October; the intervals being, in the spring, thirteen or fourteen days; and, in the autumn, fourteen days. On the 3d of March, and on the 11th of October, candles are lighted and extinguished at the same clock-time, viz. 6h. 12m. in the former, and 5h. 47m. in the latter season; and the candle-light and the day-light are in each case just 12 hours later. On the 21st of June occurs the longest day-light, of 18h. 6 m., and the shortest candle-light, of 5h. 54m.; and on the 26th of December, the shortest day-light, of 9h. 2m., and the longest candle-light, of 14h. 58m.

WITCHCRAFT.

It is not generally known, that Sir Henry Cromwell, as Lord of the Manor of Warboys, after the conviction of the Witches of Warboys, in 1593, left their property, which was forfeited to him, to the Corporation of Huntingdon, on condition that they should give forty shillings every year to a Doctor or Bachelor in Divinity of Queen's College, Cambridge, to preach a sermon at All-Saints Church, in Huntingdon, on the annunciation of the blessed Virgin, against the sin of witchcraft, and to teach the people how they should discover and frustrate the machinations of witches and dealers with evil spirits. *This sermon continues to be preached.*—It is doubtless felt to be a little awkward sometimes, to preach upon an exploded opinion: but, it is still more lamentable that there should be clergymen, in the Church, as by law established, who are necessitated, or can condescend, to earn forty shillings by perpetuating a superstition so ridiculous.

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ILLUSTRIOUS EXAMPLE OF GRATITUDE.

A YOUNG man was passing with his regiment through Lyons, in 17—, where he fell sick, and was obliged to remain at an hotel. He was very ill supplied with money, and his purse was speedily exhausted by the expense his malady occasioned him: his hostess, untouched by his destitute situation, had him carried into a granary, where all the furniture she allowed him was a pallet and a chair, and all the sustenance a little barley-water; refusing to call in the aid of a physician, to avoid the responsibility in which she apprehended such an additional charge might involve her. It happened that the first floor of this furnished hotel was occupied by two Genevese ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle Agiée, who had visited Lyons for the benefit of change of air: they were both advanced in years, Mademoiselle Agiée being nearly fifty. These two ladies were clever and well informed; but, according to the Genevese habit, they did injustice to their real merit by a pretension to something beyond it, and a pedantry completely national. The fate of the young soldier interested all the domestics of the hotel, and the particulars of his friendless condition reached the ear of Mademoiselle Agiée through her maid, who acquainted her at the same time with the cruelty of the landlady, who threatened to send him to the hospital. The maid succeeded in awakening the sympathy of her mistress,

who immediately sent for a physician, informing the hostess that she would answer all expenses, and that it was her pleasure the sick man should be removed without delay to a comfortable chamber. The humane Abigail, meanwhile, never quitted the chamber of the invalid whom she had taken so happily under her protection. Weakened by his illness, which had been so aggravated by neglect, the young soldier was in a frightful state of delirium when the physician visited him, and during the process of changing his apartment, so that, when he recovered his senses, he was greatly astonished to find himself in a well-furnished chamber, and believed himself dreaming. Near his bed was his faithful nurse, whom he began to question, but who contented herself with replying that a friend, who took an interest in him, had given orders that he should be properly attended. Days, and even weeks escaped thus, till at length the young soldier, recovering his strength, insisted on being informed to whom he was indebted for so many benefits. There was in the expression of his countenance something that commanded respect, which perhaps even excited fear; the good woman named her mistress, and, with all possible delicacy related to him the miserable circumstances in which she had found him. He entreated to see Mademoiselle Agiée, that he might lighten his heart of some of its gratitude; he was not yet able to rise,

nor was he permitted to read; but he was, nevertheless, sufficiently reinstated to feel the weight and weariness of an idle life. Mademoiselle Agiée consented to the demand of the young soldier, and paid him her first visit; she remained with him only a few moments, but promised to return and bring him books, desiring him to make his choice, and offering to read for him till he should be no longer forbidden to occupy himself. He accepted her proposal with joy, and selected the "Life of Turenne," and a book on geometry. Every day Mademoiselle Agiée passed some hours with the convalescent soldier, who listened eagerly as she read, often interrupting her to make observations, which were always just, and sometimes very striking. He did not seem easily inclined to confidence, and it was not till some time had thus elapsed, that one day, as if led on by a military ardour beyond his power to restrain, he began to speak of his projects to Mademoiselle Agiée; she smiled as she listened to him, "In truth," said she, "I believe we shall one of these days see you a colonel." "Colonel!" replied he in a tone of indignation, "I shall be a general—and perhaps——" but he interrupted himself, as if alarmed at what he was about to say, and perhaps even internally rebuking himself for what he had said. "Until now," said Mademoiselle Agiée, "I have never asked you a single question, either with regard to your country or family. By your accent, I conceive you to be a foreigner, although you belong to a French regiment." "I am a Corsican, and my name is Napoleon."—The young man was Bonaparte.

Mademoiselle Agiée every day became more and more interested in Napoleon; and when he was entirely recovered, she equipped him, and supplied him with the money necessary to enable him to rejoin his regiment. On taking leave of his benefactress, the young man was much affected. "Believe me," said he, "I shall never forget what you have done for me!—You will hear of me."

He departed, and Mademoiselle Agiée with her mother returned to Geneva. Very soon the name of Napoleon became celebrated; and Mademoiselle Agiée, in reading the gazettes, exulted in the successes of her protégé, who meanwhile, seemed to have entirely forgotten her. Years passed thus away, when sometime before the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte passed through Nyon, a little town of the Canton de Vaud, twelve miles from Geneva, on his way into Italy;—he could only stop a few hours:—he sent an aide-de-camp to Geneva, with orders to inquire for a lady, named Agiée, very ugly, and old, and to bring her to him; such were his directions. In Geneva, as in all small towns, every body is known, and the aide-de-camp succeeded in finding Mademoiselle Agiée. She was become nearly blind, and very seldom quitted her own house, but the name of her hero seemed to inspire her with new strength, and she hesitated not to follow his messenger. Bonaparte was impatient, and came to meet his friend on horseback, attended by his staff, as far as Versois; as soon as he perceived her carriage, he spurred on to receive her, and the feelings of Mademoiselle Agiée on this rencontre may better be imagined than expressed. "Gentlemen," said Bonaparte, turning towards his suite, "you see my benefactress, she to whom I am indebted for life; I was destitute of every thing when she succoured me. I am happy and proud to be obliged to her, and I shall never forget it." Mademoiselle Agiée passed two hours at Nyon with Bonaparte, at the hotel of the Croix Blanch, where he detailed to her all his plans, and, on taking leave of her, repeated the same words he had uttered at Lyons, "You will hear of me." From that hour to the epoch of his coronation, she received from him no token of his existence; but fifteen days before the coronation, General Hullin was announced to Mademoiselle Agiée. He desired her to prepare to accompany him, as Bonaparte was resolved that she

should witness his glory ; he was furnished with the strictest and most minute orders. Mademoiselle Agiee was permitted to carry nothing with her, beyond what was merely indispensable during the journey ; and in spite of her age and her infirmities, the day after the general's arrival, she set out. On arriving at Paris, she alighted at a house in the Place de Caroussel, opposite the palace of the Tuileries ; there she found domestics in the livery of Bonaparte, and, in short, a completely furnished mansion ; a well-stocked wardrobe had been prepared for her, Bonaparte had recollected even her favourite colours, and had omitted nothing he imagined would give her pleasure ; she had a long audience of Napoleon ; he assigned her, besides a house, carriage and domestics, maintained at his expense, an annual income of six thousand francs. He continued to preserve towards Mademoiselle Agiee the most marked regard, often con-

sulting her even on the most important affairs. On the fall of Bonaparte, Mademoiselle Agiee lost the house and the advantages he had conferred upon her ; but I have reason to believe, that her pension was always regularly paid by the agents of Napoleon, till her death, which happened, I believe, in 1822. It is from herself that I received the details I have given :—it is easy to imagine with what animation she descanted upon her hero ; even without partaking her enthusiasm, it was impossible not to listen to her with interest ; besides, noble and generous sentiments belong to our intellectual existence, no matter what country we belong to, or what are our opinions, the emotions of the heart wait not to consult our prejudices. Mademoiselle Agiee died in the Hotel de la Rochefoucault, Faubourg du Roule, at Paris, of which she inhabited a small wing, after having quitted her house in the Place du Caroussel.

THE VISCOUNT D'ARLINCOURT.

M. D'ARLINCOURT is a young man remarkable for a handsome person, considerable wealth, and unbounded absurdity. His character is singular, and affords nearly as much diversion to the Parisians, as that of the noble rival of Louis XVIII. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucault. M. d'Arincourt began his career by taking to himself the title of Viscount. He had one day occasion to write to M. de Cazes, then Minister, and his name being Victor, he signed his letter, V. d'Arincourt. The Secretary, who wrote the Minister's answer, mistook this V. for the initial of Viscomte, and addressed his letter, "To M. le Viscomte d'Arincourt." The author of Ipsiboë lost no time in giving permanence and publicity to his newly acquired title, by causing it to be instantly engraved on his visiting cards. From this act his celebrity arose. It has been confirmed, not

by the incredible impudence with which he himself writes articles in the journals, in which he speaks of his own works, as other people are wont to speak of those of Voltaire—this is the commonest of all things among the *litterateurs* of France, and has already been adopted with eminent success by Messieurs Chateaubriand, Jouy, Etienne, Keraty, and Arnaut ; all masters in the art of getting up a reputation. The peculiar distinction of the *inverse Viscount* (if we may be allowed to translate the prefix with which the Parisians have been kind enough still farther to illustrate his name, and of which we shall say more hereafter) is, that having written an article of seven columns for the *Journal des Debats*, when he saw it in print he actually believed in the justice of all the praises he had bestowed upon himself. It is this very remarkable

instance of naïve absurdity which renders him worthy to be compared to Sosthenes de la Rochefoucault.

We premise that our readers must have a very good opinion of our voracity to believe some of the incidents in the literary life of the Viscount, with which we shall present them. We honestly confess that they pass all fair and recognized limits of absurdity too far not to have a startling air of improbability. Our readers may, however, rely on the perfect *truth* of all we relate. Our only difficulty is that of selecting among the *mots* which have brought M. d'Arlineourt so much into fashion with his gay countrymen.

There is at Paris a bookseller named Dalibon, who publishes a series of portraits of the great men of France. Three months ago, he had already published engravings of Racine, Corneille, Molière, La Fontaine, and Boileau. One day, at about two o'clock, the hour at which a good many literary loungers are commonly to be found in Dalibon's shop, the Viscount d'Arlineourt's carriage stopped at the door. "You know me, Sir, without doubt?" said the Viscount, entering, to the bookseller. "No, Sir, I have not that honour." "Incredible!—Well, you see before you the author of the *Caroleide*, of *Ipsiboé*, and the *Renegade*. You have already published portraits of Corneille, Racine, Molière, &c. do you not intend to give mine to the world?" The bookseller, who is not deficient in shrewdness, threw a significant glance on the *literati* assembled in his shop, and answered, "M. le Viscomte, I was indeed thinking of doing so." "Very well, I have brought you my portrait ready engraved." At these words, the Viscount motioned to one of his superbly liveried footmen to deliver an enormous parcel of engravings to M. Dalibon. "You will, doubtless, advertise my portrait. Two words will suffice. I have just scrawled this in pencil as I rode hither. It should be simple and modest. You may just say, 'Having offered to the

public portraits of Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, and Boileau, it appears to me that I cannot more appropriately complete the collection than by enriching it with that of M. d'Arlineourt, so long eagerly demanded by all Europe.' " Every body has been to buy this engraving at Dalibon's, where the purchasers have, into the bargain, the pleasure of seeing this little advertisement in the hand-writing of the noble author.

A lady, who had no personal knowledge of the illustrious Viscount, lately went to pay a visit to his wife. He came in at eleven o'clock, approached the lady, and exclaimed, "Ah, Madam, what a delicate attention! How sensible I am to this ingenious mark of your admiration!" The lady thought him mad, made the best reply she could, and understood nothing of his compliment. "I should, undoubtedly, Sir, be most happy to do any thing to give you pleasure, but I am not conscious—" "How, Madam," replied the Viscount, with great animation, "you do not perceive that your waist ribbon is *bleu Elodie*?" We must just stop to remark that Elodie is the name of one of his heroines; and that the shop keepers of Paris always seize upon the present object of public attention, whether heroic or ridiculous, to give a name to the newest fashion. Some curious and not very translatable instances of this might be quoted; but we shall content ourselves with saying, that the Viscount seriously believed the lady in question had chosen her waist ribbon of *Elodie blue* in order to do him honour.

The lady did not care to undeceive him; and being for the first time in the company of a person so celebrated, she endeavoured to draw him into conversation. "You have, doubtless, just been enjoying a new triumph of your genius?" "Yes, Madam," replied the Viscount, to her no small astonishment. "Those poor theatres on the Boulevards are only kept in existence by my romances. I must encourage them by my pres-

ence. I am now come from the first representation of the 'Mont-Sauvage' at the Ambigu-Comique. I took Chateaubriand there."

The Viscount began his literary career by an epic poem, entitled the *Caroleïde*, the *niaiserie* of which surpasses all belief. Since the decline and fall of the reputation of the Abbé Delille, nobody in France reads verses. As soon as the Viscount had printed his poem, he sedulously applied himself to the cultivation of a reputation by the most efficient of all means. He gave two dinners per week; to these feasts none but editors of journals were invited. In spite, however, of the exquisite cheer, the journalists would soon have begun to refuse his invitations; but the public, to its infinite satisfaction, discovered that Madame d'Arlincourt had claims upon its attention scarcely less remarkable than those of her husband. This lady, who is young, pretty, and of good family, blushes at hearing Lord Byron compared to M. d'Arlincourt. She is fully persuaded of the superiority of the latter. She seldom takes an airing in the Bois de Boulogne without stopping her carriage at the door of some bookseller, where she buys one of her husband's works. On her return home, she says to him in the tenderest manner, "My love, I could not resist my intense desire of reading such a passage in your Ipsiboë, or your Renegade."

The Viscount sat for his portrait to the celebrated Robert Lefevre. The artist at the urgent and repeated request of the Viscount, painted the eyes of an enormous size, and extremely like those of an ox. When the picture was finished, he took his wife to see it. The Viscountess was shocked at the smallness of the eyes. "Your portrait Sir, (said she to Robert Lefevre), is not without some merit, but you have unfortunately

entirely missed the character of M. d'Arlincourt's countenance. You shall see. *Mon ami, fais tes yeux.*"* said she turning to the author of Ipsiboë. This expression of Madame d'Arlincourt is now safely lodged in the treasury of the French language. It has passed into a proverb. When any one desires to have a flattering likeness of himself, he is pretty sure to be told "*Mon ami, fais tes yeux.*"

Whenever the Viscount is preparing to publish some new *chef d'œuvre*, he bespeaks support and applause for it (*appuyer d'avance* is the Parisian expression, we have none so good), by eight or ten dinners given to the *litterateurs* of the lower class, who gain a subsistence by writing for the inferior journals. At one of the dinners given to bolster up l'Etrangère, which was published about a month ago, the Viscount said, speaking of his brother, General d'Arlincourt, "I pity my brother, the General; he has a beautiful family, he has just acquired an income of 1,400,000 francs, but he has not genius. I can assure you, gentlemen, that literary genius is beyond all other gifts of nature or fortune." Whenever, which rarely happens, he is silent at these dinners, there is an unfailing receipt for making him talk. One of the guests has only to mention Sir Walter Scott, or M. Marchangy; either of these names puts him in a passion. "There are some men," he exclaims, "stupid enough to prefer Sir Walter Scott to me. I must confess, however, that *he* has some merit; but what words can be found to characterize people who can read Marchangy?" In this, it must be allowed, the Viscount is right enough. M. de Marchangy is a Procureur-General of the Court of Justice at Paris, who, with a probity equal to his genius, is continually inventing the most atrocious calumnies against all those who are obnoxious to Min-

* After the most mature deliberation on the capabilities of the English language, we are obliged to confess that this expression does not lie within its compass, and that to those who are so unhappy as not to understand the original, the eloquence of the Viscountess must remain unknown.

isters, and who are the objects of government prosecutions. In a country like France, where the dead are always in the wrong, M. Marchangy is not odious, he is only ridiculous. He has published a work in eight volumes, in imitation of Chateaubriand, called *La Gaule Poétique*. M. de Marchangy, in virtue of his place, compelled the journals to admit thirty or forty articles, written by himself (which his exquisite style makes sufficiently evident), on his *Gaule Poétique*. This trash has thus been pushed to a third edition. This third edition it is which stirs the bile of the Viscount when he sees it in the bookseller's advertisements.

In order to prepare a successful appearance for *l'Etrangere*, the Viscount wrote a pretty little letter to every one of the two hundred men of letters, great and small, who work for the journals. Of these letters, which are all different, it has fallen to our lot to see but one. In that were the following words: "It must be confessed that it is admirable," speaking of his *Etrangère*. Not contented with these letters, he actually visited every individual of these two hundred unhappy men who labour in the journals. He addressed them thus: "Well, my dear friend, do you give me your word of honour to write a good article on my new work?"

I must have it done within forty-eight hours of its publication. It is not for myself that I speak; my reputation is established throughout Europe. I am translated into eleven languages, (this is the precise fact. So true is it, "qu'un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire").

We ought to observe that M. d'Arlincourt, prints editions of two hundred copies each. In this he has been imitated by the Corypheus of the society "*Des Bonnes Lettres*," M. Hugo. This personage having composed a frightful romance, called *Han d'Islande*, he had the extraordinary folly to agree with his bookseller Persan, *in writing*, for three simultaneous editions of *Han*. M. Hugo having quarrelled with Persan, Persan prints this curious treaty in a literary journal called the *Pandora*.

We have given this account of the personal character of M. d'Arlincourt, because the extreme assurance with which that writer puffs himself will give our readers some notion of what is commonly passing in the literary world of Paris—the reflecting men of that capital feel deeply the want of an *impartial review*. It is a lamentable fact that out of twenty articles in the Paris journals, it is impossible to find more than one, and scarcely that, written with impartiality.

I THOUGHT I HAD A FRIEND.

I THOUGHT I had a friend!

But when winter days came on,
I found myself forsaken,

For my summer friend was gone;

He lived but in the joyous sun:

When sorrow spread her shade,

He fell away; but left a thorn

That wounds—too deeply made.

If human care—fond cherishing—

And kind thoughts could have kept

This trusted friend from fading thus,

His loss I had not wept.

But there are things which oft we love,

And clasp unto the breast,

That only break our happiness,

And steal away our rest.

I little deemed—while greenly grew

The vernal buds of hope,

And life's smooth pathway wound along

Bright fortune's sunny slope—

That he who close companion'd me,

And balmy joys supplied,

Would not endure a bleaker day—

A passing storm abide!

Well—be it so; it shall not wake

Another tear or sigh:

My sighs shall be locked up in scorn,

And my tears—ah! they are dry.

Though a thousand brilliant suns should rise

To light my future fate,

Thou never more art mine, FALSE FRIEND!

I know thee—but too late!

 WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

WEEP not for the dead,
 Who tranquilly repose ;
 Their spark of life is fled,—
 But with it all their woes.—

The broken heart is heal'd,—
 The reign of sorrow o'er ;—
 Their future bliss is seal'd,
 And they can grieve no more.—

Mourn rather for the doom
 Of those who struggle on,
 In dreariness and gloom,
 Until their course is done ;

Who linger here, and grieve,
 As death dissolves each tie,
 That makes them wish to live,—
 Yet cannot—dare not die !

 THE TRIUMPH OF SENSIBILITY.

“ ———— seldom, when
 The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THIS true story, in itself highly interesting, becomes a thousand-fold more touching as it has been embalmed by the tears of Lord Byron. The gentleman who furnished it assured us that a West-Indian friend of his was present when the little narrative first met the eyes of the lamented poet, and beheld them overflow with the effusion of exquisite sensibility.

Bertrand, a knight of Malta, was brought before the dreadful tribunal of l'Abbaye, on the third of September, 1792. Habitual self-possession and undaunted fortitude did not forsake him in this dire emergency. He replied to all their ensnaring examinations with a firm voice and unchanging countenance ; asserting that he was quite ignorant why he was summoned, and that he must have been arrested by mistake, in place of some other individual. This cool intrepidity conquered the suspicions of the judges, and they ordered him to be released. A man covered with blood, who had been employed in killing the doomed prisoners, was evidently glad when desired to call his comrade, that both might escort Bertrand to his lodgings. The comrade, notwithstanding his gory habiliments, appeared to share in the satisfaction manifested by the first-mentioned

bourreau. Bertrand was conducted by them through the court of the Abbaye. They then asked if he had no relation to whose house he could go ; he answered, it was his purpose to go directly where his sister-in-law must be in the most unhappy suspense concerning his fate. “ How overjoyed must she be, to see you return in safety !” said the first executioner. “ What a delightful scene to behold your meeting,” rejoined the other. “ For the sake of that pleasure, we shall accompany you.”

Bertrand feared he might implicate the unhappy lady, whose husband had but recently fallen a sacrifice to popular fury. He was distressed and embarrassed, more than when interrogated by his judges ; yet he betrayed no emotion, and made answer that his sister-in-law was in affliction, and in very delicate health, and he feared would be too much agitated by the sight of strangers. The men urged, that alarm to her might be prevented by giving some previous intimation ; and, in short, they entreated leave to witness the affecting interview with such importunity, that Bertrand could no longer object to the proposal, and he did not think it prudent to give them offence. The executioners sent a judicious old woman to tell the lady that her brother-

in-law would soon rejoin her, safe and free. The woman, as directed, left the door of the chamber so far open that the men could see the lady, unperceived by herself. She was seated on a low stool, clad in the deepest exteriors of woe, both in her apparel and the expression of her countenance. A babe about ten weeks old, born since the death of his father, drew nourishment from her bosom, and his dress was steeped in the tears that poured from her eyes; a little girl on her knees, opposite to her mother, offered prayers for the soul of her uncle, which they all supposed to be then passing to the world of spirits. When told he still lived—was acquitted and liberated, the lady uttered a cry of joy—became pale as a corse, and fainted; her little girl screamed, yet had presence of mind to take hold of the infant. Bertrand and the executioners sprang to her aid. Her miserable abode afforded

no cordial, but Bertrand opened the window, and the blessed air of heaven revived her. "Have we all escaped to the regions of everlasting peace?" she passionately inquired: then, as her brother-in-law supported her, she was conscious he remained a living substance, and wept in excess of happiness. The executioners also shed tears; and when Bertrand offered them a valuable jewel, they refused it, saying, they owed him a recompense for the delicious feelings they had experienced. Their sensibility, their kindness, presented a striking contrast to their ensanguined garb.

Lord Byron, on reading this relation, could not refrain from tears. The gentlemen around were silent, till his Lordship, after a pause, observed, "What is man! What a contradiction to himself! How incongruous the heart and hand of those executioners! Perhaps they had no alternative but to die or to inflict death!"

THE STUDENT OF LEYDEN.

MY father died when I was very young, and, the only son of an anxious mother, my infancy was passed in every indulgence which her limited means could afford. England was my birth-place; but circumstances occurred which induced my parents to emigrate to the United States of America, and they settled in New-York, where my father commenced the occupation of a merchant. At his death, an event which happened before he could realize those prospects of success which had tempted him to quit his native country, and to embark the greatest part of his property in trade, a small estate, which he had purchased in the vicinity of the city, alone remained for the support of his family.

My mother had few acquaintances, and still fewer friends; therefore, with little molestation from advice, she was permitted to consult her own inclinations in the disposal of her son, and she determined to bring him up

as a gentleman. My ancestry on each side warranted this decision, but the slender state of her finances rendered it somewhat imprudent, at least in the eye of the world. I was romantic, even in intimacy, and loved a book, or a ramble in the woods in search of wild berries, better than the noisy pastime of our neighbours' children. My mother sedulously cultivated tastes so congenial with her own, and thus we might be said to dream our lives away in the calm enjoyment of innocent and tranquil pleasures. This, however, could not last beyond a certain period. As I grew into manhood, new hopes, new views, possessed my mind. My education was as yet incomplete; and though I had received the best instruction which the place afforded, and was fortunate in a tutor, who, though doomed only to exert dominion over a paltry village school, was qualified to instruct the young aspirant for academical honours, much remained to be done

ere I could venture to commence my career in one of the learned professions. I was extremely desirous to spend a few years at one of the most celebrated of the European universities. Those of my native country were too expensive to be included in our speculations; and, after much consideration, my mother decided upon sending me to Leyden, where she possessed a remote connexion, a distant relation having married a rich burgomaster of that place, Paul Von Ketzler by name, to whom she gave me a letter of introduction. What a parting was ours! My dear, dear mother! Never shall I forget the struggle which she sustained between her grief at our separation and her joy at seeing me go forth, full of hope and expectation, to fulfil the wishes which she had cherished from my cradle. I had not disappointed her. My ideas, principles, and attainments had surpassed her fondest anticipations: my acquirements were perhaps heightened in her view by maternal partiality, but in the sentiments of my heart she was not deceived. We were both unacquainted with the world, in which I was now to seek my fortune; but neither of us entertained the slightest fear that its vices and its temptations would undermine the integrity of the wanderer; and, happily, our confidence was not abused.

How beautiful the haunts of my infancy appeared at the moment which obliged me to leave them! Our kind neighbours too! My heart warmed towards them with unusual ardour. I wrung the red hand of old Martin Grimsby in our parting salutation, and shed tears of affection on the broad bosom of his wife, for, though we were proud and high-minded in one sense of those words, neither my mother nor myself ever betrayed a haughty and unsocial spirit, or withdrew from occasional intercourse with those around us, who, howsoever inferior in birth and education, possessed qualities worthy of our regard; and these good folks, notwithstanding their condemnation of

Mrs Somerville's system, which, they thought, would lead to bookish idleness rather than to prosperity, were exceedingly attached to us both. It was, therefore, a source of infinite consolation to me, that my mother was left to the kind offices of people so ready to afford her every friendly assistance in their power.

I was not very splendidly equipped with money; for, after my outfit was purchased, and my passage paid, only a small sum remained from my mother's savings, and of that, as she was now obliged to divide her income with me, I would accept but half. Yet I was not discouraged by my poverty. I was going to seek knowledge at the fountain head, and doubted not that my zeal and perseverance would be rewarded by honours and dignities, which would gladden my mother's heart, and secure to me all that my spirit panted to obtain.

I arrived safely in Holland, after a prosperous voyage, and proceeded, immediately upon landing, to the place of destination. A few hours journey brought me to Leyden; and as I had made myself acquainted with the steps which it was necessary to take, I was soon enrolled as a member of the university, and provided with a lodging suited to the state of my finances. I paused for a day to refresh, and having taken as much pains with my exterior as the contents of my wardrobe would allow, I hastened to deliver my credentials, and pay my respects to Mr Von Ketzler. He lived in a very good house in the Rapenburg, a street inhabited chiefly by the most respectable families, and the outer aspect of his mansion gave evidence of the wealth contained within. I was ushered into a large parlour, where the burgomaster was seated in an arm-chair, dozing and smoking the time away after dinner; whilst a young girl, perched upon a stool at his side, was reading the newspaper aloud. He put down his pipe, opened a pair of dull grey eyes at my entrance, and perceiving the letter in my hand, held out his own to receive it, and pointing to a chair,

which his daughter had already placed for me, broke the seal and began to read without saying a word. The young lady did not speak, but her eyes were eloquent, and I employed the same dumb language to thank her for the welcome which they gave. I supplied her with a chair in return for the civility which she had shewn to me; but modesty forbade me to intrude my conversation until her father should have broken a silence which I at first feared would be interminable, and afterwards thought had not lasted half long enough. Mr Von Ketzler turned the letter over and over, and read it at least three times before he made any comment. In the interim I was looking at Stella, and she at me. We sat opposite to each other, upon two tall high-backed chairs of bright mahogany, so smoothly polished that we had some difficulty to avoid slipping away from them, the slightest movement being fraught with danger. Stella was exquisitely beautiful: her skin, of the purest red and white, was one moment tinted with the delicate hue of the Provence rose, and in the next deepened into the richest carnation. Her eyes were dark and brilliant, her hair was glossy and luxuriant, and her figure, despite of the cumbrous drapery which her countrywomen had not yet abandoned, was perfect. I could have gazed forever, and I absolutely started, when the burgomaster, having at length made himself perfectly master of the contents of my mother's epistle, said, "Young man, my wife is dead!" Stella's smiles disappeared, and she put her hand to her eyes; "but though," he added, "I do not exactly understand the degree of relationship which Mrs Somerville claims to my deceased partner, she I remember was a sedate, gentle kind of person, and for her sake I consent to admit you occasionally to my house."

Stella, during this harangue, had glanced over the letter. "My dear cousin," said she, presenting her hand. "My dear cousin," said I, pressing it to my lips. "Cousin?"

cried the old man, "What is this?" "My dear father," replied Stella, "this is the only relative of my beloved mother, whom I have ever been so happy as to see: you know I call all the Van Blocks, and Van Dolts, and the Freuzensteins, and the Glabbermuldens, cousins, why should I not extend the same title to the members of my mother's family? This gentleman and I are of the same degree of kindred to each other."

She spoke like an oracle—the burgomaster looked mystified, but made no reply: and I, eager to improve her good opinion, unloosed my tongue, and talked to her of that dear parent whose modest virtues had won her father to receive an otherwise unrecommended stranger to his house. I obeyed the impulse of my heart in making my mother the subject of my conversation; for, had I given an instant of reflection, I should in all probability have feared to excite her ridicule by thus openly displaying the extent of my filial affection. Unconsciously, however, I had found the nearest way to her attention and regard. "Never let the world deprive you of these sentiments," said she, "for you can only deserve to possess a good mother whilst you can appreciate the value of such a treasure. I have been deprived of mine, and I know that the loss must be irreparable." Mr Von Ketzler having now rallied his faculties, which had wandered in the attempt to amalgamate the strange name of Somerville, with the familiar sounds of the Glabbermuldens and Freuzensteins, interrupted a conversation beginning to grow very interesting, by saying, "Well, young man, you may come and dine here on Sunday week."—The invitation was extremely agreeable in itself, but, much against my inclination, I was constrained to take it as a hint to withdraw. Accordingly, having expressed my fervent gratitude and ready acceptance, I bowed, sighed, pressed Stella's hand, and departed.

It seemed an eternity to Sunday week. Six or eight hours every day

were beguiled with my studies, and the rest were spent in walking up and down under the trees which skirted the canal of the Rapenburg, in the hope of catching a single glimpse of my newly-discovered cousin. In one respect it was fortunate that Stella had made so strong an impression on my mind; for, without the interest which she had awakened, I should scarcely have been able to endure my residence in Leyden. Accustomed to the sublime scenery of America, and enthusiastically attached to the beauties of nature, I recalled its bright flashing rivers, with their rapids and cataracts, as I stood by the lazy waters of the narrow canals, and sighed at the melancholy change, and as my eyes wandered over a wide undeviating plain, which the horizon encircled like a cupola, I thought of the crag and the mountain which lifted their gigantic summits to the skies, and longed to lose myself in the tangled mazes of the wilderness, instead of loitering through the strait formal avenues and smooth shaven bowling-greens which presented themselves with wearying sameness to the view.

Upon the appointed day I was ready immediately after church to attend my invitation in the Rapenburg. I had never seen Stella since my first visit. She was not to be detected at the windows; and if she took the air in the street, it was during the hours in which I attended lectures. Unfortunately I had not the opportunity of meeting her at the houses of her acquaintance, for I had no introduction, no friends in the city of Leyden.—She looked even more beautiful than before, as she advanced to greet me on my second appearance in the great parlour. A brother burgess was seated with the old gentleman, and two other guests were standing at the table, both young, but of different sexes. To the first, whom Miss Von Ketzler introduced, a plump cherry-cheeked girl of eighteen, I was ready to pay the most profound respect. The appearance of the second did not please me so well—a stout goodish-looking young fellow

of five-and-twenty, whom she also called cousin. One of the Van Blocks or Van Dolts, thought I; but I was mistaken, his name turned out to be De Winton: he was just returned from France, and sported a Parisian snuff-box: he preferred *maraschino* to *schnapps*, smoked nothing but segars, quoted the poetry of Jacob Catts, and in short was quite a Dutch dandy. Stella, with great ingenuity, contrived to oblige this gentleman to devote his attention to her blooming friend, Miss Catherina Blomberg, and gave to me the stranger's privilege, a seat next to her, and the largest share of her conversation. This arrangement, I perceived, was as disagreeable to Mr De Winton as it was delightful to me. Sometimes he looked deeply mortified, at others fierce and inclined to quarrel. However, he consoled himself at last by a desperate flirtation with his rosy companion, who listened, nothing loth, to a multitude of fine speeches, garnished with snatch-
es of songs on the subject of love.

*"Lachjis lonkjes toverlusjes
Kneepjes, wenkjes, Zachte, kusjes;
Kusjes, geurig als muskaat
Zoet als versche konigraal."**

Mr Von Ketzler, though apparently absorbed in his pipe, every now and then gave indications that the state of affairs was not in any degree pleasing to him. His dull comprehension could not penetrate the *ruse* of his daughter's slighted lover, whose affections, to him seemed veering towards Catherina. Ian De Winton was a rich prize, and the burgomaster was evidently afraid of losing it. In the mean time I had fallen desperately in love, and the frank but modest encouragement which I received from my sweetest of cousins, tempted me to make an effort to save her from being sacrificed to a forward, conceited, opinionated, half civilized boor; and, full of this hope, I parted

* "Laughs and glances, charming blisses,
Pressing nods, and gentle kisses;
Kisses sweet as honey dew,
Fragrant as the nutmeg too."

from her after an evening of uninterrupted felicity. I had discovered her usual time of walking, and now met her frequently on the public promenades. It is true she was generally attended by my rival, but she walked between us, and her ear was ever ready to listen to the overflowings of my heart, whilst she averted her head from De Winton. I was no longer invited to the house; yet, with the sanguine temperament of inexperienced youth, I did not despair of gaining Von Ketzler's approbation of my suit, and toiled unceasingly to gain a reputation which I trusted would prove a passport to his favour. In this point I was grievously deceived. The miser's soul could not appreciate any merit save that which was constituted by gold. "Mammon won its way, where seraphs might despair." My fair cousin began to look melancholy as Ian De Winton pressed her to accept his offered hand; and in the forlorn expectation of softening the burgomaster's heart by a pathetic appeal to his feelings, we threw ourselves at his feet, confessed our mutual attachment, and implored him to accede to our marriage. I had imagined that the imperturbability of the Dutch trader could not be materially insulted on any occasion whatever, and I was proportionably amazed and confounded at the fury of his countenance and manner: the pipe fell from his hand, every feature was convulsed and distorted by passion, as he rattled out a tremendous volley of very intelligible curses upon our astounded ears, and threatened us with his eternal malediction if we dared to entertain even a thought of an union, to which he pledged himself never to give his consent. We were both overpowered. I felt like a criminal; for what had I to offer my beloved in exchange for the comforts of her father's home? Could I ask her to share my poverty, with her gentle spirit depressed by the consciousness of having deserved the hardships of her fate in acting in direct opposition to the wishes of an only parent? Oh,

why had I indulged my own wild selfish passion, and sought to involve her in its consequences? Why had I crossed the wide ocean to bring misery into the bosom of one so amiable and so virtuous, a creature who ought to have been sheltered from every evil of life? These painful reflections followed me to my solitary chamber, they haunted my feverish slumbers, and embittered every hour of my existence.

As the only reparation in my power to make, I wrote to Mr Von Ketzler, offering to renounce all hope and pretension to the hand of Stella if he would enter into an engagement never to make any attempt to force her to marry against her inclinations; but to this epistle he did not vouchsafe a reply, and I learned that preparations were making for nuptials which I knew to be abhorrent to every feeling of her heart. To save the devoted girl from the destiny which awaited her, was now my only thought, and I besought her to give me a husband's right to protect her from outrage, assuring her of a welcome to my mother's heart and house, and endeavouring to prove that, even with my slender patrimony, added to my industry to support us, she would find enough for the decencies, though not for the splendours of the world. I waited anxiously for her answer—it was brought to me in a few words: "A plot is laid against you by De Winton, from which you can escape only by flight, quit Leyden immediately, as you value my peace, and doubt not that I shall find the means to avoid an union with a wretch who seeks your life."

It was not in the nature of man to obey such a command, and to fly at the first sound of danger; a foreigner, and a stranger in Leyden, it was not impossible that I might be entrapped by the subtlety of a secret enemy; but I must be made acquainted with the extent of his machinations before I could resolve to defeat them by such ignoble means, the last to which an undaunted spirit could resort. For Stella's sake, however, I deter-

nined to proceed with caution ; and, checking the impulse which prompted me to rush to the market-place and seize the traitor by the throat, I hurried into the environs of the town, to calm the agitation of my mind, and after an hour's perambulation returned, directing my walk towards the quarter where my gentle friend resided, in the hope of being able to draw her forth to meet me 'passing through a street which commanded a full view of the Rapenburg, with its double rows of trees, its canal gay with vessels, gilded pleasure yachts from the Hague, glittering in the sunbeams, I could not help contrasting the tranquillity of the scene with the tumult in my breast. It was the hour of dinner, and few persons were abroad ; the air was still, the sky of one bright blue, and the atmosphere dazzling as a veil of molten gold. Suddenly, as I gazed, a vessel laden with gunpowder, which lay exactly opposite to Mr Von Ketzler's house, was torn from her moorings, streams of fire burst from it in all directions, a thick black cloud enveloped every surrounding object and darkened all the heavens ; whilst a sound, louder and more dreadful than the loudest thunder, instantly followed the explosion, and vibrated through the air to a great distance, burying houses and churches in one common ruin ! For some moments, terror and consternation paralyzed the senses of the crowd, who had rushed involuntarily from their habitations, and a horrid stillness prevailed ; but this was immediately succeeded by the most appalling shrieks and lamentations. Unaware of the cause of the catastrophe, every one inquired wildly of his neighbour, whether the destruction of the world had not already commenced ; but as the sable cloud which had hitherto involved us in deep gloom rolled partially away, the nature of the calamity, now dreadfully increased by flames which burst from four different parts of the ruins, was revealed to the shuddering survivors.

To gain the smouldering fragments of Von Ketzler's house was now my

sole object, and I speeded onwards to the spot. Black and ghastly, yet entire amid the mere vestiges of human bodies and household ornaments, lay the corse of De Winton. He who had so lately sought my life was now nothing but dust and ashes. Horror-struck, I gazed for a moment on the dismal spectacle, and then turned sickening away, expecting that the next object that would meet my burning eyes would be the mangled remains of my beloved Stella. Alternately supported by new-born hopes, and a prey to frantic despair, I searched amongst the gaping fissures of the sooty pile until the closing in of night added new horrors to the scene. Houses were falling around me, and from every crevice of the ruins issued volumes of black sulphureous smoke, which burst at intervals into wide conflagration. The raging flames cast a horrible glare on the rent walls and prostrate masses of misshapen stones, and the roaring winds of a gathering storm howled around me like the yells of some demon rejoicing over the misery and desolation of mankind. I was chained to the house of Von Ketzler : provided with a pick-axe, I rested not a moment from my labours during the whole of that hideous night ; with the dawn of morning my spirits revived. The widely extended ruins now assumed the appearance of hills and valleys covered with multitudes of workmen, and the recovery of a living creature from the jaws of destruction, which I sometimes witnessed, kept alive the faint spark of hope that still gleamed in my heart. About noon the lifeless body of the unfortunate burgomaster, dreadfully disfigured, was dragged from beneath a heap of stones which had crushed him in their fall : I threw myself on the earth in despair, as his mangled remains were borne before me. Every individual belonging to this fated house seemed doomed to destruction, and I was only seeking a confirmation of my fears, an object that would fire my brain with madness. As I lay groaning in the agony of my grief, a low faint

sound struck upon my startled ear: it was the voice of a human being—I called my comrades around me, and with a heart panting and quivering with emotion, I followed the inspiring signal. We proceeded with the greatest care and caution, till at

length we opened a cavity, which, propped by a huge stone, had shielded the lovely form of Stella from impending death. I snatched my treasure to my heart and bore her swiftly away from the scene of horror.*

FROM METASTASIO.

*Placido Zefiretto,
Se trovi, &c.*

BREATHE on, breathe on, thou summer gale,

But if thou meet'st the youth I prize,
Tell him thou bear'st a tender tale,

Thou comest fraught with tender sighs;
But say not *whose* fond-heaving breast
Hath fanned thy pinion of unrest.

Flow on, flow on, thou river tide,
In murmurs to my lov'd one's ears;
Tell him thy current's silver pride
Is sullied with a maiden's tears;
But say not *whose* o'erflowing eyes
Have poured to Love this sacrifice.

IS LOVE A CRIME ?

Is love a crime ? the crimson streak
That mantles o'er thy youthful cheek,
Those downcast eyes, too plainly speak

Of secret care ; and prove
Love is a crime of deepest dye,
Of darkest guilt, or tell me why
That blushing cheek and downcast eye,
If 'tis no crime to love ?

Is love a crime ? at twilight hour,
When evening dews begem each flower,
Why dost thou quit the festal bower,
Through pathless wilds to rove ?

Oh, how unmeet for one so young,
Is that slow step, that faltering tongue !
Then tell me whence such change hath
sprung,

If 'tis no crime to love ?

Is love a crime ? the pearly dew
That dims that eye of heavenly blue,
That lately shone in radiant hue,
The sapphire's light above,
Must answer all ; and tell thee by
Thy youthful bosom's frequent sigh,
Thy changing cheek and tearful eye,
That 'tis a crime to love.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Paris, Feb. 25, 1825.

DURING the *Carnival*, a circumstance occurred which still affords subject for remark and satire in our *salons*, and also in our *bureaux*. At that period, several *grands seigneurs* gave magnificent balls, &c. Mr R—— also gave his fete. His cards were not spared ; and he collected in his brilliant *salons*, Rue d'——,

all that the court and the capital can boast of rank and fashion.—In the course of the evening, and in the midst of a *contre-dance*, the master perceived one of his clerks bounding with as much ease and grace as any of the party, and, stepping up to him as soon as it was possible, exclaimed —“I am perfectly astonished, sir, to see you in my *salon*.” *Comment*

* The city of Leyden has suffered twice from explosions of gunpowder ; once in 1481, and again in 1507 ; in 1415 a convent was burnt, and most of the nuns perished in the flames : it was dreadfully injured by a siege in 1573, and by the plague in 1624 and 1635. The misfortunes of this city have become proverbial, and its very name has given rise to a pun : “Leyden is Lijden.” Leyden, the name of the city, and Lijden to suffer, have the same pronunciation in the Dutch language.

donc, Monsieur! I received a card of invitation.”—“You do not mean that I am to believe that—it is impossible.”—“*Le voici!*” —“Well, sir, there must be some mistake:—this is not your place. Do you know that you dance with marchionesses, countesses, duchesses, princesses!” This conversation, in a high tone, among four hundred persons, had many auditors: it was repeated: many a shrug of the shoulder took place of the light fantastic step. Some were shocked at the negligence with which the billets had been issued, and retired as soon as possible, because they did not know in what company they were called to figure; but the greater number, more generous, were ashamed of their host rather than of his company—and were displeased at the pride, the want of breeding, and of *convenance*, which he displayed. In all the *salons* and *bureaux* of Paris, it is asked—“Was not Mr R——, then, a *commis* before he was a banker and a *baron*?”

Our *agens de change* (stock brokers) are now very great men, and even rival the barons and bankers themselves. They gave lately a masked ball, and on that occasion something occurred rather more ludicrous than the scene at the banker’s. It happened, as it generally does in such society, that a number of persons adopted the Turkish costume. When the supper was ready, the ta-

ble was found too small for the guests—“*Soyez tranquille,*” said a Greek to an Indian, “I wager that we shall soon have room enough.” He went immediately towards two Turks who were walking together, and whispered behind them—“A considerable robbery has just been discovered, and a man in the Turkish dress has been denounced; they are about to decide on searching all the Turks, and you will do well to be on your guard.” The Turks gave the word to several of their countrymen; and fearing some trick, as the Turks are not very popular here, they filed off in such numbers, that the Greek and the Indian found the table rather too large than too small.

M. Sarlandière has published a work on a new remedy, which has thrown into the greatest alarm the *marchands de sang-sues*. This new remedy, which has already a certain vogue, it is called *l’acupuncture*, and has been imported from Japan, where it is used, *dit on*, with great success. It cures, at the moment, (according to its partizans) the most inveterate gout and Rheumatism. The remedy consists merely in pricking the diseased parts with a magnetic needle. Its efficacy is assured in all topical affections. The war is commencing between the believers and the unbelievers, and no doubt the contest will be *bloody*.

THE BARONESS VALERIE DE KRUDENER.

FANATACISM is so often imposture, under the mask of zeal, that there are many cases which we know not whether to pity or condemn. Madame de Krudener possessed so many private virtues, that we are willing to suppose her rather under the influence of a strong infatuation, than like Prince Hohenlohe, preaching and prophecying contrary to his conviction. Her biography has been so well traced in that excellent work *Biographie Nouvelle des*

Contemporains, that we cannot do better than give a translation of it.

The Baroness Valerie de Krudener, an *illuminee* of the nineteenth century, was, perhaps formed to become one of the most useful and distinguished women of the age, had she not given herself up to a mystical vocation, an exalted illuminism, and a religious enthusiasm, which reason disavows and the present state of knowledge repels; and which struck with sterility, and even covered with

ridicule, the most amiable gifts and the most remarkable faculties of the mind. She was the daughter of Count de Wittenkoff, Governor of Riga, and great granddaughter of the celebrated Marshal Munich. She was born in 1765. She possessed an enchanting countenance, an elegant and ready wit, with flexible features, which always expressed mind and sentiment. She was of the middle stature, beautifully formed; her blue eyes always displayed serenity, with an animation that, as Diderot expressed it, traversed the past in the future. Her brown hair fell in ringlets on her shoulders, and there was something in her person and manner that seemed new, singular, and striking.

Such were the physical advantages of the Baroness de Krudener, who was Ambassadors at Berlin, in 1798.

Idolized in the circle of fashion, she loved it. Her rank, her wit, her qualities, rendered her one of the first women in Europe. Her charms inspired her husband's Secretary of Legation with a fatal passion. The Baron was then Russian Ambassador at Venice. This rendered her name still more celebrated; and she wrote a delightful novel, in which she relates, with the deepest sensibility, the fate of the unfortunate young man who committed suicide for her; which served to fix the attention of Europe on the heroine of the novel.

This work, intitled *Valerie*, (her christian name), is written with an enthusiasm and in a vein, which already announced an ardent and disturbed mind that would soon look down upon the vulgar regions of human society as beneath it, and seek, beyond the sphere of common ideas and reasonable thoughts, a purer atmosphere. At the commencement of the Revolution, Madame K. visited and resided in the south of France, with her daughter-in-law, Sophia de Krudener, (since married to a Spaniard,) and her two children. A year after, she returned to Germany, and from that period to 1805 or 1806, history is silent respecting her. At that epoch she appeared

again in the scene, not as the brilliant Prussian Ambassadors, but as the penitent Magdalen. She now conceived herself to be a messenger of the Almighty, and possessed of an irresistible calling. The vase of perfumes is broken; she forgot the distinctions she had enjoyed; she forgot her friendships, and all the vanities of the world; she wept over mankind, their errors, and even her own youth. She had been a widow for some years, and she divided her time between her mother and those works of charity of which she was prodigal, and which soon drew upon her the suspicions of Government. A great number of persons in distress, to whom she gave an asylum, and provided for all their wants, followed her wherever she went.

Valerie stated her mission to be, to establish the reign of Christ on earth. Never was so much generosity, grace, and zeal, united to such an ardent perseverance, as in this ultra-Evangelical mission. However, the monarchs of the earth were displeased with this street teaching, and that the tone of inspiration should be employed to recruit the population of their dominions, for a sovereign whose kingdom is not of this world. Dismissed with rudeness from the states of the King of Wurtemburgh, she found hospitality for herself and her company of the faithful in the domains of the Elector of Baden. By degrees, she became herself one of the *Powers* of Europe. The Cabinets of Princes leagued against her predictions, and she marched from kingdom to kingdom by means of negotiations; for it was not every state that would admit this *imperium in imperio*. The events of the earth followed their course, and Napoleon fell. Valerie considered this a propitious moment for the conversion of mankind which she had so courageously undertaken. To Paris she followed the Emperor Alexander, whom she called *The Lord's anointed*, and whom she seriously believed chosen by Heaven to be the regenerator of the world: there, giving herself up

entirely to the delirium of her disordered imagination, she left no means untried to make proselytes.

In the mystic conferences, in which a young Genevese, named Empeytas, seconded her, she explained the ancient prophecies, and those of the north, and called to her aid visions, voices from heaven, and day dreams and night dreams.

The powers of the Earth went three times a week to these *theurgic* and mysterious assemblages, where the purple of the Autocrat of the North humbled itself before the words of this extraordinary woman. Public opinion has long assigned to Madame Krudener the religious ceremony of the Camp of Virtue, and the HOLY ALLIANCE, as the productions of her fervent brain; and no one has attempted to contradict the public voice. May she not have to repent too bitterly the effects of her eloquence and her *prestiges* on the future destinies of the nations and of the sovereigns of Europe! Subject herself to the empire of that glowing faith, to which she easily converted all who heard her without distrust, this woman whom we cannot blame without pitying, and on whom the philosopher looks with more compassion than surprise, very frequently fancied herself transported into the regions of death and eternal life, and that there she held converse with the angels: thus, after the death of young Labedoyère (to whose sorrows, previous to his execution she paid the tribute of abundant weeping), she shed tears of joy: she had seen him, she said, clothed with celestial glory: she had spoken to him, and he had answered, "I am happy!" David, (by this name she designated her Lord's anointed, the Emperor Alexander) quitted Paris, and she followed him. From this period, her life has been a series of trials and tribulations, which she has received as the gift of Heaven.

Her friends in Germany had forgotten her; her faithful flock had abandoned their leader. She was forbidden to enter France; she wander-

ed from one Swiss canton to another, tormented and persecuted by the magistrates, who would let her have no rest. At length the canton of Argovie offered her an asylum: aided by M. Empeytas, she preached a long time at Arau and its vicinity; thousands of the faithful hastened from the borders of the lakes and mountains, to eat the bread of life from the hands of the founder of the new worship. The prophetess, standing on a hillock, preached for five or six hours together, in the open air; and these long improvisations, these long journies, the absence of sleep and the want of food, had no effect on the health of Valerie. From this feeble person, in whom a delicacy of constitution hastened a premature old age, the voice of an oracle issued; the infirmities of nature seemed not to dare approach the missionary of charity.

"Behold me," she would say, "am I not in my own person a perpetual miracle!"

Valerie, catechising the sovereigns, the great, the sinners of the earth, and the poor, of the nineteenth century, offers the most faithful translation of that beautiful passage of Virgil, wherein he paints so divinely the inspirations of the Pythonissa. Unfortunately for the Baroness de Krudener, human laws declared themselves in direct opposition to the divine laws announced by the prophetess. The flock was dispersed, the oracles of the humble Pythonissa were declared seditious and she was obliged to return to her own country.

Here she languished under an interdiction from her guardian friend and disciple "David" to teach or preach; her followers no longer were permitted to form a body; and as the flame of fanaticism, like every other flame, requires constant feeding, her followers fell away, and, no doubt, relapsed into the "sinfulness of sin," and she was suffered to expire in the Crimea, almost alone and forgotten, in the month of January last.

Her powers of persuasion were very great, and many who went to laugh remained to pray. To Madame Krudener is owing, we believe, the conversion of M. Benjamin de Constant, and the work on religion

he is now publishing. Such was the awe her words sometimes inspired, that her hearers, and M. Benjamin de Constant with the rest, fell flat on their faces in her presence.

THE MYSTERY :

A STAGE COACH ADVENTURE.

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

HAMLET.

IT was on a foggy evening in the begining of January, 1824, that I determined on witnessing the execution of Thurtell, whose doom was fixed for the following day. It was one of those nights on which an Englishman is said to have a more than ordinary *penchant* for a halter—wet, dark, gloomy, and miserable—the heavens and the earth all seemed wrapt in one melancholy gloom, the dogs, as they perambulated the slippery pavement, dropped their ears, and crawled along with their tails between their legs, as if labouring under the heaviness of the atmosphere ; while men, women and children, glided almost imperceptibly through the fog, like beings of another world. The steeple of St James's church was enveloped in gloom, the entrance of the Burlington Arcade, which but a few hours since, was dazzling with beauty and fashion, now reminded the spectator of Dante's Hell ; the brilliancy of the shop windows was dimmed by the fog, and the lights were of a deep blood coloured tinge. The horns of the coachguards, and the shouts of the cads, apparently proceeded from invisible beings, for not a human form was discernible at a yard's distance. All was darkness, chaos, and mystery. With my person enveloped in an upper benjamin, and my mind in the gloom which on every side surround-

ed me, I ascended the top of the Hertford coach. The vehicle appeared to dash through the fog, like the chariot of Phaëton through the clouds, the horses were invisible, and saving the red nose of the coachman, which glimmered through the gloom with a Bardolphian brilliancy, all was darkness. Not until we had reached the venerable town of Edmonton, did I gain possession of any one of my faculties—and then what was my horror and alarm at being startled by a deep and unmeaning whisper, which seemed neither addressed to me nor to aught else that was visible. Soon, however, a sudden jolt of the vehicle quieted my fears, by assuring me of the presence of another being, not a foot from me, whom the fog had till now rendered effectually obscure. I endeavoured in vain to catch the sounds, which, as if in unison with the scene, were all equivocation and mystery. Presently, words of direful import caught mine ears, fearfully distinct, such as, "the night must be dark—trust that to me ;"—a short diabolical laugh, or rather yell, interrupted the speaker—my heart fluttered within me—I could hear my wrist vibrate with my pulse. They were evidently some desperate men, and a plot of theft or murder was doubtless in contemplation. What an awful situation ! What was to be done ? Were I to attempt alarming

the coachman, I should certainly get shot through the head. Mute with agitation, I listened again, "Dickens must not know of the job; d—n him he 'peached at the last Assizes—Ay, you had a narrow escape there, Jack"—a tremendous oath here was uttered aloud. After an awful pause this mysterious dialogue was continued, at intervals I caught the following, which can never be effaced from my memory: "Who holds the lantern?—Arn't you afraid of mother, Jones? No, d—n her, though she owes me a grudge, she likes a drop"—"of blood," uttered I to myself. I could listen no longer for some time, so thoroughly was I stupified with horror. Another interval ensued—I could hear them press closer to each other; but could not catch a sound, so deep was their whisper—two words alone did I hear—"Bury them." I listened with breathless anxiety for the reply, which was almost distinct—"in the gravel pit at Horton's wood—no chance of being disturbed."—At these awful words, which seemed to convey the assurance of the perpetration of the bloody deed, I felt all my vital powers suspended, my knees knocked together, a cold sweat ran over me, my teeth chattered in my head, and I nearly fell off the ridge of the coach. How long this suspension continued, I cannot say; the first gleam of returning reason found me laying on the floor of an old fashioned room. A lantern, from which a rushlight shed just sufficient light to render "darkness visible," enabled me to discover I was in the midst of groups of great coats piled into heaps, which continually sent forth a deep and sonorous sound, much resembling snoring. It was some time before I discovered that I was in the travellers' room at an inn at Hertford, and in consequence of the execution that was to happen the next day, every bed was occupied, and I had, therefore, been forced to take up my quarters in my present uncomfortable situation. The conversation that I heard outside the stage, still rung dolefully in my ears, and

although I endeavoured to banish it from my mind I could not succeed. Half sleeping, half waking, I fancied the scene that was about to be performed, I saw the victim "in my mind's eye," sleeping—alas! for the last time—the murderers enter with looks of dark determination written on their features—the instruments sharpened—and in another moment, steeped in the heart's blood of the wretched victim—at this very instant I was startled by an ominous sound—it was the deep parting groan, or else an indubitable snore.—I saw them drag the body to the wood, and bury it in the gravel pit. Heavens! what were my feelings then! I had, however, no need to court my mind with imaginary horrors, for hardly had another moment elapsed, before I was startled by the self same ominous whisper—"are you asleep, Jack?"—"No, d—e, the workings of that confounded conscience"—I filled up the chasm with—keeps me awake—"such grippings"—of remorse, uttered I to myself. Here their voices were again lost, the interval, however, only served to render the climax more horrible. "I did not know you were concerned in the job."—"All by chance."—"How did he die?"—"He struggled so infernally that I thought, at first, I had missed my aim; prayed for his wife and children; told me that the blood would be on my head; why I asked his pardon; much as one gentleman could do for another in such a case;—(hideous levity!)—offered him my hand; told me he forgave me with all his life and heart, and at last kicked the bucket."—Powers of mercy! what a horrid disclosure! It was not however, all; the ruffian continued:—"Never sent a finer corpse out of the world in my life; neither watch in his fob, nor money in his pocket; poor affair; that old Jew, Solomon, would give me but thirteen shillings for his clothes; the shirt, having none to wear, I kept myself.—Even Ikey, who's a dab at the slaughtering business, confessed he never saw a job so genteelly done; not seven minutes and a-half from

—till all was over ; he looked just as if he were asleep ; once I thought he opened his eyes ; what a——fright I was in.”—Who got the body ?”—(Another pause)—“determined not to be cheated ; why a’nt I a right to my honest earnings as well as ——, (here occurred the name of a great general officer) who kills fifty men while I do one ? I put it in a sack, and took it to the Blenheim Repository ; Brookes gave me a five pound note, two of the students offered more ; but I like to be honourable.”—Heaven and earth ! what a disclosure ! the “deed was done,”—he had confessed he was a murderer ! The blood still was clotting on his hands. I looked on his face—’twas savage beyond de-

scription—a wild ferocity gleamed from his eyes—an unnatural smile curled on his lips, and shewed his yellow and shagged teeth. I know not what I felt at the sight of this monster.—I endeavoured in vain to awake one of the sleeping group—my tongue seemed cleaved to the roof of my mouth—at length a sudden impulse seemed to animate me—disregarding my personal safety I seized the horrid being by the collar of his coat,—“Wretch ! outcast ! speak, who, and what are you ?”—“Me, master ! you need not clench so hard—John Ketch, executioner to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex—at your service !!!”

THE SICK CHILD : A MIDNIGHT SKETCH.

HE sleeps !—the infant suff’rer sleeps—
Unconscious of the bitter pain,
The anxious watch a mother keeps ;—
The sighs she would repress—in vain,
While o’er his couch she leans and weeps,
Fast as the drops of summer rain !

He sleeps !—nor dreams he of the care
That rends a mother’s aching breast ;
He hears not the low-murmur’d prayer,
(Where hope seems wrestling with despair)

That asks his life—while others rest ;

He hears it not ;—“Oh ! God ! (she cries)
Give ME to bear this infant’s pain ;—
I’ll murmur not—so those sweet eyes
Awake to health and joy again ;
And light will seem *my* agonies,
So that *his* lips may not complain !”

Fond mourner ! know’st thou not, in love,
In mercy, was this chastening sent,
By HIM who rules, and reigns above,
Some greater evil to remove,
And not for wrathful punishment ?

Perchance, to shew thy heart how frail
Are the best hopes we cling to here ;
To warn thee, by that cheek so pale,
And that fair brow, as marble clear,
How early death may rend the veil
That covers our existence here !

To teach thee—should yon suff’rer live,
To train him for a world more pure ;
Not for the honours earth can give,
(They only glitter to deceive)
But make his heavenly calling sure !

Perchance, ’twas sent to bid thy heart,
That too much worshipped earthly things,
Embrace that wiser—better part,
To which no worldly passion clings ;
To show how weak—how frail thou art,
How vain the blessings fortune brings !

Deem it not hard ; Heaven doth approve
The feelings of a soul like thine ;
For sacred is a MOTHER’S love,
And angels waft such sighs above,
As off’rings at RELIGION’S shrine.

SERENADE.

O, LISTEN to thy lover’s lay,
For, sweet, thou art not sleeping ;
I see thine eye, like rising day,
Through yonder casement peeping.
For thee I wake my wild guitar,
And breathe my passion free, love ;
Thou shin’st above me, like a star,
And I will worship thee, love,

Oh ! while I seek thy breast to move—
Though rude the song I’m breathing,
I’ll envy not—should’st thou approve—
The brow that fame is wreathing.
Though half the world is laid to rest,
No object’s miss’d by me, love ;
For, with thy beauteous presence blest,
I’ve all the world in thee, love.

ADELAIDE, OR THE HORRORS OF A CONVENT.

THE revolution having brought the French to Italy, one of its consequences was the suspension of the convents, whose inmates were driven forth into the world, and exposed to passions to which in their retirement they had been strangers. This at least was the situation of Adelaide, the youngest nun of Santa Clara, who, expelled from her silent retreat, was now wandering alone along the solitary path which led to the neighbouring village of Ponte San Pietro, the residence of her poor and aged parents. She had scarcely reached the bridge which leads across the turbulent Brembo, when she heard the tramp of horses behind her. Startled like the flying deer, she doubled her steps; but she had not proceeded far, when a handsome man, seated on a noble charger, stopped by her side, and bowing down to her with a kind smile, seemed to offer his arm to protect her. Adelaide's pious looks had never before met a man's eye; never had a man approached her, except her father; trembling, therefore, she could hardly reply to his questions, whither she was going, and whether she would allow him to accompany her? Half by force, half following an inward, unknown impulse, she walked by his side with downcast eyes and in silence, while he gazed with inexpressible rapture on the perfect oval of her countenance, which, relieved by the dark conventual dress, appeared to him like that of a saint.

Hector was a French officer: but in the midst of the horrors which disgraced his country, he had preserved his heart unstained: the dying lessons of a beloved parent were indelibly impressed on his mind, which united youthful fire and an ardent thirst for honour and glory, with a gentle feeling and even a tint of enthusiasm. For the first time he now felt the impression of female beauty, heightened by the romantic scenery

which surrounded them, as much as by the novelty of the incident. From his earliest youth engaged in a destructive war, and harried away by its various incidents, he had only known the dregs of the female sex, who filled him with hatred and disgust. Now he had met the *ideal* of his heart; should he so soon lose her? he trembled lest they should suddenly arrive at her parents' cottage; he therefore begged Adelaide to sit down and rest herself a little; and the poor girl, fatigued with the heat, and overcome by the feelings which actuated her in her novel situation, consented.

He sat down at her feet, and at last succeeded in replacing her fear by a timid confidence. She now told him, that the severity of her order, but still more the harshness of the abbess, had placed her out of every communication with the world, her parents not excepted, so that she did not even know whether the latter were still alive; that all the nuns had hastened forth and were dispersed in the world, leaving her alone with their superior, till the latter endeavoured to compel her to retire to a wilderness, there to lead the life of a recluse, till the power which now banished her from her beloved convent should be destroyed. But now the desire of again seeing her dear parents, a dark presentiment of joys she had never tasted, seized her youthful heart, and actuated her to fly from her tyrant, and seek protection and comfort among those who loved her.

With every word of her simple narrative, her courage increased; she even once ventured to look at the dangerous man: as the tender forget-me-not develops itself and receives its heavenly tint only in a superior light, thus a new life suddenly beamed from Adelaide's countenance after Hector's dark flaming eye had shined upon her. Who can describe these first, sweet emotions of incipi-

ent love ! The whole world besides vanishes before this delicious feeling ; misfortune may threaten, or bliss entice, the intoxicated heart implicitly yields to its resistless force.

Thus Adelaide suffered herself to be persuaded to wait on the cool spot, where they were seated, the return of Hector's servant, whom he dispatched to the village for the purpose of making inquiries respecting her parents. Happy hour ! but too soon it vanished in sweet eloquent silence, interrupted only by a few detached words pronounced in a whisper.— Too soon did the servant return with the sad tidings that he found the cottage untenanted, and was informed by the neighbours, that at the approach of the foreign foe, Adelaide's parents had retired, no one knew whither. A joyful blush overcast the officer's cheeks. "Well, my dear girl," he said to the sobbing nun, "the whole world has forsaken you, and God seems to have entrusted you to my care ; fear nothing, I will be your protector—follow me to Bergamo ; there I will deliver you into the hands of some respectable females, with whom you may reside, till I succeed in winning for you an earthly paradise, such as you could never hope to find behind your convent walls."

But Adelaide supplicated him to reconduct her to the abbess ; saying, that she would endure every punishment she might inflict on her, rather than that he should expose himself to the wrath of heaven, by soliciting one of its brides. Thus the timid virgin continued for some time to urge upon the stranger, all that fear, superstition, and an instinctive feeling of propriety could inspire her with. At last she threw herself on her knees, and, weeping bitterly, prayed for help or advice from above. But Hector knew how to represent to her the danger of her return to the abbess, her helpless situation, and the purity of his intentions, so urgently, that at last, feeling herself attracted by an undefinable sensation, she reluctantly yielded to his entrea-

ties, and trembling, allowed herself to be raised on his charger, and to be led by Hector's hand to Bergamo.

Richer than an oriental king, who triumphantly leads home the proudly laden camels conquered in battle, Hector gazed with raptures on his fair booty, the conquest of his heart, not of his arms. He delivered her like a precious jewel to the matron, in whose house he had been for some time quartered, and who, treating him as a son, gave a right to expect that she would be equally kind to his interesting *protegee*. Adelaide became soon fondly attached to the kind matron, whose gentleness of manners formed a strong contrast with those of her severe abbess, whose misanthropic disposition had poisoned her youth. Hector saw the charming maiden daily, who, yielding to his entreaties, had at last laid aside the conventual garb, which seemed still to form a partition between them. It was not till he saw her engaged in domestic occupation, her beautiful hair freed from the dark veil which had hitherto concealed it from his eyes, and the dark sackcloth changed for a snowy white robe, that he began to think of the possibility, that this lovely being, whom he had hitherto revered only from a distance, might become his wife. Adelaide, on her side, also felt a strong affection for her kind protector, who, respecting her saint-like reserve, had not yet ventured upon declaring his sentiments to her. She gradually accustomed herself so much to the happiness of seeing him every day, nay every hour, in receiving instruction from him in music, drawing, and other accomplishments, that at last all her wishes became concentrated in the idea of living and dying with him, whose image was constantly before her eyes, and deeply engraven in her heart.

All inquiries that he, in the mean time, made after her parents, proved fruitless. Hector and her kind hostess now remained her only support ; and when at last the generous stranger, overcome by his feelings, con-

fessed that he loved her, and that he could not live without her, she suddenly perceived that his feelings were also hers ; and the noble-minded matron gladly blessed the union of the two lovers. Adelaide learned to forget her former vow : Hector had convinced her that it was no longer binding ; the voice of her heart, too, spoke loudly, and silenced every doubt that could arise. The nun had thrown aside the gloomy veil, and the hand of the loving maiden gladly accepted the myrtle crown that was offered. Hector pushed the preparations for their nuptials with all the haste of impatient love, and the happy couple lived days of bliss in the enjoyment of the delightful present, and in the anticipation of a still happier futurity.

Suddenly the trumpet of war called the French warriors to new combats, and an order arrived for Hector to join immediately, with his battalion, a column which was rapidly advancing to meet the Austrians. A terrible night followed the last day of happiness that Hector had spent with his Adelaide, and which they had adorned with plans for a cloudless futurity. A sudden darkness had now overshadowed them, which forbade every glance upon distant times. A deep sorrow contracted the breast, which a few moments before was expanded by the buoyancy of joy. Hector placed his fainting bride in the arms of his kind hostess, who promised to be a mother to her, to watch over and comfort her, and never to forsake her. Pale and trembling, he pressed the last parting kiss on her cold lips, tore himself away, to obey the stern call of duty ; and Adelaide opened her eyes upon a dreary cheerless world, in which the kind hand of Reminiscence, and that of her gentle sister, Hope, could alone save her from despair.

Several letters of Hector's arrived, conveying the assurance of the continuance of his love, but at the same time, the intelligence of the daily victories of the Austrians. Soon those tokens of affection no longer appear-

ed, and Adelaide was left to the sad alternative of believing her lover faithless or dead. Numbers of mutilated Frenchmen, flying before a successful enemy, at last convinced her that Hector could be no more. Adelaide's pain was, like her love, and her whole character, deep, gloomy, and silent, but without display. A picture of sorrow and violent resignation, she would sit for days with her weeping eyes immoveably fixed upon a favourite picture, the gift of Hector's mother, which he had ever worn about him, and which he had left to her as a pledge of his unalterable affection. The kind attention of her foster-mother preserved her from falling into a dangerous disease, and converted the gloom which was hanging over her mind into gentle melancholy, that excited in her an ardent desire of returning to the convent, there to renew, by a strict penance, her interrupted vow, and to pray for the repose of the soul of her lost lover. It was only at the side of her Hector that she had enjoyed life in its fullest bloom and brightness, and with him all had returned to gloom and darkness. She drew forth the sombre veil from its concealment, and again covered with it that lovely brow which had been destined to wear the myrtle crown. Its touch seemed to possess a magic influence, pouring doubts and the pangs of conscience into the broken heart of the unfortunate nun ; the severity of her vow, the straying of her heart, which was only to bear the image of the Saviour, and yet burned for earthly love, weighed heavily upon her superstitious mind.

In this feeling she received the intelligence, that the old order of things had been restored, and all the nuns were summoned to return to their former convents, and it came to her like a call from heaven. In vain did her kind hostess entreat her, with tears ; in vain she represented to her the possibility of Hector's being still alive, and of his ultimately returning to claim her as his betrothed bride—the deeper impression of her early

youth, which the omnipotent power of love alone could have suppressed for a time, awoke with renewed vigour in Adelaide's breast, and banished every other sensation from it; in the bosom of the church only she hoped to find repose, since the world had after such a short period of joy, presented her with the cup of bitterness. She therefore accompanied her to her gloomy retreat, and having embraced her affectionately, she sent her most heartfelt benedictions after her, when the external gate already creaked upon its rusty hinges, and shut upon her whom she was never again to behold in this world.

The stern countenance of the merciless abbess was the first object that saluted her weeping eyes, the fearful anathema of this holy monster the first sounds that struck upon her astounded ears, when she had passed over the threshold of the convent, and tremblingly knelt before its tyrannical superior. The report of her connexion with an officer of the hostile army had gone before her; the sisters fled from her with horror, whilst the hearing of the anathema pronounced upon her crime, broke down the last remains of her shattered spirits. The only words that she uttered were to the effect that she might be permitted to hope for forgiveness through the severest penances. She voluntarily submitted to stand as a criminal, wrapped in the shroud of death, a black taper in her hand, at the entrance of the church, exposed to the contempt of the multitude, which, together with the torments of the sackcloth, fastings, and scourgings, the external tokens of repentance, besides the agonies of a tortured mind, she thought to be requisite to appease a God of mercy for a crime which in *his* eye could be none. But neither the infliction of external pain, nor her unfeigned humility and exemplary piety, could soothe the obdurate hearts of the sisters of the establishment. Their feelings towards her, however, were mercy compared to the rancorous hate of the abbess, who could not brook

the idea of seeing before her a being who had received the bridal kiss of a man, and thus broken her vow of eternal purity. The bitter experience of a dissolute youth had thus envenomed a mind, naturally stern and implacable; wherefore she now thought only of means for the complete destruction of the object of her abhorrence.

The time appointed for Adelaide's severe penance arrived, and when she was now alone in her silent cell, raising her mind in sublime devotion to her Maker, she would feel a heavenly calm within her, and a sacred voice would whisper in her heart, that God had at length forgiven its error, and every doubt, every tormenting thought vanished from her breast. With this peace, with the consciousness that her pure affection for her deceased lover could be no crime, with the reminiscence of the happy time of her acquaintance with him, for the first time, after a long concealment, she again drew forth Hector's picture, and her burning tears fell down upon it; she had pressed it firmly against her heart, and, weighed down by melancholy, she sank into a profound sleep, embellished with the happiest dreams. A wild scream awoke her from her sweet slumber, and the threatening form of the terrible abbess, on whom the light of a gloomy lamp which she carried in her hand threw a ghost-like aspect, stood before her, throwing aside the picture. "Wretch!" cried she to the unfortunate maiden, who sank down before her in an agony of fear, "thy measure is full; no longer shall thy presence pollute these sacred walls; thy doom is the living grave!"

At the end of a long subterraneous passage in the convent, was a solitary niche, which had been the last abode of many victims of blind superstition. Thither Adelaide was led, her veil torn, accompanied by the sepulchral song, and the gloomy torches of the sisterhood. Pale as a corpse, she staggered towards this place of terror; not a sound moved

her lips : incapable of conceiving the idea of the enduring torment that threatened her, she obeyed mechanically her adverse fate, hoping that death would speedily terminate her sufferings. Arrived in the horrible niche, the terrors of which were known to her from tradition, she sank upon her knees in silent prayer. She heard the strokes of hammers above her head, and her senses left her ; when she recovered, the narrow cell, in which she could neither stand nor rest, was surrounded by a thick wall, in which a small opening had been cruelly left, just to allow her sufficient air to prevent suffocation, and to admit the scanty food allotted for her future support. Dead for the whole world, the feeling of her existence proved her torment, till the mercy of God quieted her heart with the comforts of resignation.

Seven years had passed away in this state of misery ; the public events hurried on in constant change, and, unheeded and unsuspected, the sighs of the innocent sufferer reverberated from the walls of her dreary prison. Italy bowed under the iron yoke of the conquerer. The convents were shut up and their communities dispersed for the second time ; and the greedy soldiery penetrated into the most secret recesses of these abodes of superstition and piety, beneficence and crime, in search of booty. Thus they also visited the convent of Santa Clara ; the noisy steps of the savage men re-echoed fearfully through the gloomy cloisters ; but their daring was restrained by the presence of their general, who had threatened the violation of innocence with instant death. His noble form towered high above his surrounding officers, as though nature had ordained him to command ; but care and sorrow had bleached and furrowed his handsome countenance ; with hasty steps he hurried through every passage, and searched in every cell for some living being that could give him the information which his aching breast demanded. It was Hector.—Covered with wounds, he had

been left on the field of battle, and numbered among the dead by his comrades ; but he was saved by the enemy : his wounds were healed, but he pined a poor prisoner in a distant province, and of all the letters he dispatched, none had reached its destination. At last, ransomed by his country, he resumed his rank in its army : there he found opportunities to distinguish himself : he advanced rapidly, and a star soon shone upon his breast ; but, alas ! it gave no peace to his heart. Having returned to Italy, he found the venerable matron of Bergamo slumbering in the grave, the mournful parents of Adelaide returned to their cottage, but every trace of her had vanished behind the brazen gates of Santa Clara. Now it seemed as though the hand of Providence had selected *him* from many thousands to take possession of this convent ; but he already despaired of success, when, suddenly, the groans of a dying female struck upon his ear. They proceeded from the abbess. Almost from the very day when poor Adelaide was plunged into this horrible dungeon, she had begun to labour under a violent disease, and in the moment of death, all her nuns had fled, and she saw now her lonely coach surrounded by foreign warriors. With the utmost exertion she conjured the General to save a wretched being, whom, she said, she had murdered. "Save her !" she stammered, "walled in here, under this room—dead, perhaps !" Here she fell into violent convulsions, which terminated her wretched existence.

It was in vain that Hector strove to gain farther information from her ; she heard him no more. A horrible suspicion arose within him ; he rushed into the passage to which the abbess had pointed ; Adelaide ! he cried, almost unconsciously, and half frantic with apprehension. A gentle groan answered him ; he rushed on, and soon discovered the opening through which the sounds seemed to issue. In a few minutes the wall was destroyed, and the skeleton form of

his once blooming Adelaide lay in his arms ; but she scarcely recollected her preserver. She had been without food for some days, and seemed to have been preserved only by a miracle. With the greatest caution, Hector carried her up from the midst of the mouldering walls of her grave, into the gentle light of day and the mild breeze of heaven. The efforts of a physician at last recalled her to life—she now recognized her Hector, and the first words she uttered after seven years of silence, were a request to be carried to her parents, that she might die in peace. Her request was fulfilled. Near the bridge of Almeno she was met by those parents whom she had never again hoped to see on earth, and the raptures she now felt destroyed the remnant of strength

which her sufferings had yet left. She was treated with all the care required by a sick infant ; neither Hector nor her parents ever quitted the side of her bed ; but the flower of her life was broken forever ; she revived for a short time, and like a plant from distant climes, pined for a few months, and then expired in the arms of those she had loved dearest on earth. Hector divided his fortune with the miserable parents, and found the grave of a hero in the murderous peninsular war.

The curse-covered niche in the convent of Santa Clara was still visible a few years since, when the bereaved parents yet mourned over the grave of their murdered child, and upon whose memory the passing pilgrim willingly shed a tear of sympathy.

MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.

I WAS mainly induced to marry by reading in Cowper's Poems something similar to the following :

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
That has survived the fall !

Cowper, to be sure, was never married in *propria persona* : but he wrote so movingly about sofas and hissing tea urns, and evening walks, not to mention fireplaces and shining stores of needles, that there is no doubt he would have made a jewel of a husband, if Lady Austen, Lady Throckmorton, and Mrs Unwin had not been otherwise engaged. My aunt Edwards has him bound in two volumes, in red morocco, and always takes him in her carriage into the Regent's Park. She has two propositions, which she is ready to back for *self-evidentism* against any two in Euclid ; the one is that Cowper is the greatest poet in the English language, and the other, that when Fitzroy-square is finished (it has been half-finished nearly half a century), it will be the handsomest square in all London. Be that as it may, I

took Cowper's hint about domestic bliss : married Jemima Bradshaw, and took a house in Coram-street, Russell square. We passed the honeymoon at Cheltenham ; and my aunt Edwards lent us her Cowper in two volumes to take with us, that we might not be dull. We had a pretty considerable quantity of each other's society at starting, which I humbly opine not to be a good plan. I am told that pastry-cooks give their new apprentices a *carte blanche* among the tarts and jellies, to save those articles from their subsequent satiated stomachs. Young couples should begin with a little aversion, according to Mrs Malaprop ; old ones sometimes end with not a little : but it is not for me to be diving into causes and consequences—Benedicts having nothing to do with the laws of Hymen but to obey them.

At Cheltenham my wife and I kept separate volumes. She studied "The Task" on a bench in the High-street, and I read Alexander Selkirk on the Well Walk. Long before the expiration of the period of our allotted banishment from town,

I could repeat the whole poem by heart, uttering

O Solitude, where are the charms
That Sages have seen in thy face?

with an emphasis which shewed that I felt what I read.—On our arrival in Coram-street, I found such a quantity of cards, containing the names of relations on both sides, all solicitous about our health, that I proposed to my wife an instant lithographic circular, assuring them severally that we were well, and hoped they were the same. This, however, would not do. In fact the bride-cake had done the business at starting. "Well, my dear Jemima," said I, "our confectioner did the civil thing at the outset, but your relations have been rather niggardly in returning the compliment. I think a few pounds of lump sugar would have been a more acceptable boon in exchange. They have filled our card-rack, and sent our japan canister empty away." My wife smiled at my simplicity, and ordered a glass-coach, to return their calls. The poor horses had a weary day's work of it: Mr George Bradshaw lived in Finsbury-square, Mr William Bradshaw in the Paragon, Kent-road, Mr Æneas Bradshaw in Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Mr and Mrs Andrews (her maiden name was Jane Bradshaw) in Morning-lane, Hackney, and Mrs Agatha Bradshaw, my wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium Row, Fullham. All these good people had a natural wish to gape and stare at the bridegroom: dinner-cards were the consequence, and the glass-coach was again in requisition. Mr George Bradshaw of Finsbury-square, was the first personage on the visiting list. From him I learnt that the street called Old Bethlehem, was newly christened Liverpool-street, and that the street adjoining took the name of Bloomfield-street, (I suppose upon the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, because the prime minister and the farmer's boy were never seen in either): that Bethlehem Hospital was removed to St George's Fields:

and that there was not a brick of London-wall now left standing. His wife was civil and obliging; but the next time I dine there, I will trouble Mrs George Bradshaw not to pour my shrimp sauce over my salmon, but to deposit it on a detached portion of my plate. I sat at table next to a bill-broker in boots, who remembered John Palmer at the Royalty Theatre.—The Paragon in the Kent-road next opened its semicircular bosom to deposit my spouse and me at the dinner-table of Mr William Bradshaw. Here a crowd of company was invited to meet us, consisting of my wife's first cousins from Canonbury, and several cousins from the Mile-end-road: worthy people, no doubt, but of no more moment to me than the body-guard of the Emperor of China. Matters were thus far rather at a discount; but the next party on the dinner-list raised them considerably above par. Mr Æneas Bradshaw, of Green-street, Grosvenor-square, was a clerk in the Audit-office, and had shaved the crown of his head to look like Mr Canning. Whether, in the event of trepanning, the resemblance would have gone deeper down, I will not attempt to decide. Certain however it is, that he talked and walked with an air of considerable sagacity: his politeness too was exemplary: he ventured to hope that I was in good health: he had been given to understand that I had taken a house in Coram-street: he could not bring himself for a moment to entertain a doubt that it was a very comfortable house; but he must take leave to be permitted to hint, that of all the houses he ever entered, that of Mr Canning on Richmond Terrace, in Spring Gardens, was the most complete: Lord Liverpool's house, to be sure, was a very agreeable mansion, and that of Mr Secretary Peel was a capital affair: but still, with great deference he must submit to my enlightened penetration that Richmond Terrace outstripped them all. It was meant to be implied by this harangue, that he, Mr Æneas Brad-

shaw, was in the habit of dining at each of the above enumerated residences; and the bend of my head was meant to imply that I believed it:—two specimens of lying which I recommend to my friend Mrs Opie for her next edition.

I now began to count the number of miles that the sending forth of our bride-cake would cause us to trot over: not to mention eighteen shillings per diem for the glass-coach, and three and sixpence to the coachman. My wife and I had now travelled from Coram-street to Finsbury-square, to the Paragon in Kent-road, and to Green-street, Grosvenor-square; and I did not find my "domestic happiness" at all increased by the peregrinations. As I re-entered my house from the last mentioned visit, the housemaid put into my hands a parcel. It was a present from my aunt Edwards of the two volumes which had been lent to us during the honeymoon, with my aunt's manuscript observations in the margin. Well, thought I, at all events I have gained something by my marriage: here are two volumes of Cowper bound in red morocco: I will keep them by me, "a gross of green spectacles is better than nothing;" so saying, I opening one of the volumes at a venture, and read as follows:

"The sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard."

Happy valleys, thought I, and primitive rocks.—The entrance of my wife with another dinner-card in her hand, marred my further meditations. Mr and Mrs Andrews now took their turn to request the honour of our company to dinner in Morning-lane, Hackney. There was something in the sound of Morning-lane that I did not dislike. I thought of Guido's Aurora; of "Life's Morning March," in the Soldier's Dream; of "Oh, how sweet is the Morning," in Lionel and Clarissa; and of "Across the Downs this morning," as sung by Storace in my own morning of life. What an erroneous anticipation!

Morning-lane must be a corruption of Mourning-lane. Indeed the conversation at table strengthened the imputed etymology, for nothing was talked of but the shameful height to which the exhumation of the dead had been carried in Hackney church-yard. And yet we are watched, said one. Ay, and gas-lighted, said another. It is a shame, cried a third, that honest people cannot rest quiet in their graves. It will never be discontinued, cried a fourth, till a few of those felonious fellows are langed at the Old Bailey with their shovels about their necks:—and so on to the end of the first course. As every body looked at the bridegroom in seeming expectation of a seconder of their multifarious motions, I ventured to set forth the grounds of my dissent. I observed, that, as the days of Amina in the Arabian Nights had passed away I took it for granted that these highly-rebuked exhumators did not raise the bodies to eat them: that their object, in all probability, was to sell them to the anatomists for dissection: that the skill of the latter must be held to be greatly improved by the practice; and, therefore, that I saw no great objection to taking up a dead body, if the effect produced was that of prolonging the continuance upon earth of a living one. My line of argument was not at all relished by the natives of a parish who all feared a similar disturbance; and Mrs Oldham, whose house looks into the church-yard, on the Homer-ton side, whispered to a man in powder with a pigtail, her astonishment that Jemima Bradshaw should have thrown herself away upon a man of such libertine principles.

One more glass-coach yet remained to be ascended. I felt not a little wearied: but the sight of land encouraged me. So, like a young stock-broker enrolled a member of the Whitehall Club, I pulled for dear life, and entered the haven of Mrs Agatha Bradshaw, my wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium-row, Fulham. The poodle-dog bit the calf of my leg; the servant-maid cran-

med my best beaver hat into that of a chuckle-headed Blackwell-hall factor, who wore powder and pomatum; and—there was boiled mutton for dinner! All this, however, time and an excellent constitution might have enabled me to master. But when Agatha Bradshaw, spinster, began to open the thousand and one sluices of self love, by occupying our ears with her “Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts and Opinions,” shewing that her butcher was the best of all possible butchers, and her baker the best of all possible bakers; reminding us that her father the late Sir Barnaby Bradshaw, knight and leather-seller, was hand and glove with the butler of the late Lord Ranelagh,—the trees of whose mansion waved sullenly in our view: that Mat, the Fulham coach-driver, grew his jokes, and Delve, the market-gardener, his cucumbers, upon hints given by the said late Sir B. B.: and that she, the said Agatha, in answer to a question as to the second series of Sayings and Doings, “read very little English,” I could not but mutter to myself, “Will nobody move for an injunction to stay this waste of words? Here is a palpable leaf stolen from the family-tree of another spinster higher up the river!”

So much for my wife’s relations; and, for aught I know the mischief may not end here. There may be uncles and aunts in the back-ground. It is all very well for my wife: she

is made much of: dressed in white satin and flowers, and placed at the right hand of the lady of the mansion at dinner as a bride; whilst I, as a bridegroom, am thought nothing of at all, but placed, *sans ceremonie* at the bottom of the table during this perilous month of March, when the wind cuts my legs in two every time the door opens. I must confess I am not so pleased with Cowper’s Works as I used to be. “Domestic Happiness” (if every married body’s is like mine,) may have “*survived the Fall*,” but it has received a compound fracture in the process. These repeated glass-coaches, not to mention dinners in return, will make a terrible hole in our eight hundred and fifty pounds a year (my wife will keep calling it a thousand): and all this to entertain or be entertained by people who would not care three straws if I dropped into a soapboiler’s vat. It is possible that felicity may reach me at last: perhaps when my aunt Edwards’ Fitzroy-square gets its two deficient sides and becomes the handsomest square in all London. In the mean time “the grass grows.” I say nothing: but this I will say, should any thing happen to the present sootlier of my sorrows, and should I be tempted once more to enter the Temple of Hymen, my advertisement for a new helpmate shall run in the following form: “Wanted a wife whose relations lie in a ring-fence.”

MEMOIR OF WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

THE life of this amiable and accomplished writer seems to have been hitherto little diversified by multiplicity or peculiarity of incident. Yet the following sketch—unsatisfactory as it may be to those who expect that an author’s “way of life” will be found as romantic as his flights of fancy—still carries with it these particular circumstances of recommendation, namely, that the materials of it are drawn from sources which have not been open to any previous

biographer; and, moreover, that we have the best of all authorities for asserting the incorrectness of what has already appeared in print with respect to the private history of Mr Irving. Indeed, so copious is the information we have received from those friends of his, to whom he obligingly referred us, himself being at present in Paris, that we shall confine ourselves almost to the very language of our informants; interposing merely a few remarks on the inaccu-

racy of former statements, and adding, perhaps, a word or two of general criticism.

Washington Irving was born in the city of New-York, about the year 1782; and, after going through the usual course of preparatory instruction, he became a student of Columbia College. His earliest writings were produced between his seventeenth and nineteenth years. They were sportive effusions, that appeared, about 1804, in a New-York Journal called the *Morning Chronicle*, and alluded to the manners and fashions of the times, as well as to the current theatrical performances.—These essays were carelessly, but humorously, written, and were copied into the newspapers of other cities; but it was not until the year 1824, that they were presented to the notice of English readers; and the re-publication of them as by "*The Author of the SKETCH-BOOK*," is justly censurable as a mercenary trick of trade, by which the reputation of a popular author was endangered, for the paltry profit to be derived by bringing forward again his long forgotten puerilities. Nevertheless, the "*Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle*" are by no means so totally deficient in that grace of style, and peculiar vein of humour, which distinguish the maturer compositions of their author, as his youth might lead one to imagine.

In 1805, the studies of Mr Irving were interrupted by the delicacy of his health. His lungs being thought seriously affected, and a consumption being apprehended, a change of climate was advised. In consequence, he embarked for Bordeaux, where he passed some weeks; and, recovering strength, proceeded to the south of France, and thence to Italy.—His health soon returned; yet, he staid some time at Rome and Naples, making also an excursion into Sicily. Through Switzerland, he re-passed into France; he then came to England, by way of Flanders and Holland; and was restored to his own country, in perfect health, after an absence of two years.

On his return, he resumed the study of the law, which he had before entered upon, though merely to complete his education upon the plan laid down for him by his family.—When he had spent some time with an eminent counsellor, he was in due course admitted to the bar. However, the details of the law were not to his taste, and he did not commence practice, but passed several years in literary pursuits, and in excursions among the interesting scenes of his native land.

In 1807, shortly after his travels in Europe, he engaged with two gentlemen, named Paulding and Verplunck, in an occasional publication termed *Salmagundi*, which had great popularity. The main object of it was to ridicule the prevailing follies of the times, after the manner of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; and among the papers was a series of letters in close imitation of Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, or Graffigny's *Letters of a Peruvian*. The idea that Mr Irving was not encouraged in America, is quite erroneous; for even his boyish contributions to the *Morning Chronicle* were greatly sought after, and *Salmagundi* attained a degree of popularity altogether unprecedented in the New World. The poetry, which had great spirit, was from the pen of his eldest brother, since dead.

In 1810, he published *Knickerbocker's History of New-York*; a humorous and satirical work, in which existing customs and follies were whimsically clothed with the antiquated garb of a former century, and paraded forth as coeval with the old Dutch Dynasty, at the early settlement of the city. The satire extends to the measures of the general government of the country, as well as to the particular usages of the metropolis. This publication was eagerly received. Some slight umbrage was taken by a few descendants of old Dutch families, at the grotesque costume in which their ancestors were attired, or the jocose familiarity with which they were treated. This feeling, however, was both limited and transient. The Dutch burghers in

general were among those most delighted with the work; and many families which are not enumerated there, expressed regret at not finding their names enrolled in Diedrick's records. Many of these malecontents have since been afforded the odd kind of satisfaction they desired; witness the recent tales of *Rip Von Winkle*, *Delph Heyliger*, the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, and the money-digging adventures of *Wolfert Webber*. These Dutch stories are greeted with peculiar favour by Mr Irving's own countrymen. During the war which broke out between England and the United States, Mr Irving was military secretary and aide-de-camp to the Governor of the State of New-York, and had an opportunity, in the preparations against an expected invasion of the city, of seeing many of the humorous scenes realized, which he had described in his satirical history of it, during the reign of the old Dutch Governors. The descriptions there given, seemed to have been whimsically prophetic. As the war proceeded, and the navy of America rose high in reputation as in utility, the proprietors of the *Analectic Magazine*, prevailed on our author to enrich their periodical with the biography of the most illustrious naval officers of the country; and he executed his task in a manly and masterly style, so as to answer the patriotic purpose of his employers, and to sustain, or even augment, his own personal fame. It was about 1816 that he wrote his beautiful preface to Campbell's poems, and shewed in it, by the warmth and elegance of his tribute to the charms of *another's* muse, how admirably qualified he himself was to conciliate the favor of his *own*.

On the conclusion of the peace in 1815, Mr Irving's propensity to travel led him into England, and he has ever since continued in Europe. His residence has been principally in England and France, but he has also rambled over the interesting region, and through the romantic scenery of Germany, and the winter of 1822 he passed at Dresden. His writings had

preceded him there; and, in consequence, he was received with great hospitality by the inhabitants, and was treated with much kindness by the venerable King and Queen of Saxony. Some articles in different periodical publications of Europe, have been erroneously ascribed to Mr Irving. We are well assured that he has written nothing of the kind in any European publication; and we cannot but reprobate the disingenuousness of those authors and editors who, knowing the truth, have from motives of vanity or interest forborne to assert it. It is not a sufficient excuse for them, that they have refrained from actually encouraging the deception; for lukewarm indeed must be his love of right, who will not prevent wrong when he may. The danger to which a writer is exposed by having works unjustly attributed to him, is two-fold; it is a two-edged sword, cutting whichever way it strikes. If what is fraudulently placed to his account, be insufficient to uphold the character he has acquired, his credit accordingly suffers, in proportion to the extent of such engagements as his previous undertakings may show him to have made with the public. On the other hand, if compositions at all superior to his own are reported to issue from his pen, the next work that he acknowledges will of course be judged of by the fictitious standard thus set up, and condemned as not sterling, unless it equal what has thus been erroneously fixed on as its proper value. To this latter disadvantage Mr Irving is in no especial danger of being subjected; yet the long intervals at which his different works are produced, afford the public a strong hope, if not a reasonable one, that each succeeding effort of his will be more powerful and fortunate than its forerunner,—from the circumstance of his having had so much time to rest and recreate his intellectual force.—And it is with considerable shrewdness and propriety that it has been observed, how insufficiently a literary name is supported when the possessor of it merely preserves his talents from

retrograding, but does not advance them a step. When soil has lain fallow for some time, we naturally look to find the crop so abundant as to compensate for the time lost in producing that exuberance ; and similar expectations, under similar circumstances, are entertained of the growth of the mind. In the race of life, there is no standing still. One must either press onward like the rest, or the rest will soon press him down and pass over him. And thus it is also in that world within a world, that wheel within a wheel, the sphere of literature. Let a man display ever so refulgent a genius, and let him feed its beams ever so equally and attentively, yet unless the curious light be perpetually increasing in brilliancy, it will soon fall upon our eyes with the dulness of satiety, and even seem to be fading in the socket. These metaphorical wanderings of ours are perhaps not wholly without an object, and a worthy one ; but our dislike to that arrogance of dictation, so common with modern critics, in discussing the merits of any author, however transcendantly excellent, restrains us here from further pursuing that inference, which we still trust will be drawn from the observations now concluded. Of the *Sketch-Book*, it is enough to record that it was first opened to the public eye in 1820 ; and of *Bracebridge-Hall*, that it is a kind of sequel to the *Sketch-Book*, and that it was first given to the world in 1823. What more might be said respecting these two *chefs d'œuvres*, would, no less in a future age than in the present, be as “a tale twice told.” In 1824 appeared the “*Tales of a Traveller*,” which we noticed with some severity at the time. What we then said, we are sorry for ; because (as Vanbruggen said) “it is true,”—at least we still believe it to be so. In extenuation of the faults we then condemned, it may be urged that the author was a much younger man when he wrote those *Tales*, than when they were put in print. The account of them given in the preface, and of the motives for publishing them, we have

reason to think is strictly correct. They had been lying, it seems, for many years past, in the trunk or portmanteau of our Traveller ; and, strange to say ! the most finished piece of the whole work—the philosophical and pathetic narrative of *Buckthorne*, appears to have been the longest composed. One of the greatest pleasures we have in re-perusing that beautiful story, is our certainty, that the author must feel an honest, though regretful, wish that he had brought it out in better company.

Mr Irving's person is of the middle height, and well proportioned. His countenance is handsome and intelligent, with dark hair and eyes, fine teeth, and a very engaging expression about the mouth. His manners are modest, but easy, his movements have a grace that seems natural to them, and he is animated and eloquent when drawn into conversation. He has a great sensibility to pathos, a keen relish for humour, and a quick perception of the ludicrous ; but in his remarks he is very rarely satirical, and never sarcastic, though his writings are so happily distinguished for gentle touches of caricature. His disposition is amiable and affectionate, and his conduct has ever been guided by it to acts of kindness and generosity.—His character furnishes a model of correctness, yet he is full of forbearance and indulgence for the foibles and errors of others. He is now in the prime of life, and his appearance is also youthful for his years.

He is conversant with ancient literature ; but his writings are seldom or never interlarded with quotations from the dead languages ; a practice which he avoids probably as savouring of affectation. He is deeply read in the sterling old English writers, and no doubt it is from that source he has derived much of the raciness of language and vividness of idea, which diffuse such a charm over his style. He is familiar (in the original tongue) with the most valuable authors in French, Italian, Spanish, and German literature ; but he seems to have studied these languages rather

for the improvement of his taste, than to make any display of erudition in his writings. His mind has thus become enriched with a most precious and extensive store of knowledge, from which he can at pleasure draw materials for his various publications.

Some uninformed, or—what is worse—*half-informed* writers, have stated that Washington Irving was formerly engaged in commerce. The fact is this. Having a deep interest in the estate of some relatives of his, who were unfortunate in their speculations, he quickly repaired hither from the continent, not only to advance his pecuniary claims, but to give the falling firm whatever support it could receive from his personal exertions, at such an overwhelming crisis. And he *did* exert himself, with an alacrity no less admirable than surprising, in a gentleman whose life had hitherto been devoted to the refinements of literature, and whose learned ease had been thus abruptly broken in upon, by the most unromantic species of care, and under the most unprepossessing circumstances. It has been reported, too, that his pencil can fill a Sketch-Book as picturesquely as a pen; but, as Mr Irving is one of the last men in the world to wish for more praise than is his due, we have no hesitation in professing our scepticism as to his having attained any striking proficiency in the “mimic art.” That he will be successful, to a certain degree, in every thing he attempts, we are little disposed to doubt. But his progress in a study must be proportionate to the term of his application, and so various and engrossing have been his literary and philosophical pursuits, that they can hardly have left him much opportunity for lighter occupations,—that is, for engaging in them with any great ardour or perseverance.

Mr Irving has been styled “the Goldsmith of the age,” but we would rather call him “the Campbell of prose,” for he has the same triteness and polish, the same touching pathos,

and the same equability, broken only by ascensions to a style of greater elevation. Perhaps the pictures of both these great delineators of poetic nature have too much of cloudless blue and skiey back-ground. But then it is without a single flaw, and the only change of tint is to something brighter or more alluring. Yet the parallel does not hold throughout. Irving’s touches, though as minute and elaborate as Campbell’s, blend more imperceptibly, and make the general effect more surprising, forasmuch as the immediate causes are less visible. Campbell works in mosaic,—Irving in enamel. The one leads you step by step to the summit of Vathek’s heaven-kissing tower; the other wafts you thither like a balloon tossed up by the “hands unseen” of young summer breezes. But the prospect, after all, is the same, whichever way arrived at. The bard of Hohenlinden is an admirable scene-painter;—so is Greenwood of old Drury; but Crayon in the shifting and arrangement of his scenery, reminds us of “The House that Jack* built.” Both are Prosperos, of the same magic power; but the attendant spirits of *one* are palpable in form, while those of the other melt at once into thin air, so often as we stretch forth a hand to seize them.

This ethereal quality in Geoffry Crayon’s imaginative creations, must render him eminently capable of transfusing into our language the magical beauties of the German novelists; and we have good ground for believing that his portfolio contains many delightful evidences of such a capacity as we attribute to him.

It is whispered that at a late convivial meeting of literati, some one hinted to Mr Irving his fitness to undertake a translation of the minor tales by the author of *Don Quixote*. Such a version must of necessity be an improvement on the original; and what a high treat might we not expect from the united talents of Irving and Cervantes!

* John Kemble.

Composed by M. E. Howard
GREEK FUNERAL CHANT.

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young !
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful Mother sung.
—"Ianthis ! dost thou sleep ?—thou sleep'st !—but this is not the rest,
The breathing and the rosy calm I have pillow'd on my breast.
I lull'd thee not to *this* repose, Ianthis, my sweet son !
As in thy laughing childhood's days by twilight I have done.
How is it that I bear to stand and look upon thee now ?
And that I die not, seeing Death on thy pale glorious brow ?

"I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most fair and brave !
I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for the grave !
Though mournfully thy smile is fix'd, and heavily thine eye
Hath shut above the falcon-glance that in it loved to lie,
And fast is bound the springing step that seem'd on breezes borne,
When to thy couch I came and said—"Wake, hunter, wake ! 'tis morn !"
—Yet lovely art thou still, my flower ; untouch'd by slow decay ;
And I, the wither'd stem remain !—I would that Grief might slay.

"Oh ! ever when I met thy look, I knew that *this* would be !
I knew too well that length of days was not a gift for thee !
I saw it in thy kindling cheek and in thy bearing high—
—A voice came whispering to my soul, and told me thou must die !
That thou must die, my fearless one, when swords were flashing red—
—Why doth a mother live to say—My First-born and my Dead !
They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory won—
—Speak thou—and I will hear thy voice—Ianthis, my sweet son !"

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young !
A fair-hair'd Bride the Funeral Chant amidst her weeping sung.
—"Ianthis ! look'st thou not on me ?—Can love indeed be fled ?
—When was it woe before to gaze upon thy stately head !
I would that I had followed thee, Ianthis ! my beloved !
And stood as woman oft hath stood, where faithful hearts are proved !
That I had girt a breast-plate on, and battled at thy side !
—It would have been a blessed thing, together had we died.

"But where was I when thou didst fall beneath the fatal sword ?
Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board ?
Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine ?
Or praying to the Saints for thee, before the holy shrine ?
—And thou wert lying low the while, the life-drops from thy heart
Fast gushing like a mountain-spring—and couldst thou thus depart ?
Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting breath ?
—Oh ! I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in death !

"Yes ! I was with thee when the dance through mazy rings was led,
And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the feast was spread !
But not where noble blood flow'd forth, where singing javelins flew—
—Why did I hear love's first sweet words, and not its last adieu ?
What now can breathe of gladness more—what scene, what hour, what tone ?
The blue skies fade with all their lights—they fade, since thou art gone.
Ev'n *that* must leave me—that still face, by all my tears unmoved !
—Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis, my beloved !"

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young !
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful Sister sung.
"Ianthis, brother of my soul !—oh, where are now the days,
That shone, amidst the deep green hills, upon our infant plays ?
When we two sported by the streams, or track'd them to their source,
And like a stag's the rocks among, was thy fleet, fearless course.
—I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,
I see thy bounding step no more—my brother and my friend !

"I come with flowers—for Spring is come—Ianthis! art thou here?
 I bring the garlands she hath brought—I cast them on thy bier!
 Thou shouldst be crown'd with victory's crown—but oh! more meet they seem,
 The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream;
 More meet for one so fondly loved, and laid so early low—
 —Alas! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine's glow!
 The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send—
 —Woe that it smiles and not for thee, my brother and my friend!"

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE FEET.

SO much has been said of the indications of character afforded by the upper part of the human structure—we have so many theories of *metoscopy*, *chieroscopy*, *craniology*, and *cheiographoscopy*, that I trust I shall obtain a hearing when, under the name of *Podoscopy*, or the *Physiognomy* of the FEET, I venture to draw conclusions from the nether portions of the human frame: to speak plain English, I contend, that if you may know a man from the bumps on his skull, the wrinkles on his face, or the characters of his hand-writing, so you may know him from the shape and outline of his FEET. One advantage this new science undoubtedly has over *craniology*, that no unwary disciple is likely to be misled into the error of taking "a sheep's-head for a turnip." I do not see why, in this case, domination should be assumed by the powers which chance to be uppermost. Ascendancy has two senses, as the ancient *amphora* had two handles; and it is not always those that are highest who are chief, as the sailor, who ascended in quest of the place of honour, to the one-shilling gallery in the playhouse, discovered. Solomon has appropriately classed the FEET, or, at least, their motion, as one of the great branches of ancient *PHYSIOGNOMY*. "A man's attire, and excessive laughter, and his *walk*, shew what he is." Who is there, having eyes to look upon the fat ankles of some peasants, that does not recognise in that fatness a symptom, as well as type, of their mental hebetude? On the contrary, the most shallow observers may clearly dis-

cern, in the capacious, full-grown, and well-formed Foot, the plainest indications of a vigorous and masculine understanding. What eloquence in the bold sinew, in the strong tendon! What firmness exhibited by the sound hearty brawn! No flabbiness, no superfluous flesh, nothing to impede the free use of the member! Can such a Foot be given to a sluggard? It is my conviction, that the *delicate*, *nice*, exactly-developed Foot, is found invariably to belong to persons of such a temper of mind as the two first epithets imply. Activity of mind, quickness, vivacity, briskness, are the characteristics, which a Foot less delicate and less fine, but accurately formed, strong and vigorous, evinces. The large uncouth flat Foot betrays a sluggish disposition. You never knew a flat-footed man who was not naturally lazy. The elasticity, the springiness of the Foot, are but symptoms of the nature of the being whom nature has moulded; she is not so inconsistent as people generally suppose; all the parts are congruous, and bear their due relation to the whole.

But it is not merely the intellectual qualities which may be inferred from the FEET; they speak the passions also. The avarice of an old hunk has been known directly, time out of mind, by his *SQUARE TOES*. How much may be guessed from the swollen vein, the quick pulse beating through each artery of the instep! Compare such a Foot with the firmly-composed Foot of a resolved and calm spirit: how evident the contrast! People may talk of quivering lips and inflamed eyes as indications

of angry passion ; but how trivial is the impression made by all the contortions of which the face is capable, compared with the electrifying effect of a vigorous stamp of the FOOT : and as an infliction of our displeasure, need I add, that scowls and frowns, nay, the fiercest words of that pugnacious member, the tongue, are nothing to what can be done by a *judicious application of the toe*. The superiority of the FEET is sufficiently manifest from the sense which men entertain of the indignity of having that august member trodden on. You may *shoulder* people as much as you please, without offence ; but who has trodden upon another's FOOT, the toe, or the heel, I care not which, with impunity ?

The dignity and eminence of the FOOT may be evidenced in another way ; by the ancient and modern practice of painters and sculptors. Those chimæras the bulls of Jason, were, like our dandy Chimæras. *brass-heeled*. The Hours, instead of being *rosy-cheeked*, are "*rosy-FOOT-ED*." Fauns and Satyrs are always painted with hoofs ; for what satirical reasons the learned reader knows : the fact shews how much the ancients inferred from the FEET. Again : what is the sure and infallible criterion by which any suspected *stranger in black* relieves himself from the imputation of being the Devil ? By shewing his FEET. How else is it possible to distinguish his Satanic majesty ? How could painters intelligibly pourtray him ? Other kings

wear crowns ; you may look to their *heads* ; but he knows better, and bears in his FEET the symbols of sovereignty. In China, a lady's FOOT is "contracted to the shortest span," because that sagacious people well know how naturally men's *eyes* turn upon women's *feet* ; and minuteness and beauty being, according to the metaphysicians nearly allied in our conceptions, they seek to secure the *first*, in hopes that it will draw after it the *second*. But why do they not direct their attention, as some savages (craniologists, doubtless) have done, to compressing the *head* ? Why ? because they know that no man cares for a woman's head. Thus the Chinese are with my theory ; and so are the Indians and Spaniards. A fine lady in India, paints her FEET instead of her *face*, and puts rings on her *toes* instead of her *fingers* ; while, in Spain, a woman shrouds her FEET as she would her bosom : she may be said to blush in her FEET : she knows their superiority and importance. To any lover who presumes to doubt the above theory, or to say a word in disparagement of the eloquence of the FEET, compared even with the eyes of his mistress, I leave the consideration of the following lines of Sir John Suckling, and defy him to be of the other side :—

Her FEET beneath her petticoat.
Like little mice stole in and out
As if they feared the light ;
But oh ! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight !

VARIETIES.

ANIMAL DYE.

A KIND of grass, called *Polygonum minus*, abounds in the deserts of Ukraine. Towards the end of the month of June, this grass is torn up by the roots, which are covered with maggots, of an oval shape, that become indurated as soon as they are exposed to the air ; they are sold by the spoonful to merchants,

are pounded, and the water in which they are steeped, with a little alum, assumes the colour of the most beautiful crimson. The wives of the Cossacks dye their thread with them ; and the Russian merchants buy them for their wives to paint their faces with. The Armenians use large quantities in dyeing their silk, their moroccos, the tails and manes of

their horses, and their own hair, beards and nails. The name of *coccus Polonorum* has been given to these maggots.

MODERN ROME, DEPÔT OF THE ARTS.

A letter from Rome states that some valuable copper-plates, engraved by Dorigny and Aquilla, from several of the choicest works of Raphael, Annibal Carracci, and other great masters, have been lately destroyed by order of the librarian of the Holy See, on account of their profane exhibition of the human form divine! Are we returning to the era of vandalism, that such an outrage should be committed in the emporium of the fine arts? or do the Jesuits wish to extinguish every trace of art, in Europe, except that of hood-winking mankind?

ARTIFICIAL LEATHER.

Dr Bernhard, of Larris, in Germany, has made a very interesting discovery, for which he has received a patent; by means of which he obtains leather from animal substances, of which hitherto no use has been made, a product perfectly similar to leather. A manufactory has been established at Gumbold, near Vienna, where this new species of industry is practised with the greatest activity. This composition is capable, when in a fluid state, of being formed into boots and shoes.

CONCERT.

The great Russian General, Field Marshal Count Münnich, once gave a concert to the Empress Catharine, which was as singular in its way as characteristic of the Russian nation. The music performed was, indeed, not different from that which is commonly heard in other concerts, but the bows of all the stringed instruments, of which there were above a hundred, had hair fixed to them, which was entirely taken from the Turkish standards, captured by Münnich from the enemies of his sovereign.

ANECDOTE OF A PRISON.

M. Ouvrard, an army contractor, is at present in prison at Paris, on

heavy charges; but he has realized large sums, and lives like a prince. The following story is told of his incarceration:—On the same floor with his apartments are two rooms, which he desired to have, *pour s'arrondir*—that is, to have all the flat: the jailer told him he could not have the rooms, as they were hired by two debtors. “How much do they owe?”—“About 10,000 francs.” Here is the money,” said Monsieur Ouvrard—and he paid the 10,000 francs, had the two rooms, *s'arrondit*, and the two prisoners were set at liberty!!

THE OLD BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

Alas! What a poor solitary deserted being I am! Ah! had I my time to come over again, I would not be now sitting alone, moping over my joyless fire—but it serves me right—I do not deserve to have the blessings of a wife, and the comfort of dear sweet little smiling cherubs. It is now too late, so it is of no use bemoaning my hard lot. Cruel destiny—to think that my brothers are at this moment surrounded with every enjoyment—while I with my gouty toe sit here miserable and alone. Ah! had I selected one lovely flower to place within my bosom, I now had been blessed with the fragrant balm of domestic consolation, instead of roving, like an invidious wasp, from the gaudy tulip and noisome poppy to the poisonous henbane and unnectareous weed. Heavens! how I detest myself; all nature execrates me—a useless, unfriended, and unblessed member of a society, to the public good of which it was my duty to contribute my share; instead of which, I have added to its vices, and increased the number of its unprotected and unallied members! Oh, this toe! Heavens, what a twang! Here, you vile cringing sycophant housekeeper, send for the doctor; your only care is to enrich yourself by plundering me. You vile scoundrel of a valet, where are you, sirrah! drinking my claret instead of waiting upon me; bring me my crutches, and I will see if I cannot set you all to rights—get

you gone, sir. Ah! it is of no use; if I turn them away, faithless varlets, I shall get as bad in their places: all this comes of being an old bachelor. The Romans acted wisely in doubly taxing those useless members of the community. I wonder that our legislature has not taken cognizance of this growing evil. Bachelorship has never been encouraged by the royal family, or been fashionable in the higher classes; and yet it is the rage of the day. Well, when like me they sit writhing with torture, solitary, without any one to speak to, or any one to comfort them, like me, they may weep and bemoan themselves in secret. Ah, a knock, some one is coming; I must again play the hypocrite, put on a smiling countenance, jest and be merry at the expense of those who, obeying the ordination of nature, enjoy the first best gift of heaven, domestic bliss.

METHOD OF MAKING SODA WATER.

Take forty grains of the carbonate of soda, put it into a common soda water bottle, which generally contains about ten ounces of water. Immediately afterwards, put into the same thirty-five grains of tartaric acid, then cork it quickly. The acid and the salt ought to be put in in crystals, as when in powder they are apt to seize upon each other before the bottle can be well corked, and so a considerable quantity of the carbonic acid gas which is evolved is lost.

In the above process, the tartaric acid having a greater affinity for the soda than the carbonic acid gas has, combines with it, and forms the tartrate of soda, a soluble salt. By this combination the gas which was engaged with the soda is evolved, or set free, and mixes with the water in the bottle, and makes its escape when the cork is withdrawn.

YOUNG MUSICIAN.

Among the juvenile musical geniuses who have lately caused so much sensation, such as Liszt, Aspul, and Schauroth, there is living at present at Berlin, one of the name of

Mendelssohn, grandson of the famous philosopher of the same name, who is not only as great a piano-forte player as either of those three, but a much greater composer. Though only sixteen, he has written several operas, eight orchestral symphonies, fifty fugues, and a great many smaller pieces for the piano-forte. His master is Professor Zelter, the intimate friend of the great Goethe, through whose kindness the youth has had the rare advantage of being frequently in the Poet's society.

DIVORCES.

The following inscription is written in large characters over the principal gate of the city of Agra in Hindostan:—"In the first year of the reign of King Julef, two thousand married couple were separated by the magistrate with their own consent. The Emperor was so indignant on learning these particulars, that he abolished the privilege of divorce. In the course of the following year, the number of marriages in Agra was less than before by three thousand; the number of adulteries was greater by seven thousand; three hundred women were burned alive for poisoning their husbands; seventy-five men were burned for the murder of their wives; and the quantity of furniture broken and destroyed in the interior of private families, amounted to the value of three millions of rupees! The Emperor re-established the privilege of divorce."

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

When, a short time ago, the new opera of *Olympia*, by Spontini, of all the most trumpetting, drumming performances in existence, the most loud, was acted at Berlin; the Prince Royal, who, from patriotic motives, is no great friend to the composer, could not stand the noise any longer, and left the house. It happened, that at the moment of his coming out, the twelve fifers and as many drummers, who parade the streets of the capital every evening for the tattoo, passed by in full instrumental

chorus. The Prince immediately addressed himself to his attendant, and exclaimed: "Heaven be thanked, that we hear again a little *soft** music!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Beranger's new volume of *Chansons* have been published in Paris, and the Liberaux are in extasies with their poet's patriotic effusions. One song is devoted to *Lafayette en Amerique*.

M. de la Martine, author of *Meditations Poetiques*, *La Mort de Socrate*, &c. has prepared and sold for publication, for 10,000 francs, a new poem, *La Mort de Childe Harold*, destined to complete the Adventures of Lord Byron.

A Morning Paper has stated the Subscription Sale of the Tales of the Crusaders to be 3,500; above 5,000 copies have been taken.

Among the *tirades* against England, which occasionally issue from the French press, is a violent dissertation, which has been launched at their heads since they dared to acknowledge the independence of South America without the permission of the Holy Alliance. "England," says the author "has never ceased to follow, and put in practice the system of Hobbes. She places herself at the head of every revolutionary movement against legitimacy and religion, which have been revived in Europe, and are maintained only by the Holy Alliance. A trading nation is a scourge among other nations, and is itself enslaved by the base pursuits of commerce, The Holy Alliance must make war upon England. France will set the example. Her destiny is to advance first to the struggle; it is a new sacrifice which she owes to her interests and to her glory."

VOLTAIRE'S WORKS.

The perfection of printing and publishing, which in England has been produced by regular application of talent and capital, is now attempted

in Paris by the ardor of speculation and the redundancy of money. Fifty volumes, at least, have been always thought well filled by Voltaire's works; now we are to have them all in one volume, at the price of 140 francs. A *plaisant* has made the following calculation of the whole expense of this *volume* to the readers; adding, that those who do not mean to read, need not buy:

	Frs.
First price - - -	140
Two pair of spectacles -	50
Oculist's fees - - -	100
Eye water - - -	30
Two artificial eyes - -	30
Putting them in place -	50
	450

C'est un peu cher—but, as it is the mode, it does not matter.

IRON ARM.

A young vine dresser, at *Canton de Vaud*, (*Switzerland*), named Samuel Testuz de Villette, having been maimed, three years ago, by a gun bursting in his hand, it was found necessary to cut off the arm at the first joint. The ingenious industry of a Genevese mechanic, M. Taillefer, has fixed to the stump of the arm a cylinder of iron, terminating in a strong vice, by the aid of several instruments affixed to which, S. Testuz is enabled to dig, to cut the vine, to use at once, both knife and fork at table, and perform almost every function of the industrious father of a family.—The inventor, M. Taillefer, had before constructed a mechanical leg, by means of which, the wearer is enabled to walk, run and mount, or descend, without assistance. He is now constructing a hand, which is to perform almost all the movements of that member.

RUSSIAN HORSES.

The hardy natives of the country are small, lively, and animated; very shaggy, and generally of a brown colour. In the interior, they are mostly unshod; but will traverse any sort of ground, up to their middle in snow. During the winter months, they are

* *Saute Musik*.

seen toiling in a cold of 20 deg. below the freezing-point of Reaumur, as white as snow; covered with icicles and *ghryme*. During summer, they labour under the extreme of heat. Such are the animals that, with their brethren from the banks of the Volga, Kuban, and Don, composed the irregular cavalry of the Russian army, which sustained, uninjured, the fatigues of the campaign; as also the severity of the winter, which, on setting in, in the short space of one night, proved destructive to those of the French army, natives of a warmer climate, in the disastrous retreat from Russia.

MAZEPPA.

Voltaire, in his history of Charles XII., says:—"Mazeppa was a Polish nobleman, born in the Palatinate of Podolia. He was educated as a page to Jean Casimir, at whose court he acquired some knowledge of the Belles Lettres. An intrigue which he had with the wife of a Polish Palatine having been discovered, the husband had him tied naked on a wild horse, which was then let loose. The horse, who came from Ukraine, went back thither, carrying with him Mazeppa, half dead from hunger and fatigue. Some peasants took care of him; he remained with them a long time, and distinguished himself in several excursions against the Tartars. His superior information made him highly respected amongst the Cossacks; and his fame, which was daily increasing, induced the Czar to create him a Prince of the Ukraine."

Such is the historical fact which furnished Lord Byron with the subject of his poem, with this title.

LETTUCE.

The juice of this vegetable, which has recently been introduced into medical practice as a substitute for opium, has been examined by M. François, and he has discovered what he considers to be the active principle of the plant, to which he has given the name of thridace.

PRESERVING OF BIRDS, &c.

Mr Temminck, Director of the Dutch Museum, has, for many years, made use of no other means of saving preserved birds and quadrupeds from the attacks of minute insects, than placing a small wooden basin, containing tallow, *in each case*, which he finds to be more effectual than either camphor or Russia leather.

ARABIAN DRAUGHTS.

A favourite pastime of the Negro Arabs in Nubia, and which is also known among the Arabs in Upper Egypt, is the *Syredge*, a kind of draughts. It is played upon sandy ground, on which they trace with the fingers chequers of forty-nine squares. It is an intricate game, and requires great attention: the object is to take all the antagonist's pieces; but the rules are very different from those of the Polish draught. The people are uncommonly fond of this game; two persons seldom sitting down together without immediately beginning to draw squares on the sand.

ORIGINAL SIN FOUND OUT AT LAST.

A correspondent was recently shown a work in MS. by a learned Frenchman, who resided a long time in England; it is to be entitled, *The Sin of Knowledge*; thus adding one to the seven deadly sins of the Roman Catholic Church. Our author seems to be a disciple of the German chemist, Stahl, whose work, "*De frequentia morbum in Corpore humano præ brutis*," appears to be his text book: he outdoes Rousseau, who so learnedly and eloquently extolled the want of learning. He proves, or attempts to prove, with Stahl, that as death came into the world by eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, human reason is the real Original Sin, from which springs all the legion of disorders which afflict the human race. There is required but another chapter to complete the work, in which he should prove that the brute creation are not subject to disorders.

MALE FLIRTATION.

LOVE is certainly the mainspring of our actions; it is the first dream of our youth; in after-life it is the wild thrill that excites our hopes, arouses our energies, imparts to our souls all its brightest influences and dearest associations; and in later years, it is subdued into the calm and soothing feelings which smooth our painful descent to the tomb. Yet, oh, how often, in the course of our little round of existence, do we fancy that passion is warming our hearts, when, could we calmly and seriously reflect upon, and coolly examine it, we should find the absorbing sensation to be any thing but love. The glow of youthful friendship, the intoxicating dream of fancied preference, and the fickle fleeting smile of giddy beauty, all excite, in our youth, a feeling new and undefinable. We are conscious of its warmth, and immediately call it love: we begin to carve on every tree,

"The good, the fair, the inexpressive she;"

it becomes necessary that we should change our carriage; it is no longer allowed to us to be gay but when the bright star of our hope beams upon us in our lady's eyes. We start at once into a new state of existence, attach ourselves to the bright object of our soul's idolatry, follow her at every turn, and unceasingly torment her with quotations from the love-minstrel of the Emerald Isle, until the very name of an Irish melody recalls to her some speech, some com-

pliment, or some promise we have made to her in the flowery, starlight phrase of Moore. This continues till the charm of novelty has passed; and then we begin to feel that what we imagined love was no more than a transient delirium, a lurid beam of fading light, a vain creation of overheated fancy. What is the consequence of this discovery?—We cease to talk of never-ending dreams of passion—our speeches are no longer drawn from "Songs of Love and Tales of Hope;" we have ceased to sing to her—

"Remember thee? Yes! while there's
life in this heart,
It ne'er shall forget thee, all lorn as thou
art."

We no longer haunt her solitary walks—her public promenades; we have forgotten to speak to her but in the plain formal phrase of common life. Should we have occasion to write to her, the seals bearing such significant mottos and devices as "Forget me not," or the pansy, entwined round "à vous," or a cynosure, or a cupid enthroned on an altar, inscribed "bonne foi," are most studiously avoided. In a short time this change of conduct attracts notice, whilst the fair object of our heartless trifling—probably, from her purity and truth the last to suspect such a change—has been betrayed, by her own native innocence, to believe that we really loved, and has opened her heart to receive that glow which never can be repressed, to warm with that flame

which, in woman's heart, never can be extinguished but with life. Her heart can know no change, and if the love she feels be not returned, then her hopes are at an end : she has no beacon to guide her beyond the light of love, and if that goes out, her future path must be gloom and darkness ; she cannot survive her withered hopes, her blighted expectations, and death comes kindly to drop a veil upon the darkling prospect of man's inconstancy. Anticipation of this never enters our minds. We dream not of the consequences of our heedless cruelty, and leave that generous breast to pine, which we first taught to swell with love. That heart which we eagerly sought to obtain, which we regarded as a toy, and delighted ourselves to elate, we as suddenly forsake : like the gathered flower, for a time it yields us pleasure ; then we cast it away, and leave it to perish, unheeded and unsolaced.

Could one of these fair, blighted spirits be followed into her hours of solitude—could her grief and anguish be disclosed,—could the intensity of her suffering, and the generous feelings of her soul, be laid open—what would be the sensation excited ?—Could he, who has reduced her to this state, behold his hapless victim sinking beneath the weight of her sorrows ; could he behold her in the height of her wrongs, praying, as she will pray, unceasingly for his prosperity, and never once reproaching him for the gloom he had cast over her, nor once accusing him as the author of her misery, what would be his feelings, his regrets, his sorrowings, his remorse ? But he sees it

not—he knows it not—and, unconscious of the misery he has inflicted, seeks another victim, whom he may carry through the same round of hope, fear, and disappointment.

This is not an overcharged picture ; many, many parallel instances lie within the range of my own observation. I could particularize individuals, but who would be benefitted ? the lovely beings who suffer from such cruelty ? assuredly not. Their beam of love has faded—

“ Then what to them is the world beside,
Its fleeting joys, its fancied pleasures ? ”

The shade of disappointment lies darkling in their hearts, the agony of blighted hope is in their bosoms, and what can recal the bright bloom to the withered flowers ! Nay, even should returning affection again warm the heart of the thoughtless flutterer who had reduced an ingenuous confiding creature to this state, would it avail ? No, it might cast a gleam of joy upon her last hours, but it could not prolong the contracted span of her existence. The glimmering light of her life might flicker for a while, and shed a brighter ray around, but only to foretel the speedy extinction of the flame.

To you, ye fair, whose gentle hearts are ever ready to believe that the brighter shades of man's character preponderate, and to value him for it, I will say—beware ! Reflect, before you suffer yourselves to be entangled in a net, from which you will find it impossible to escape. Think of the eastern fable of the spider's web, the wasps, and the flies !

PROGRESS OF MACHINERY.

THE formation of Mechanics' Institutions may justly be regarded as one of the most important events of the present age. As means of diffusing intelligence among a very important class of the community, of stimulating their inventive faculties,

and of inspiring habits of economy and the love of science, in the place of dissipation and idleness, more powerful agents could, probably, not have been devised : their influence on the well-being of society cannot be estimated. How much may be

effected by a practical engineer, when his energies are guided by the lights of science, we may partly conjecture, from what we know to have been done by two individuals of our own time—Watt and Fulton. They have effected an entire revolution in the arts of manufacture and navigation, and have multiplied the power and productive industry of this country incalculably. The effects, direct and collateral, of their mechanical discoveries will contribute, or, I may say, have already contributed more to change the face of society, and augment the wealth of nations, than the combined result of every discovery since the Reformation. Their discoveries rank, in importance, with that of printing. Yet these men were originally mere working mechanics—the one a watchmaker, the other a carpenter: and working mechanics they would, in all probability, have continued, had science never opened to their minds its ample page. To Watt we owe the steam engine, to Fulton (an American, an extraordinary man, though little known in this country) we are indebted for steam navigation. How many Watts and Fultons, Arkwrights and Wedgewoods, have passed away, like the “rath primrose,” unknowing and unknown. Ignorance sat upon their genius like some oppressive incubus, and stifled its exertions. What splendid results may we not anticipate from the knowledge which will be diffused, and the rivalry and competition that will be called forth, among the Institutions which are every day establishing in our principal towns? It may appear surprising, when we reflect on the rapidity with which they are spreading, that the idea of such Institutions had not occurred at an earlier period; the fact is, that they could flourish only when society had attained a certain degree of intelligence. It would be a vain attempt in countries where the elements of knowledge were not already laid among the bulk of the people, and where the popular mind had not already acquired a powerful impulse

toward the acquisition of knowledge. This is precisely the case among our artisans and manufacturing population. And hence the amazing success which is now attending this new species of scientific institutions. If such success has hitherto attended the exertions of mechanics, when a scientific mechanic was a phenomenon, what may we not expect when every mechanic shall be a man of science!

Every circumstance, in the past history of man, shews that the progress of improvement is unlimited, and that the degree of perfection to which the arts of life may attain, can neither be anticipated nor appreciated. The manner in which the discoverers, in the various branches of the arts and sciences, combine and multiply each other's power is truly miraculous. When Arkwright was employing his days and nights in bringing to perfection his spinning machinery, could he have imagined that vast multiplication of power which it would experience from its combination with the steam engine, which at that very moment was occupying the genius of Watt. Did Watt, when endeavouring to apply steam power effectually in draining the mines of Cornwall—was it possible that he could—anticipate that vast amount of manufacture which, within a few years, it was destined to put in motion? Was it possible he could see that the power he was then nurturing into existence, would in a very short period, be applied in every branch of our countless manufactures?—would be employed in the coarsest and most stupendous, in the finest and most delicate operations?—that, despite the power of winds and waves, it would speed the vessel across the ocean? or, by means of rail-roads, propel our carriages and waggons with a velocity that would heretofore have been deemed visionary, and a cheapness that should supersede the most penurious calculation?

What would our manufactories have been, but for the discovery of

steam power? What would have become of our most valuable mines, but for this resistless power? The vast mineral products, lodged in the bosom of our mountains, would have been unavailable—our most productive mines would have been flooded up.

Again, the advantages of rail-roads spring entirely from the application of steam power to them. Animal power would not have done: it would have presented but very few advantages over coaches and vans in the conveyance of passengers and goods. The advantage, in the transit of passengers, would have been none; and, in that of commodities, something in speed perhaps, but little or nothing in cheapness. But application of steam, at once, changes the whole matter. In the first place, it is immensely cheaper than animal power; in the next place, when the machinery shall be properly adapted to the purpose (a desideratum which mechanics will doubtless soon accomplish) a very small relative power will be capable of producing a very high degree of velocity; say ten or twelve miles an hour, or possibly more; and the progress of improvement and simplification will admit of no limit.

Those who may think me sanguine, I refer to the improvements which have taken place within the last thirty years. Let any man compare the Liverpool and New York packets,—their princely accommoda-

tions, the shortness of the passage—with those, say, of some twenty years ago. Instead of the clumsy transport vessels of those days, we have now absolutely floating palaces; instead of their low ill-fitted cabins, we have all the furniture and accommodations of a drawing-room. Instead of paying fifty or sixty pounds, we now pay thirty guineas; for which we have accommodations, provisions, wines and spirits, which could not be surpassed by any hotel in London; and, lastly, instead of being tossed about, for two months, or ten weeks, the passage is performed, on an average, in twenty or twenty-five days. Yet we are not arrived at any limit—the next twenty years will probably work as great a melioration. A passage across the Atlantic, or to the East-Indies, in a steam packet, may become as common and as safe a transit, as now from London to Edinburgh, or from Liverpool to Dublin.

A similar march of advancement might be traced in almost all the departments of mechanical industry. What may be the future triumphs of the arts must be reserved for the knowledge of posterity. The spirit of mechanical invention is still in its infancy. It is not twenty years† since the first steam-boat floated its banners on the waters of the Hudson; and little more than half that interval since the first was seen, in this country, on the Clyde; and some years elapsed before the steam navigation of the Clyde repaid the

* And how could the present national debt have been contracted, and the present burthen of taxation endured?—EDIT.

† Dr. Darwin, however (who, though his poetry be sometimes too philosophical, and his philosophy sometimes too poetical, was nevertheless, with all his allegorical hyperbole, and all his sacrifices to voluptuous melliflence in the mechanism of his verse, a man of genius), had prophetically anticipated this invention. The *second* edition of his *Botanic Garden*, now lying before us, was published in 1791 (thirty-four years ago); and from the first canto (v. 239) we transcribe the following passage—even the wildest speculations of which scarcely now appear to be extravagant.—ED.

Soon shall thy arm, Unconquer'd Steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.
—Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
Shall wave their fluttering 'kerchiefs as they move;
Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud.

owners. Some unfortunate accidents tended still farther to depress the public enterprize in the cultivation of this new power; so that we may say it is not more than seven or eight years since this species of navigation was fully recognized and vigorously supported. Yet we have now regular steam-packets from London to Edinburgh, Liverpool, Calais, Rotterdam, Havre-de-Grace, Cornua, Cadiz, &c.; from Liverpool

to Dublin, Greenock, &c.; and within the last few days, a new steam-packet, the *Enterprize*, 500 tons, has been launched at Deptford, and is now in the dock, fitting out for the East Indies. The entrance of a steam packet, from the Thames, into the Ganges, will be an event rarely paralleled in magnitude:—one of the most splendid triumphs of science and art.

THE ESCAPED CONVICT.

HE trod his native land,
The bright land of the free;
His forehead wore a seared brand—
Impress of infamy!
His brow—where youth and beauty met—
Yes, there the seal of guilt was set.

He gaz'd upon the vale,
Where spring-tide flow'rets slept,
Rock'd by the whispers of the gale;
He saw it—and he wept;
Like drops which page a storm they came,
Tears born in agony and shame.

Morn sat upon the hills,
But she look'd cold and dim;
Clouds, like a pall which death conceals,
Hung frowning there on him:
All, e'en his lov'd, his mother land,
Scowl'd on his forehead, and the brand.

My sire! my sire! he groan'd;
My home! my lovely one!—
What sire? he hath his child disown'd;—
What home? I—I have none;
I hear all curse—I see all shun;—
Yet curse not you! not you—your son!

I saw *her* struck, whose cheek
Did myriad sweets disclose;
Whose eyes, whose form—but wherefore
speak—

I saw!—my heart-blood rose;
She lov'd me—she was sworn my bride;
I stabb'd the Striker, and he died!

For this—the record lies,
Fest'ring upon my brow;
For this—the rabble mock'd my cries;
For this—shame haunts me now:
For this—half rotted I must be,
Ere my dead brow from stain is free.

My own, my beauteous land,
Land of the brave—the high;
I ask'd but this, of Fate's stern hand—
To see thee, and to die!
O yes, my country, let me be,
In my last hour—in death—with thee.

The Moon look'd on the vale,
Wearing her starry wreath,
And soft display'd a form, that, pale,
Lay there alone—with death;
The Zephyr's drew a lengthen'd sigh,
And slow the Convict's corse pass'd by.

'Twas said, that lovely night,
A Spirit Youth was seen,
Gliding among the flow'rets bright,
The trees, and meadows green;
And chiefly by a cot; and there
It wept, and melted into air.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

[SEE PAGE 149.]

FESSENDEN—Dr: (we believe.)
A “has been” of “American literature”—so called: author of a poem or two—so called: and, among others, which had a prodigious run, for a time, of “Terrible Tractoration;” a parcel of stuff, in poor dog-

grel, about Perkins, the man, who, some twenty-five years ago, more or less, cured people of almost every thing—head-ache—lameness—cosh—rheumatism—fever—common sense—on both sides of the water, with two small pieces of métal, which went

by the name of "metallic points," or "tractors." The wise men of America, by the way, were quite as foolish, credulous, and absurd, as ours. They made up their full quota of believers: like the French, while the wonders of animal magnetism were the "go:" like ourselves, now that craniology, etc. etc. are the creed of the orthodox.

Dr F. is a good prose writer; but about as much of a poet, as—as—now for it!—as the multiplication table, or Jeremy Bentham's "own self." He is the editor of some village newspaper, now; the prose part of which, is really worth reading; but his poetry—God forgive us for calling *any* doggrel, poetry—although "five lines *were* a day's work with him"—is—d——.

FRANKLIN—DR BENJAMIN. Of this extraordinary man, we could say much, that would be new to his countrymen; but, our limits will not permit of our doing it, worthily, now. We shall confine ourselves, therefore, to a few remarks; one or two short anecdotes; and a *faithful* account of his philosophical pretensions. His Life, partly written by himself, is, or should be, in the hands of every young person. It is a plain, homely narrative; remarkable for candour, sincerity, and good common sense. The style is clear, strong, and simple.

His Philosophical, Moral, Political, and Humorous Essays, are pretty well known. A word or two, however, concerning each class—by way of correcting certain errors, which are continually repeated.

The leading property of Dr Franklin's mind—great as it was—the faculty, which made him remarkable, and set him apart from other men;—the generator, in truth, of all his power—was *good sense*—only plain, good sense—nothing more. He was not a man of genius; there was no brilliancy about him; little or no fervour; nothing like poetry, or elo-

quence: and yet—by the sole, untiring, continual operation of this humble, unpretending quality of the mind; he came to do more, in the world of science; more, in council; more, in the cabinets of Europe; more, in the revolution of empires, (uneducated—or self-educated, as he was,) than five hundred others might have done; each with more genius; more fervour; more eloquence; and more brilliancy.

He was born of English parents, in Boston, Massachusetts, New-England, about 1706, we believe. When a lad, he ran away to Philadelphia. After a long course of self-denial, hardship, and wearying disappointment, which nothing but his frugal, temperate, courageous *good sense* carried him through, he came to be—successively—a journeyman printer, (or pressman, rather, on account of his great bodily strength,)—in a London printing-office;—*—editor and publisher, at home, in Philadelphia, of many papers, which had a prodigious influence on the temper of his countrymen;—agent, for certain of the colonies, to this government;—an author of celebrity;—a philosopher, whose reputation has gone over the whole of the learned world—continually increasing, as it went;—a very able negotiator;—a statesman;—a minister plenipotentiary to France, of whose king he obtained, while the Bourbons were in their glory—by his great moderation, wisdom, and republican address, a treaty which enabled our thirteen colonies of North America to laugh all the power of Great Britain, year after year, to scorn;—yes—and all these things, did Benjamin Franklin, by virtue alone, of his *good common sense*.

He died, in 1790, "full of years, and full of honours;" the pride and glory of that empire, the very foundations of which, he had assisted in laying;—the very corner-stone of which, he had helped in to the ap-

* The very press, at which he worked, is now in the possession of Messrs Cox and Baylis—Great Queen's Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields—near the place where Dr F. worked.

pointed place, with his own powerful hands. He was one of the few—the priesthood of liberty—that stood up, undismayed, unmoved, while the ark of *their* salvation thundered, and shook, and lightened in their faces ;—putting all of them, their venerable hands upon it, nevertheless ; and abiding the issue, while the “DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE” went forth, like the noise of trumpets, to the four corners of the earth. He lived, until he heard a warlike flourish echoing through all the great solitudes of America—the roar of battle, on every side of him—all Europe in commotion—her over-peopled empires riotous with a new spirit—*his* country quietly taking her place among the nations. What more could he wish ?—Nothing. It was time to give up the ghost.

He was a great—and, of course—a good man. We have but few things to lay, seriously, to his charge—very few : and, after all, when we look about us : recollecting, as we do, the great good which he has done, *every where* ; the little mischief that he has done—the less than little that he ever meditated, *any where*—in all his life—to the cause of humanity—we have no heart—we confess it—again to speak unkindly of him. The evil that Benjamin Franklin did, in the whole of his fourscore years—and upward, of life—was, in comparison with his good works, but as dust in the balance.

In his personal appearance, a few years before his death, he was very much like Jeremy Bentham, as *he* is, now.

In his moral temperament, he was altogether one of the old-fashioned Yankees—or New-Englanders—for they only are Yankees : one of that peculiar people, who are somewhat over zealous of good works. Like his countrymen, he was cool, keen, firm, cautious, and benevolent : a man of few words ; yet able, nevertheless, with a part of those few—hardly more than a dozen, or twenty, at *one* time—to overthrow all opposition—quiet a long debate—shame the talk-

ative, and silence the powerful—in the state assembly, of which he was a member.

By nature, perhaps, like George Washington, whose character, by the way, is greatly misunderstood, he was a man of strong passions, which, after many years, by continual guardianship, trial, and severe discipline, he had brought entirely under his control. This, we say positively, *was* the character of Washington : this, we *believe* to have been the character of Franklin.

We happen to know something of the Doctor's determination, however, in two cases ; both growing out of the same event, where the natural temper of the man broke out—blazed up, like a smothered fire—became visible, as it were, all at once, in spite of himself. Some time in the year 1767, or 8, he was in this country, acting as agent for some of our Transatlantic possessions. The troubles had already begun, there. One day, he went before the Privy Council, as agent, with a petition from the assembly of Massachusetts ; or, more carefully speaking—one day, when a petition from the provincial assembly of Massachusetts-Bay, already presented by him, was taken up. He was treated with great indignity—insulted—grossly abused, by the Solicitor General, Wedderbourne. He bore it without any sign of emotion. All eyes were upon him. No change, or shadow of change, went over his face. His friends were amazed at his forbearance. They wondered at his equanimity—they were almost ready to reproach him for it. Such untimely self-command could only proceed from indifference to the great cause—or—so they thought—from a strange moral insensibility. On his way from the place of humiliation, they gathered about him. He stopped—he stood still—his manner—look—voice—were those of a man *who* has quietly concentrated every thought, every hope, under heaven—all his energies—upon a single point. “HIS MASTER SHALL PAY FOR IT,” said he, and passed on.

The other circumstance grew out of the same affair. As a mark of especial consideration, for the Privy Council, the Doctor appeared before them, in a superb dress, after the court fashion of the time. He wore it bravely—he looked uncommonly well in it. Finding, however, that his courtly garb, thus chosen, thus worn, had been of no avail, as a refuge or shelter, to him; that, on the contrary, it had only made him a better mark, and exasperated his adversary; that, worse than all, his considerate loyalty had been misunderstood for a piece of dirty adulation; or, worse yet,—for a piece of wretched foppery—he went, on leaving the Council, straightway home; threw the dress aside; and, from that hour, *never wore it again*, till the day, on which he went, with full power, into the court of the Bourbons, *to sign the treaty between France and America—the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!* What must have been his feelings!—That paper gave the death-blow to British dominion over the western world. It was done—the threat was accomplished: Franklin was at peace with himself: the majesty of Great Britain *had paid*—bitterly paid, for the insolence of the Solicitor General.

It was while preparing himself, on this very occasion, for his appearance at Versailles, among the pride and flower of the French nobility, that a little circumstance occurred, which the Doctor was fond of relating, all his life, as finely characteristic of the French temper—full of resource—full of apology, such as it is—never to be taken by surprise.

He had ordered a fashionable court-wig to be made for the occasion; desiring Monsieur le Perruquier, whatever else he did (for the Doctor had already heard something of these encombrances)—whatever else, to make it large enough. The wig was brought home, at a very late hour: nothing could be more stately, “superb,” or “magnificent.”—But when he came to try it on, the Doctor—otherwise the patient—found it insupportably tight. He complained: Monsieur le

Perruquier bowed. He remonstrated—grew red in the face; Perruquier bowed again. “It is too small, sir—too small entirely,” said Franklin—“altogether too small, sir.”—“*Après tout*,” answered Monsieur le Perruquier, cutting a light pigeon-wing before the Doctor—“*Après tout, Monsieur, ce n'est pas la perruque, qui est trop petite; c'est la tete, qui est trop grosse.*”—The Frenchman, with all his politeness, however, did not say, or think of saying—*c'est la tete, qui est trop grande*. If he had, perhaps the Doctor would have borne the headache more quietly.

But enough. Turn we now to his PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS. These are plain, downright, sensible papers, wherein all the world may see, that nothing is done for display; nothing for effect; nothing, without a serious consideration. The Doctor lays down, throughout, no proposition—strongly—positively—unless where he is justified by his own repeated, personal experience. He takes nothing for granted; he simply records the progress of his own experiments; putting his queries modestly—never flying off into hypothesis—and reserving his conjectures, for their proper place—a memorandum-book. It is gratifying to follow such a man; to observe his holy caution—his awful regard for truth, whatever may come of it—his faculty of explanation, which, half a century ago, when most of the subjects, upon which he wrote, were little understood, made whatever he thought as intelligible to other men, as if they themselves had also thought it.

In electricity, his bold, adventurous course of experiment, cannot be overpraised. It was unspeakably daring—sublime. It led, in every part of the globe, to fearless inquiry; a more intrepid zeal; a more peremptory mode of interrogating the dangerous elements:—it led, in short, every where, to noble adventures; brave experiments; rational doctrines; useful discoveries:—and, after seventy years of jealous, continual examination, has obtained, except in a few

particulars, for *his* theory—that of the self-educated American—a decided, open, almost universal preference among the philosophers of Europe.

To Franklin we owe the *knowledge*, that electricity and lightning are similar. He proved it; showed others how to prove it; and formed, without assistance, thereupon a scientific theory, which continues, of itself, to explain the principal phenomena of thunder-storms, lightning, and electricity. It had been suspected, before, by the Abbe Nolet; but, in throwing out his conjecture, the Abbe, himself, attached no value to it; and, without a question, had no idea of any method, by which the truth of it could be shewn. It was only one of those accidental vague thoughts, continually to be met with in the works of brilliant, flighty men, for whom the world are claiming the honour of all our discoveries—all our inventions—all our improvements—one after the other, as fast as they appear; as if to imagine were the same as to invent, or make:—as if to dream were to demonstrate;—as if to talk, without knowing why, of an idle, strange possibility, were to establish a great, useful truth:—as if a poet were a mathematician:—as if a writer, who may have said a century ago, on seeing the top of a tea-kettle forced off, or a coffee-pot nose explode in the fire—that, after a time, the smoke of water might be turned, *perhaps*, to account—were to have the credit, now, of our great steam discoveries:—nay, as if we ourselves, who, in our soothsaying capacity, now whisper, that, *perhaps*, the time will come, when star-light will be for sale in the jewelry-shops; put up, in lumps of crystal, for the rich—in plebeian glass, for the poor; when there will be turnpikes over the sea; when butterfly dust will be in common use among the miniature painters: when the better half, in truth, of all mankind, will be forever on the wing—each in her airs, literally, all the day long, in good weather—ostrich plumage at her back, instead of her head

—more flighty than ever—not merely coquetting, but *angelicising* with men—floating and flying literally; not figuratively:—when—but we pass over the elixir of life—the philosopher-stone—perpetual motion—the art of navigating the skies in soap or silk bubbles:—As if we, by reason of two or three audacious conjectures, were to have the credit hereafter, of all the discoveries that may be made in the matters or things, whereabout we have been gossiping.

To Franklin we owe the first idea of the *plus* and *minus*; or, in other words, of the *positive* STATE of electricity, and of the *negative*. M. Du Faye had previously seen a type, or shadow of the truth, in the two KINDS of electricity, which he called vitreous and resinous: but, instead of pursuing the inquiry, or urging others to pursue it, he threw by his original idea, as erroneous. It fell into neglect. Franklin took it up anew, pursued it; obtained a result, which enabled him to solve a multitude of problems—that of the Leyden jar, among others—which had puzzled, for a long time, all the schools of Europe. This discovery, by the way, is claimed for Dr Watson. A single fact will show, with what propriety. The paper of Dr Franklin is dated July 11, 1747: that of Dr Watson, Jan. 21, 1748.

To Franklin, moreover, do we owe the consummation of proof respecting the sameness of electricity and lightning. He had previously discovered (what has been claimed for T. Hopkinson; but upon what grounds we do not know) the power of points upon electric matter. The first experiment, on Dr Franklin's plan, was made, in 1752, at Marley, near Paris, under the direction of M. d'Alibard. About a month after this, Franklin obtained a like result, in Philadelphia, by using a kite.

So, too, the discovery of *ascending* thunder has been claimed for the Abbe Bertholon, whose paper was published in 1776. Franklin's letter declaring the fact, and accounting for it, is dated in September, 1753.

After this, followed a series of minor discoveries ; experiments ; and explanations of electrical phenomena ; for most of which Dr Franklin has now full credit over Europe ; and if he had not, here is no place—this is no time—for doing justice to all parties.

Pass we on, therefore, to his POLITICAL ESSAYS ; merely remarking, by the way, that while he was ransacking the skies ; meddling with government ; plucking down, literally, the thunders of both upon his head ; he found leisure, with a few hints, to get up a set of musical glasses : to invent a stove, now in general use throughout America : to construct his lightning rods : give laws for swimming, which are inestimable ; establish a plan for libraries, which has been followed every where :—“ &c. &c. &c.”

The political papers of Dr Franklin are worthy of great praise. They are profound, comprehensive, statesman-like. He saw, with a clear eye, the policy of nations ; foretold, with surprising accuracy, certain great political changes, which took, and are taking place. By his “ Canada pamphlet,” he mainly contributed, while the elder Pitt was minister, to provoke that magnificent, bold enterprise, which ended in the complete, and perpetual overthrow of the French power, throughout all North America.

We have good reason to believe that he had a share in Paine’s powerful book,—“ The Rights of Man.” He had, also, the hardihood, in 1785, when the whole coast of his country, from Georgia to Maine, was ready to swarm out with privateers, at a day’s notice, in case of war ; when the United States of America had no navy ; and, of course, no means of annoyance *but* privateers—to come out openly—denounce privateering ; and call it, in so many words, little better than piracy. A word of this, while passing.—Mr Munroe, and other leading political men of the United States, have begun to talk the same language—wherefore, a hint or two for them, before it is too late. Make war upon private property any where, at

sea, or on shore ; and *private* property will immediately become a species of *public* property. It will belong no more to individuals—but, altogether, to communities. Every capture will be the loss of some insurance company. The loss, therefore, will come upon the whole nation, without working the destruction of individuals who are helpless. It is, therefore, not so much a question of humanity, in a time of warfare—whether you will, or will not, assail private property—whether you will, or will not, spare the merchant, as it is of sound policy. The true question is this, for every people : are we—taking all the mischief into view—are we to gain or lose by privateering ?—A cowardly, cruel, piratical temper, is generated by it : property acquired by lawless adventure, is pretty sure to be wasted in debauchery or extravagance : great mischief—great profligacy—great interruption to the sober productive habits of a people, are likely to follow :—Privateersmen are a species of pirate. Granted—granted. But, after all, if you have no other way of defending yourself—no other way of driving your adversary to terms—why not let loose even the pirate upon him ? or—why restrain the pirate ? Self-preservation is the first law of nature. The enemy of *your* enemy is your friend—so far.

Doctor Franklin was a bold advocate for the Indians ; at a time, when they had hardly another white advocate upon the whole earth. He wrote in their behalf, like a philosopher—like a man—like a Christian. Some of his opinions, by the way, may be found in several of our *late* works—(very *late*, some of them)—upon the N. American savages. *Vide* Hunter’s Narrative, Colburn’s Magazine, &c. &c.

Till of late, it has been a habit with all the white Americans, to abuse and belie their copper-coloured brethren. Up to the time of Dr Franklin, this habit was universal. After him, followed Ramsay, with a voice, like that of a trumpet, in their behalf ; Irving, (see Knickerbocker—Introd.) with a brave, manly heart—a steady look—

and a powerful arm—but only for a few hours; Neal, who has never sheathed his weapon, for nearly eight years; a multitude of young writers, who are now tilting away, in behalf, not so much of the red Americans—their countrymen—as of themselves. They, the latter of these, are in the saddle, not because they understand, or care for the merits of the controversy; not because they pity the red men, or would atone for the outrage that has been heaped upon them, year after year; not because they care twopence about Indians, or any thing else—except a week or two of newspaper popularity; but because it is now the fashion to be philanthropical.

So, too, in the slave trade—Franklin shewed himself to be the same friend of humanity. A paper of his, *purporting to be* the arguments of a Barbary slave-holder, in justification of himself and others, for holding white Christian slaves in captivity—

but, in truth, *being* a fine parody upon the speech of Mr Jackson, a Georgia slave-holder, in Congress—contains a masterly refutation of the arguments generally used by the southern planters of the United States.

Moreover—if any political economist of this day, will turn to a paper of Dr F.'s; entitled "Positions to be examined:" or to another concerning "Embargoes, Corn Laws, &c."—he will be amazed, we are sure. The science of political economy, he will find, has made much less progress, than he could have believed, since the days of Benjamin Franklin.

Of his humorous essays, we have only to say, that every body has heard of them. A part of his papers have been translated into all the languages of Europe, some into Latin. His "Poor Richard," and "Whistle," are two of a multitude, which have done, we believe, incalculable good, in our language, at least.

THE MUSICAL FAMILY.

IN an age of harmony like the present, when all who have, or who have not, any pretensions to make their appearance in a musical character, are educated to be first-rate performers; when the gamut is in close attendance on the alphabet, and when Logier's short cut to knowledge bids fair to go hand in hand with the National System in our charity schools, it may appear treasonable in me to breathe an insinuation against the divine art, considered by many as a panacea for all the vexations of life, but instead of being the cure, I may safely say it has been the cause of all mine; and since complaint is ever a relief to the unhappy, I cannot longer refrain from laying open my sorrows to the compassion of the musical and unmusical readers, Mr Editor, of your valuable magazine.

I am a West Indian merchant, settled for many years in England, and my life had proceeded with uniform smoothness and prosperity, till intel-

ligence of the villainy of the agent of my estates laid me under the necessity of visiting Jamaica in person, to remedy the confusion of my affairs, which were in so complicated a state, and required such incessant watchfulness that I was forced to extend my absence to the term of two years, when I returned, with added wealth, to my wife and my three children. During my absence the letters of my wife had spoken loudly in praise of the great improvement of my offspring in all accomplishments, particularly in that of music, which I was very fond of, without pretending to much skill in it, and this intelligence gave me great pleasure. I remembered that formerly my eldest daughter, even to my unpractised ears, had seemed fearfully to murder the "Dead March in Saul," and my youngest had warbled the Mermaids' "Follow me," in a style very little likely to induce any adventurous admirer of syrens and scallop shells to accept

her invitation. I therefore imagined that I should hear these two favourite pieces performed with all due correctness; and in respect to my son, as he had scarcely begun to extract any audible sounds from the flute when I left England, I thought that if I found him master of the "Garland of Love," the "Rosebud of Summer," and "Auld Lang Syne," I should have no reason to complain of deficiency. Alas! how little did I anticipate the torrent of science and brilliancy which was to burst upon me! After the first meeting with my family was over, I was struck with an air of embarrassment which appeared in all of them when I spoke of going to my study, and which seemed scarcely accounted for by their telling me with much humility that they had converted it into a practising room while I was away. I entered it, merely expecting to find a grand piano-forte added to the usual furniture; but, alas! not a vestige remained of its former appearance; my book shelves were all taken down, my comfortable morocco chairs supplied by seats supported by sphinxes and mermaids, my Turkey carpet removed that it might not obstruct melodious sounds, and the desks secretaires, and writing-tables supplied by harmonicas, flageolets, Spanish guitars, harp-lutes, and violoncellos. I stood aghast. I could not reconcile it to my ideas of economy or common sense, how three people could have occasion for twenty instruments, unless like the celebrated performers at Sadlers' Wells, they had learned to play with their hands, mouth, and feet at once. I was speedily undeceived however, and informed they were for the benefit of such of their friends as did not bring their own instruments to their weekly concerts; at the same time they condescended to apologise for the protean transformation that my retreat had undergone, and to assure me that all my furniture and books were safely removed to one of the back attics, which I should find at least twice as comfortable, and twenty times as

airy. I was unwilling to enter into a dispute the first day of my return, therefore quietly submitted to this innovation on my rights, and began enquiring after some of my old friends and acquaintance; but the replies of my wife and daughters were so short and evasive, that I found they had seen little of them for some time. To compensate, however, for their silence on this head, they began to run over the names of many persons quite unknown to me, with whom they had lately formed intimacies, and of whom they expressed themselves in rather singular terms of praise. I was told that I should be enchanted with one lady, she had so much compass and pliability; that I should not like another so well, she was deficient in volume and modulation; that a certain gentleman ought to apply himself to Mozart, and let Beethoven alone; and that another would execute Bishop's new ballad to admiration, if he were not guilty of a defective half note in the last but one of the sixteen cadences, with which he generously ornamented it. This language was Persian or Arabic to me. I began to talk of Jamaica, its customs and habits, which I thought might prove entertaining to them, but they scarcely seemed to listen to me: and after a few enquiries about the "Ackee O" of the negroes, and the music of their marches and dances, they retired to practice a trio of Rossini's, for a concert to which they were engaged on the morrow. Left alone with my wife, I endeavoured to reason with her on the absurdity of the mania prevailing in our family; but she was already enlisted on the opposite side, and by dint of various arguments, and my own easiness of temper, persuaded me that our family was going on exactly as it ought to do; and that in a little while my attachment to music would be as strong as their own. I had plenty of opportunities of trying the truth of this assertion, for our house was perpetually filled with morning visitors, come to rehearse for the evening exhibitions, which regularly took place

either at our own house, or that of some of our acquaintance. Always wishing to accommodate myself to the habits of my company, I flattered myself that by admiring and applauding with rather more energy than I really felt, I might gain the character of a man of great taste, and a skilful judge of music; but, alas; there is a freemasonry among musical people, which I was not aware of, and I could not return the sign. I applauded in the wrong place; looked stupid when I ought to have been enraptured; asked to hear a song which had just been finished, and enquired the name of a lesson of Mozart's which was as familiar to the ears of the learned as Robin Adair or Jessy of Dumblain to those of the vulgar. In a little while I saw that I began to be considered as a very ignorant uneducated sort of a man, who occupied a place in musical society which might be better filled; and heartily did I wish that it could indeed be filled by another. Oh! the harrowing tedium of a musical evening to one of the uninitiated, the airs and lessons which have been heard fifty times before, and the clockwork murmur of applause at the same passages in them, the "bravo" which hails the singer's escape from a world of graces and cadences sufficient to produce suffocation in any ordinary throat, the hushed unbroken silence, the tiptoe stealing steps if the candles are impertinent enough to require snuffing in the midst of a performance, the reproving frown at the footman if he unfortunately enters with ices and lemonade at a critical moment, and the wave of the hand which sends him rapidly back, often to the destruction of half a dozen orgeat glasses, and to the disappointment of those who require a feast for something more than the ears. Oh! what have I not undergone on these evenings, and for what? not to cover myself with laurels, but to gain a civil sort of contempt; to be told by the lady of the house, after watching my nodding gestures for a quarter of an hour, that she is "fearful I do not

like music," and to see her receive my assurance that I am passionately fond of it with a smile of polite incredulity. Frequently, when driven from my own house in the morning by the din of rehearsal, which is much worse than performance, from the private disputes and wranglings which are then unceremoniously carried on, I have sought for peace and quietness in the far more tranquil retreat of Capel Court, and the other day returned home in tolerable spirits from having succeeded in a trifling speculation in the foreign funds. A musical party was held at our house that night, at which a celebrated public singer was expected to assist, and although I by no means approve the plan of mixing private and public performers, I was really well pleased with the person in question, whose skill, science, and tact, placed the amateurs present in a very disadvantageous light. I was just expressing my admiration (for once with sincerity) of his voice and style, when I overheard my wife whisper to a friend how amazingly fortunate she considered herself in having been able to procure him for her party at the trifling sum of fifty guineas. I am by no means an avaricious man, but this news had really the effect of an electric shock upon me. What did it avail that I should weave the web of fortune in the morning, if my labour, like that of Penelope, was all to be undone at night; my pleasure for the evening was gone. I could not admire a brilliant shake when I reflected that I paid at least half a crown for it, and every cadence seemed to me to entrap a handful of shillings and sixpences in its tortuous mazes. What provoked me the more, was that a half guinea concert ticket would have admitted me to hear the same singer, and the same airs in public, and that I paid a hundred times that sum merely for the honour and privilege of seeing him sip my own lemonade, and recline himself upon my own Grecian couch. Although not much disposed to extract amusement from the fur-

ther events of the evening, I could not help feeling some interest in watching an elderly gentleman who tottered about the rooms, and went down to supper under the weight of a cremona, which he never laid aside for a moment, and which had it been on his back instead of under his arm, would have forcibly reminded me of Sindbad's old man of the mountain. I was on the point of offering to rid him of this incumbrance, when my son whispered to me that he kept it under his eye, because a very particular friend of his in the company, equally musical with himself, would not scruple, he had reason to believe, to take the opportunity of exchanging it for one of inferior value. I sincerely pitied this "very particular friend," for being exposed to such unworthy suspicions; but my feelings did not last long, for I found that although he was scarcely permitted to cast a glance towards the precious cremona, he was allowed to pay undivided attention to his friend's handsome young wife, and was even requested by him to assist her on with her cashmere, and to hand her to the carriage, while he was busily occupied himself in wrapping his treasure in treble folds of green baize, previous to depositing it in its case. Scandal has already begun to whisper that the fair lady stands upon dangerous ground; but whether she stand or fall, I fear that while she continues to warble "Down the burn, Davie," and "We're a' noddin," with her present excellence, she will be courted and caressed by my wife and daughters. Their friendship for her is too firmly fixed to be affected by a suit in Doctor's Commons: and could be shaken by nothing less than a cough or sore throat. Time was when they had the honest scruples respecting the character of their associates, which every woman should possess; but now they weigh the advantages and disadvantages of their visitors in no scale but the chromatic one. If a lady's voice is sufficiently in all, it is no matter how much her reputation may fall below it; and if a gentleman's tones are decidedly bass, it concerns them little if his principles be so too. Such are the most serious of my grievances; but I have many minor ones which are continually tormenting me; one of them is the technical jargon which my daughters and their friends use on every occasion. The other morning, on entering my drawing-room, which was full of company, I heard them all bewailing the case of some unfortunate gentleman of their acquaintance, who had lately "dropped a note." I was so agreeably surprised at finding them discussing any subject in which I could join, that I enquired with much interest where he lost it, if he knew the number, and whether payment was stopped at the bank, when I was saluted with a general burst of laughter; and at length one of my visitors, more civil than the rest, condescended to inform me that the note said to be dropped by the gentleman in question, signified only that his voice had lost some high tones, which compelled him to take his best songs in a lower key. I was so disconcerted by the ignorance that I had betrayed, that I felt in my pocket for my snuff-box, which is my usual consolation in such cases, but I had then left it up stairs. I asked my son if he could lend me one, and he handed to me a superb gold one; on opening which, with the hopes of regaling my nose with Prince's Mixture, my eye was saluted with a variety of springs and wheels, and my ears with the tinkling sound of the Copenhagen Waltz. I must not omit to mention in this place, that on my return home, I found an excellent old family clock exchanged for one going very badly and continually out of order, but which, when it happens to be in repair, plays a few bars of a celebrated French tune every quarter of an hour, and the whole air at the close of it. How it goes, however, is of very little importance, for punctuality is one of the old fashioned virtues quite discarded by my family; since they have learnt to keep time

in their songs and concertos, they have quite neglected it on vulgar occasions, and their example is followed by others of their establishment. My shoes and boots are never brought up to my door in time, for the boy who cleans them is learning to scrape on the violin, and has just got into the overture to *Lodoiska*; the housekeeper's account book has fallen into sad confusion since she has been assisting my daughters to copy the manuscript songs of Sir Simon Semiquaver, a musical amateur of their acquaintance; and I have very serious thoughts of discharging the upper footman for idleness and neglect; but my daughters tell me they have just brought him to distinguish the class of performers whom he may interrupt by coming into a room, if he has a message to deliver, from those whom it would be high treason to disturb on any less occasion than one of life or death. And I have no right to distrust their opinion of his merits, for I heard him myself yesterday telling the butler that he meant to attend Covent Garden this winter every time that Sinclair performed, adding that his residence in Italy had "made him quite another thing." My wife partakes, as mothers are very apt to do, in the infatuation of her children. I can get her to converse on no subject but music. If I even enquire what is for dinner, I can obtain no satisfaction, although she can tell to a nicety how many covers were stipulated for by the last Italian syren, whose moderate offers were rejected by the miserly manager of the Opera House. She looks coolly on all my old friends; and the other day interrupted one of them in a long discussion on Columbian bonds, to ask when he had seen "*Don Giovanni*" last, and when he replied that he knew no one of that name, and enquired if he was a Spanish merchant, burst into a fit of laughter, which forced the poor man to make an abrupt retreat, and he has scarcely spoken to me since. My son, some years ago, chose the law as a profession, and seemed disposed

to apply to it assiduously; but law and music assimilate very badly; and Blackstone's commentaries are a dry study when compared with Moore's melodies. His clients complain that while they are detailing their cases to him, he is humming Italian airs, and that they have scarcely closed his office door before their retreating steps are pursued by the sound of his flute. This, however, is not the worst, he has lately become a passionate admirer of a celebrated female singer. He wears her miniature round his neck, wastes half his mornings in accompanying her on his flute, and attends in the green room every evening she performs; and I have been already wished joy of my future daughter-in-law with sneering irony by my city friends, and with real congratulation by such of my new musical acquaintance as consider "every qualification for making the marriage state happy," comprised in the knowledge of three instruments, and as many different styles of singing. My youngest daughter's health has been gradually falling into a very indifferent state; she unfortunately fancies herself peculiarly calculated for a bravura singer, and the "*Soldier tired*," and "*Monster, away*," have been of little benefit to delicate lungs, and an early tendency to consumption; this, however, gives her but trivial concern, she seems to think that she is additionally interesting from uniting the character of an invalid with that of an amateur. Buchanan is in her hands whenever Artaxerxes is out of them; and I have scarcely paid the guinea to her singing master, before I am called upon to present a similar sum to her physician. She has begun likewise to fancy that a winter in some warmer climate would be of essential service to her. I recommended Torquay to her, but from some of that telegraphic intelligence which I have often wondered at the facility of musical people in obtaining, she has heard that there are no musical families residing there; and notwithstanding its perpetual roses and myrtles, declares that it

would be as bad as a Siberian banishment. The south of France she objects to on account of what she is pleased to denominate the flippancy of their style of music; but unluckily she has lately met with a gentleman just returned from Venice, who has given her so delightful an account of gondolas and serenades, that she imagines a few months in the bewitching climate,

"Where maidens sing sweet barcarolles,
"And echo sings again,"

would restore her thoroughly to health. I ventured to advise her to try for a single winter the dismissal of her singing master, abstinence from the opera house, and a reasonable portion of fleecy hosiery, but she will not listen to me, and I have no resource but submission to her expensive caprice. My eldest daughter gives me still more anxiety. She once was fortunate enough to attract the attention of a young man of good fortune and good sense, but who, she told me, with much gravity, she had reason to fear was "rather lukewarm and deficient in his musical principles." He sustained an alarming shock in her opinion from falling asleep during the representation of Rossini's *Zelmira*, but put the finishing stroke to his disgrace when having accompanied her to the opera of "*Il Fanatico per la Musica*," under a promise of better behaviour, he not only kept awake, but loudly applauded it, indulging at the same time in some obscure hints that "the piece was very true to nature." This was too great an insult to be forgiven. His offended mistress quoted to him the lines beginning "The man who has not music in his soul," (the only lines by the bye I had heard her repeat from her once favourite Shakespeare for many weeks, except when singing some deplorable ditties which she calls "Illustrations of him");

and thus ended all prospects of a most respectable and desirable connexion. I have likewise reason to apprehend that her resentment was fostered by the accomplished gentleman who condescends to instruct her in singing. I have watched a most ominous interchange of glances lately, and an alarming trembling of the voice in the duet of "*La ci darem*," The Ettrick Shepherd has not mentioned a taste for music in his "*Three Perils of Woman*;" but when I look round on the numerous songsters transplanted from the orchestra and concert room into the families of my musical acquaintance, I begin to tremble at the idea of sharing neighbours' fare. My daughter, when of age, will have an independent fortune, left her by her godmother, who being no craniologist, had not discovered the organ of folly in the head of her favourite; and I already begin to fear that her sister's projected excursion to Venice will be preceded by one of her own to Scotland; and that it is not without an object in view, that she has lately begun to exchange her scientific strains for the simple airs of "*Ye Banks and Braes*," and "*Green grow the rushes O*." Such is the state of my family affairs, I find it vain to attempt at improving or redressing them, and the only prospect I have of a remedy is, that perhaps if upon application to Captain Parry and his adventurous crew, they can give me credible information of some newly discovered island, whose frozen rocks have never echoed the sound of music, and whose icicles are guiltless of vibrating to the fervour of a song, I may, on an emergency, emigrate thither, leaving discord and confusion behind me, and rejoicing to have at length found a refuge where I may pass my old age in peace and harmony.

FROM THE GREEK.

He seeks a bitter life to end, by sad and desperate deed—
He had offered up at beauty's shrine the heart which now must bleed—
The fair one oft had pledg'd her vows to him, who loved too well,—
But left him—when misfortunes came—with **GOLDEN AGE** to dwell.

MASTER AND MAN.

"Master and Man" is only one of the many Legends in a *spirited* duodecimo, entitled "*Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*," for which we are indebted, we believe, to Mr Crofton Croker, whose preceding work on Ireland obtained so much deserved popularity. These tales are told in a genuine Irish style—just as a capital story-teller from among the people would relate them. Need we add, that they are characteristic and humorous? If so, let the following answer for us :

BILLY MAC DANIEL was once as likely a young man as ever shook his brogue at a patron, emptied a quart, or huddled a shillelagh ; fearing for nothing but the want of drink ; caring for nothing but who should pay for it ; and thinking of nothing but how to make fun over it : drunk or sober, a word and a blow was ever the way with Billy Mac Daniel ; and a mighty easy way it is of either getting into or of ending a dispute.—More is the pity that, through the means of his thinking, and fearing, and caring for nothing, this same Billy Mac Daniel fell into bad company ; for surely the *good people* are the worst of all company any one could come across.

It so happened, that Billy was going home one clear frosty night, not long after Christmas ; the moon was round and bright ; but although it was as fine a night as heart could wish for, he felt pinched with the cold. "By my word," chattered Billy, "a drop of good liquor would be no bad thing to keep a man's soul from freezing in him ; and I wish I had a full measure of the best."

"Never wish it twice, Billy," said a little man in a three-cornered hat, bound all about with gold lace, and with great silver buckles in his shoes, so big that it was a wonder how he could carry them ; and he held out a glass as big as himself, filled with as good liquor as ever eye looked on or lip tasted.

"Success, my little fellow," said Billy Mac Daniel, nothing daunted, though well he knew the little man to belong to the *good people* ; "here's your health, any way, and thank you kindly ; no matter who pays for the drink ;" and he took the glass and

drained it to the very bottom, without ever taking a second breath to it.

"Success," said the little man ; and you're heartily welcome, Billy ; but don't think to cheat me as you have done others,—out with your purse, and pay me like a gentleman."

"Is it I pay you?" said Billy : "could I not just take you up and put you in my pocket as easily as a blackberry?"

"Billy Mac Daniel," said the little man, getting very angry, "you shall be my servant for seven years and a day, and that is the way I will be paid ; so make ready to follow me."

"When Billy heard this, he began to be very sorry for having used such bold words towards the little man ; and he felt himself, yet could not tell how, obliged to follow the little man the livelong night about the country, up and down, and over hedge and ditch, and through bog and brake without any rest.

"When morning began to dawn, the little man turned round to him and said, "You may now go home, Billy, but on your peril don't fail to meet me in the Fort-field, to-night ; or if you do, it may be the worse for you in the long run. If I find you a good servant, you will find me an indulgent master."

Home went Billy Mac Daniel ; and though he was tired and weary enough, never a wink of sleep could he get for thinking of the little man ; but he was afraid not to do his bidding, so up he got in the evening, and away he went to the Fort-field. He was not long there before the little man came towards him and said, "Billy, I want to go a long journey to-night ; so saddle one of my horses, and you may saddle another for yourself, as

you are to go along with me, and may be tired after your walk last night."

Billy thought this very considerate of his master, and thanked him accordingly: "But," said he, "if I may be so bold, sir, I would ask which is the way to your stable, for never a thing do I see but the Fort here, and the old thorn tree in the corner of the field, and the stream running at the bottom of the hill, with the pit of bog over against us."

"Ask no questions, Billy," said the little man, "but go over to that bit of bog, and bring me two of the strongest rushes you can find."

Billy did accordingly, wondering what the little man would be at; and he picked out two of the stoutest rushes he could find, with a little bunch of brown blossom stuck at the side of each, and brought them back to his master.

"Get up, Billy," said the little man, taking one of the rushes from him, and striding across it.

"Where shall I get up, please your honour?" said Billy.

"Why, upon horseback, like me, to be sure," said the little man.

"Is it after making a fool of me you'd be," said Billy, "bidding me get a-horseback upon that bit of a rush? May be you want to persuade me that the rush I pulled but while ago out of the bog over there is a horse!"

"Up! up! and no words," said the little man, looking very angry; "the best horse you ever rode was but a fool to it." So Billy, thinking all this was in joke, and fearing to vex his master, straddled across the rush: "Borram! Borram! Borram!" cried the little man three times (which, in English, means to become great), and Billy did the same after him: presently the rushes swelled up into fine horses, and away they went full speed: but Billy, who had put the rush between his legs, without much minding how he did it, found himself sitting on horseback the wrong way, which was rather awkward, with his face to the horse's tail; and so quickly had

his steed started off with him, that he had no power to turn round, and there was therefore nothing for it but to hold on by the tail.

At last they came to their journey's end, and stopped at the gate of a fine house: "Now, Billy," said the little man, "do as you see me do, and follow me close; but as you did not know your horse's head from his tail, mind that your own head does not spin round until you can't tell whether you are standing on it or your heels: for remember that old liquor, though able to made a cat speak, can make a man dumb."

The little man then said some queer kind of words, out of which Billy could make no meaning; but he contrived to say them after him for all that; and in they both went through the key-hole of the door, and through one key-hole after another, until they got into the wine-cellar, which was well stored with all kinds of wine.

The little man fell to drinking as hard as he could, and Billy, nowise disliking the example, did the same. "The best of masters are you, surely," said Billy to him; "no matter who is the next; and well pleased will I be with your service if you continue to give me plenty to drink."

"I have made no bargain with you," said the little man, "and will make none; but up and follow me." Away they went, through key-hole after key-hole; and each mounting upon the rush which he left at the hall door, scampered off, kicking the clouds before them like snow-balls, as soon as the words, "Borram, Borram, Borram," had passed their lips.

When they came back to the Fort-field, the little man dismissed Billy, bidding him to be there the next night at the same hour. Thus did they go on, night after night, shaping their course one night here, and another night there—sometimes north, and sometimes east, and sometimes south, until there was not a gentleman's wine-cellar in all Ireland they had not visited, and could tell the flavour of every wine in it as well—ay, better—than the butler himself.

One night when Billy Mac Daniel met the little man as usual in the Fort-field, and was going to the bog to fetch the horses for their journey, his master said to him, "Billy, I shall want another horse to night, for may be we may bring back more company with us than we take." So Billy, who now knew better than to question any order given to him by his master, brought a third rush, much wondering who it might be that would travel back in their company, and whether he was about to have a fellow-servant. "If I have," thought Billy, "he shall go and fetch the horses from the bog every night; for I don't see why I am not, every inch of me, as good a gentleman as my master."

Well, away they went, Billy leading the third horse, and never stopped until they came to a snug farmer's house in the county Limerick, close under the old castle of Carrigogunnell, that was built, they say, by the great Brian Boru. Within the house there was great carousing going forward, and the little man stopped outside for some time to listen; then turning round all of a sudden, said, "Billy, I will be a thousand years old to-morrow."

"God bless us! sir," said Billy, "will you?"

"Don't say these words again, Billy," said the little man, "or you will be my ruin forever. Now, Billy, as I will be a thousand years in the world to-morrow, I think it is full time for me to get married."

"I think so too, without any kind of doubt at all," said Billy, "if ever you mean to marry."

"And to that purpose," said the little man, "have I come all the way to Carrigogunnell; for in this house, this very night, is young Darby Riley going to be married to Bridget Rooney; and as she is a tall and comely girl, and has come of decent people, I think of marrying her myself, and taking her off with me."

"And what will Darby Riley say to that?" said Billy.

"Silence!" said the little man, putting on a mighty severe look: "I

did not bring you here with me to ask questions;" and without holding farther argument, he began saying the queer words, which had the power of passing him through the key-hole as free as air, and which Billy thought himself mighty clever to be able to say after him.

In they both went; and for the better viewing the company, the little man perched himself up as nimbly as a cock-sparrow upon one of the big beams which went across the house over all their heads, and Billy did the same upon another facing him; but not being much accustomed to roosting in such a place, his legs hung down as untidy as may be, and it was quite clear he had not taken pattern after the way in which the little man had bundled himself up together. If the little man had been a tailor all his life, he could not have sat more contentedly upon his haunches.

There they were, both master and man, looking down upon the fun that was going forward—and under them were the priest and piper—and the father of Darby Riley, with Darby's two brothers and his uncle's son—and there were both the father and the mother of Bridget Rooney, and proud enough the old couple were that night of their daughter, as good right they had—and her four sisters with bran new ribbons in their caps, and her three brothers all looking as clean and as clever as any three boys in Munster—and there were uncles and aunts, and gossips and cousins enough to make a full house of it—and plenty was there to eat and drink on the table for every one of them, if they had been double the number.

Now it happened, just as Mrs Rooney had helped his reverence to the first cut of the pig's head, which was placed before her, beautifully bolstered up with white savoy, that the bride gave a sneeze which made every one at table start, but not a soul said "God bless us." All thinking that the priest would have done so, as he ought if he had done his duty, no one wished to take the word out of his mouth, which unfortunately

was pre-occupied with pig's head and greens. And after a moment's pause, the fun and merriment of the bridal feast went on without the pious benediction.

Of this circumstance, both Billy and his master were no inattentive spectators from their exalted stations. "Ha!" exclaimed the little man, throwing one leg from under him with a joyous flourish, and his eye twinkled with a strange light, whilst his eyebrows became elevated into the curvature of Gothic arches—"Ha!" said he, leering down at the bride, and then up at Billy, "I have half of her now, surely. Let her sneeze but twice more, and she is mine, in spite of priest, mass-book, and Darby Riley."

Again the fair Bridget sneezed; but it was so gently, and she blushed so much, that few except the little man took, or seemed to take, any notice; and no one thought of saying "God bless us."

Billy all this time regarded the poor girl with a most rueful expression of countenance; for he could not help thinking what a terrible thing it was for a nice young girl of nineteen, with large blue eyes, transparent skin, and dimpled cheeks, suffused with health and joy, to be obliged to

marry an ugly little bit of a man, who was a thousand years old, barring a day.

At this critical moment the bride gave a third sneeze, and Billy roared out with all his might, "God bless us!" Whether this exclamation resulted from his soliloquy, or from the mere force of habit, he never could tell exactly himself; but no sooner was it uttered, than the little man, his face glowing with rage and disappointment, sprung from the beam on which he had perched himself, and shrieking out in the shrill voice of a cracked bagpipe, "I discharge you my service, Billy Mac Daniel—take *that* for your wages," gave poor Billy a most furious kick in the back, which sent his unfortunate servant sprawling upon his face and hands right in the middle of the supper-table.

If Billy was astonished, how much more so was every one of the company into which he was thrown with so little ceremony: but when they heard his story, Father Cooney laid down his knife and fork, and married the young couple out of hand with all speed; and Billy Mac Daniel danced the Rinka at their wedding, and plenty did he drink at it too, which was what he thought more of than dancing.

A VISIT TO THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

FEW travellers have been in Virginia without visiting that stupendous work of nature, called the Natural Bridge, over Cedar Creek, in the county of Rocksbridge. Our curiosity had been excited by the accounts of the "natives," and a party was formed for the excursion, which we resolved to make as pleasant and agreeable as possible. From Lexington (the county town) the distance is about fourteen miles, and Charles Ridley, with the three young ladies, Mr Randolph, an American gentleman, and myself, having hired a chaise of comfortable dimensions

for the day, set out immediately after breakfast on a fine morning in July, and arrived at the creek after a three hours' drive through a thickly wooded country.

Our carriage and horses were tethered at the foot of the bridge, and we prepared to ascend the arch, which rose above the waters that flowed beneath, to the height of 240 feet. The entire mass is formed of limestone, and the view of it is one of the most awful that can be conceived. At the bottom, the arch is between forty and fifty feet wide; but one of the abutments falls back

considerably, so that at the top it is not less than ninety feet from side to side. A road is formed over its surface, which is a gentle slope; and on one side a parapet of rocks allows you to approach with safety and gaze on the gulph below, whilst the other is thickly studded with trees, and slopes down to the chasm. The breadth of this sublime work of nature is said by Mr Weld to be about eighty feet, and I should think he is not far from correct; whilst its thickness is estimated at from forty to fifty. Those who have only viewed nature on a small scale, in the old world, can form but a faint idea of the impression produced by the sight of this gigantic and magnificent spectacle. We gazed upon it with awe and admiration, and when looking down from the summit, an indescribable emotion of terror was excited by the view of "the massy walls, the deep winding valley, the rushing stream, and the distant hills." A comparison of this structure, erected by the divine architect, with the pigmy edifices of man, was naturally forced upon our minds; and the durability of the one, whilst the others were rapidly falling to decay, under the corroding hand of Time,

"That aged carl, so stern and grey,"

afforded an impressive lesson to the moralist.

"Tadmor's domes and halls of state,
In undistinguished ruin lie;
Rome's proud empire yields to fate,
And claims the mournful pilgrim's sigh.

But while relentless Time impairs
The monuments of crumbling art,
This pile unfading beauty wears,
Eternal in its every part."

Having satisfied ourselves with gazing, and created an appetite by our exertions, we made preparations for partaking of a pic-nic repast. Our servant, who had acted as coachman, brought from the chaise a large hamper of provisions, containing cold pigeon and partridge pies, ham, and other delicacies, with several bottles of excellent wine. The poor fellow never

toiled so hard in his life as he did to reach the summit of the bridge with his burden; and when he had mastered the ascent, he declared that he would not undertake another such a job, no, not if we would give him the bridge to plant in his garden! This instance of the bathos convulsed us with laughter, for the plot of ground which the poor fellow termed a garden, and in which this bridge was to be set, did not exceed twenty-four feet square, and was merely a plot for sweet potatoes, the only thing he grew in it.

Our cloth was spread under a hickory tree which sprung up on the outside of the parapet of rocks I have before mentioned; and perhaps we were the first travellers who had dined beneath its shade. The novelty of our situation gave a charm to the meal, and imparted to our bosoms an indescribable sensation of delight, mixed with awe. Here we were suspended between heaven and earth, looking down upon the gulph of waters that foamed, and roared, and lashed the solid rock, in wild impotence—whilst the wide heavens formed our canopy, and the green turf our seat. The scene, though not strictly accordant, reminded me forcibly of Barry Cornwall's lines illustrating the site of the Convent of Laverna:—

"Chasms of the early world are yawning
there,
And rocks are seen, craggy, and vast, and
bare,
And many a dizzy precipice sublime,
And caverns dark as death, where the
wild air
Rushes from all the quarters of the sky:
Above, in all his old regality,
The monarch eagle sits upon his throne,
Or floats upon the desert winds alone."

There was a sense of grandeur mingled with our other feelings: we felt elevated above other men, and our minds were impressed with a fervent sense of the majesty and magnificence of the works of God.

Our meal over, as Miss Eliza Ridley possessed a fine voice, we requested her to favour us with a song,

to afford us an opportunity of witnessing the effect of the echo, which we had been told was indescribably grand. She complied, and warbled Ariel's song in the *Tempest*, "Merrily merrily shall I live now," in a style which held our senses captive, particularly when the voice of the songstress became mingled with the reverberating echoes, which had an uncommonly fine effect. Her sister Maria next sang the Rev. William Lieve's pathetic ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," and our tears being put in requisition, duets and glees followed, for upwards of two hours, and we would have remained two hours longer, if the sky had not become overcast, and given indications of the approach of one of those thunder gusts, which are so common in the summer season in the United States. James was therefore sent forward to prepare the chaise, and we followed, "singing as we went," not for want of thought, but to con-

tinue the pleasure of hearing the echoes, as long as possible.

I do not know that I ever felt so much the folly and meanness of indulging precontracted and sordid ideas, of cultivating an unsocial propensity, or of closing the avenues of our hearts to the advances of friendship, to the claims of compassion, or to the calls of sympathy, as on this occasion. *My* heart seemed to expand with the scene; and I longed to see all mankind united in one social bond of fellowship and peace.

Our chaise was soon ready, and we got in, just in time to escape a complete ducking from the rain, which for about a quarter of an hour, fell in torrents. The clouds soon after dispersed, the sun shed his departing rays in glory upon us, and we reached Lexington in time for a social cup of tea, my favourite refreshment after a journey, highly pleased with our excursion.

THE RAPTURE OF BENEFICENCE.

A FRAGMENT.

Joy ! joy, for the blessings that fate hath given,
This meritless hand of mine to bestow !
Have I footed the amaranth meads of heaven,
That flowers are springing wherever I go?

A queen rush'd out of her castle walls ;
Her step was hurried, her look was wild,
For the flames were over her stately halls,
And there stood at a casement her only child.

" I'll give to the man who will save him now,
The costliest treasures my realm has in store !"
I saw the fair boy with a fearless brow,
And I reach'd in a moment his chamber's door.

The air was black, but I thought it sweet,
For I knew the young cherub was breathing it, too ;
I laid the babe at it's mother's feet,
I beheld her clasp it, and off I flew.

She proffer'd both riches and honours great
To him who had acted that perilous part ;
But the boon, though noble, was offered too late,
I had carried a richer one home, in my heart.

A captive pined in a sickly gleam,
That showed him the toads of his dungeon-floor ;
I bade him go back in the day's broad beam,
And enter his darkling cell no more.

But I followed him softly out, to spy
 How the joy-drops down his cheek would rain,
 And to watch, as he dotingly gazed on high,
 Heaven's blue coming into his eyes again.

I saw it, I saw it ! and saw, as well,
 A wife on his neck and a child on his knee ;
 And I thought, even *then*, 't would be hard to tell
 Which was the happier—I or he.

TERROR AND MADNESS.

LUIGI and Uberto two young Romans, were brought up together at the university of Padua. On returning to their native city, they gave themselves up to the study of the fine arts ; their friendship increased to such a degree, that they acquired the name of the *inseparables* ; Luigi pursued the profession of music ; Uberto that of painting. The former had an unmarried sister who soon won the heart of his friend, and they became brothers. All that could embellish and endear existence seemed combined to augment the happiness of this estimable family. The paintings of Uberto were admired by the best judges, and the operas of Luigi were not less successful. Hortensia, the happiest of wives and sisters, became also the happiest of mothers, and made Uberto the father of two lovely children. Luigi at this time was obliged to visit Florence, to compose an opera for one of the theatres of that city ; he hesitated about quitting his friends, but a nobleman having made some advantageous offers to Uberto, they each decided to accept the several propositions. Hortensia, with her children, accompanied Uberto to Naples, whence after an absence of five or six years, they were to meet again in Rome. Every thing succeeded to their wishes, the labours of the painter were generously recompensed by a patron who knew how to appreciate his genius, and Luigi for once had nothing to urge against the liberality of managers. They agreed, by letters, to arrive in

Rome on the same day, never again to separate. Luigi arrived at the appointed time, and found every thing ready for his reception ; he waited with impatience for his kinsmen, but the day passed away, and they came not. At midnight he laid down, believing that they had been delayed by some of the ordinary accidents of travelling ; he had slept about two hours, when, awakened by a sudden noise, he rushed in haste to embrace his friends, and beheld Uberto, his hands and face covered with blood, and supported by two men. As soon as he saw Luigi, Uberto threw himself into his arms, and uttering a cry of despair, fainted away. One of the men related that Uberto, when about four leagues from Rome, had been attacked by brigands, and, deserted by his companions, had vainly sought to repel the assassins, and fell bathed in blood ; when, at the arrival of other travellers, the robbers fled. The conductor was severely wounded, and, two of his travelling companions had disappeared with the banditti, nor was any trace left of Hortensia and her children. Uberto for some time gave no other signs of life than a feeble utterance of his wife's name ; Luigi, almost as desperate as his friend, still preserved the courage which we feel at the sight of a man more wretched than one's-self in want of assistance. When Uberto recovered his senses, he recovered at the same time part of his firmness : he was young, and an Italian : youth hopes to the last, and an Italian never for-

gets the duty of revenge. He had lost a great deal of blood from his wounds, though they were not very dangerous; day and night he was calling on the names of his wife and children, and Luigi, to soothe his grief, spoke without daring to believe it, of the probability of their being one day restored to him. "Yes," replied Uberto, "we shall find them again; but when? and how? my wounds are healed, let us go in pursuit of them."

The unhappy husband sought in vain to recollect whether, during their residence in Naples, his wife had been the object of any libertine admiration, but such had been the perfect freedom of her movements, that he had no circumstances to assist such a conjecture. The travellers who came to his relief, again assured him that they could discover no traces of her; he was constantly disturbed by the most unreasonable fancies, and happiness seemed to have deserted him forever. To divert his attention from sorrow, Luigi began to prepare for the expedition; he sought, also, to revive his old love of antiquity, and believing that occupation of the body was one means of giving repose to the mind, he proposed a pedestrian excursion into the Calabrias. Thrown amongst all the wildness and grandeur of nature, they were obliged to traverse the most difficult and rarely trodden paths, to penetrate the most savage districts, along the borders of torrents, or the edge of precipices, until the desolate and sometimes sublime aspect of the scenery, began to displace in Uberto's mind the feelings of desperate sorrow for those of a wild and dreary melancholy. After several days' march, they approached the eastern coast of Italy, near the pleasant banks of the Servaro. On both sides rose up lofty hills covered with thick and extensive forests, which threw a dark and solitary gloom over the river and valley. One evening they arrived at a hunting house belonging to the King of Naples, where they were received with the most welcome

hospitality. "We shall not find her here!" said Uberto: "and why not?" replied Luigi.

The keeper of the chase, who had treated them so kindly, appeared plunged in deep grief, and his sadness did not escape the regard of Luigi. He discovered that the unhappy man had wept for the last three months over the loss of an only daughter, who had been carried off by force. The similarity of their condition brought about a reciprocal confidence between the sufferers. In the course of their conversation, Uberto learned that a troop of Calabrians had a camp not far from the ruins of Cannà, which no one was permitted or dared to approach. Thither Uberto and Luigi directed their steps. They visited the ancient *Troja* regarded as having been the key to the Appenines, and descended the mountains into the vast plains of Apulia. Near the middle of the plain lies Toggia, one of the largest towns in the Capitanata; and some twenty miles further, in Manfredonia, they reached the foot of Mount Garganus. After passing several other towns and ruins, they came to the site of the ancient Cannà. Their guide endeavoured to divert them from stopping there, saying that the roads were unsafe, that hordes of robbers took refuge in the ruins, which no traveller for years had dared to penetrate, and that during the night cries and groans were often heard to issue from the subterraneous chambers. "There was a Signor Rodolpho who dwelt in these ruins for many years, as I have heard my grandfather speak of him, and he dwells here still. There, that is he, passing along behind those stones, wrapped in a large mantle. He sees us: let us fly!"—"No," said Uberto, "go back to the town, and say that we will return tomorrow." The two friends would almost have sacrificed their lives to behold again but for a moment their lost Hortensia and her children, and something whispered to them that she might be here. They were sufficiently well

armed not to be afraid of an equal force, and against a larger one, their wretchedness, they thought might serve as a protection. The guide departed; and approaching Signor Rodolpho, they requested a lodging for the night, in order that they might visit the next day those ruins which had been rendered so famous by the exploits of Hannibal. He bade them follow him, which they did. They found him a much younger person than the guide's information led them to believe. His cheeks were covered with a copper-coloured beard, and his countenance displayed a mixture of the amiable and the ferocious, the gallant and the assassin. He pulled a cord which hung by the side of an old ruined archway, and two men in masks approaching, he said to the friends, "if you wish to remain here to-night, you must lay aside your arms, which will be restored to you in the morning." Although this proposal filled them with alarm, yet they consented, as it was too late to retreat. After they were disarmed, Rodolpho led them through several subterraneous passages, into a large, cold and damp apartment, the walls of which were covered with decayed mosaics, and in this they were to remain for the night. Rodolpho, leaving a bronze lamp behind him, wished them a good night's rest, and locked very carefully the door after him. "My brother," said Luigi, "do you suspect nothing?" "Alas! there is but one subject which occupies my thoughts: I have no fears for anything else. Let me behold them once more, and I shall die happy." "I know not whence it comes," observed Luigi, "but I have a strong presentiment that we shall behold them once more! keep up your spirits, then and when we are all in Rome again, we will talk over our present situation. This hope preserved Uberto from the alarms which otherwise would have seized him. He fancied that Rodolpho had disarmed them as a precaution for his own safety, and began to think their ap-

prehensions chimerical. Tired and sleepy, they turned to the bed before them, but, repelled by its filthiness, they set fire to some pieces of wood lying on the hearth, and resolved to pass the night in their chairs. Uberto discovered that he had omitted to give up all his arms, having retained his pistols, one of which he gave to his friend. Luigi soon fell asleep, and Uberto's thoughts wandered at large in the fields of imagination; his eyes were fixed on the hearth, when suddenly the chimney and the wall seemed to vanish from his sight. The chamber itself changed its character, and he found himself no longer in a damp and humid cell, but in a lofty spacious saloon, sparkling with a thousand lamps, and filled with preparations for a sumptuous feast. Two side doors opened, and he beheld a crowd of senators enter in all the pomp of Roman dignity, attended by young slaves, crowned with flowers, and women dazzling from their beauty and dress. They all ranged themselves silently in two files, apparently waiting for some one, when a personage, dressed in robes of purple and gold, advanced. The senators knelt to the earth, and sounds of triumphant music filled the air. Uberto thought he discovered in this person the features of Rodolpho, but the guests saluted him by the name of Cæsar, and the incestuous conduct of Agrippina convinced him that it was Nero surrounded by his court. The tyrant, extended on a couch, listened for a short time with disdain to the flatteries and beguilements of the shameless throng, till at last he arose, and approaching Uberto, said: "Young stranger, I read in your soul the astonishment excited by the re-appearance of a prince believed to be dead for so many centuries. You share, no doubt, the horrors with which my name has inspired the world; but Nero deserved not a lasting death, the gods have condemned him to live and die every day until he shall have purged away his crimes: such is the will of eternal justice! I am

condemned to live here, where the greatest enemy of Rome triumphed, long before the universe echoed with the story of my wickedness: and yet I was not cruel from my birth; but when flattery steals into the palace of a king, crime will not be far behind. Behold these courtiers!—look at my own mother who first corrupted my tender age! look at them as they appear in the view of heaven!” As he spoke the garments fell away from the crowd as if by magic, and they stood naked before him; their skins became pale and livid; their flesh dropped from their bones, and disgusting reptiles crawled over them. The assembly but a moment before so brilliant, now appeared to Uberto a collection of hideous skeletons, rattling together, and uttering the most fearful yells. “This,” said the tyrant, “is the daily spectacle offered to my sight, and the sufferings of these monsters is my only enjoyment, and such must it continue until some virtuous man shall shed my blood; this is the reason why I disarm all who enter these ruins and ask for an asylum.” Uberto, almost frozen with dread, hesitated what to do; his hand grasped the pistol, when suddenly Hortensia and her children stood before him, and said: “Will you not then deliver us?”—At these words he placed the pistol against the breast of the tyrant and fired. The whole scene, Nero with his horrid assembly of skeletons, Hortensia and her children, the lights, feasts and splendour, all disappeared. Uberto stood before the fire; his pistol was in his hand, and the room full of smoke. He called on Luigi, but Luigi was stretched at his feet a breathless corpse; he had murdered his brother and friend. From this moment his senses left him never to return, and the remainder of his life was passed in an hospital at Rome.

Of the fate of Hortensia more never was known, than that on the day the brothers quitted Rome, some fishermen had discovered the bodies of a female and two children floating in the Tiber.

MORNING.

• THERE is a parting in Night's murky veil,
 A soft, pale light is in the eastern sky;
 It steals along the ocean tremblingly,
 Like distant music wafted on the gale.
 Stars, one by one, grow faint, and disappear,
 Like waning tapers when the feast is o'er;
 While, girt with rolling mist, the mountains hoar
 High o'er the darkling glens their tops uprear.
 There is a gentle rustling in the grove,
 Though winds be hush'd; it is the stir of wings,
 And now the sky-lark from her nest up springs,
 Trilling, in accents clear, her song of love;
 And now heaven's gate in golden splendour burns—
 Joy to the earth, the glorious Sun returns!

NIGHT.

I LOVE thee when thou comest, glorious Sun,
 Out of the chambers of thy watery dwelling.
 I love thee when thy early beam is telling
 Of worlds awakened, and man's toil begun;
 I love thee, too, when o'er the western hill
 Thy parting ray in golden hue is stealing.
 For then the gush of soft and pensive feeling

Speaks to the labouring bosom, peace, be still ;
But thou art not so lovely to mine eye
At morning, balmy eve, or busy noon,
As is thy gentle sister, the pale Moon,
Which shineth now in yon unclouded sky ;
Then let me forth to drink her mellow ray ;
Who would exchange it for the gaudy day ?

LORD BYRON IN ITALY AND IN GREECE.*

THE new work of the Marquis di Salvo, "*Lord Byron en Italy et en Grèce*," takes up a subject which has been discussed by so many writers, and examined under such a variety of lights, with an originality, which shows that all of interest had not already been elicited from a theme apparently exhausted. The fact is, the Marquis has been actuated in the review he has taken of this remarkable man, and his brief and meteoric career, by motives totally distinct from those which have set in motion the pens of his several precursors in the same field : he has no social confidences to disclose ; no individual instances of familiarity to brag of ; no enemy to wound with the weapons of a dead man ; no females to persecute from society by the perpetuation of words which had better have died in the breathing : but he has a keen and inquisitive eye, which has anxiously, but candidly followed the operations of a brilliant, too often wandering mind. He has made Lord Byron his study—the good and the bright qualities which appertained to him, or which he seemed to possess, are brought forward with all the zeal of one who loves genius well enough to desire to see it coupled with virtue. Amongst the original matter in form of anecdote, with which this interesting work abounds, we select the following story :

'Lord Byron, walking one day with M. S. on the side of the Grand Canal, opposite the Shiavoni, observed two young women of the lower class, one of them tall, the other, who supported her companion, of the middle

size ; her appearance was decent, her features dazzlingly beautiful. For a moment she fixed her eyes upon the two strangers, as if to examine them ; and there was in her air something too noble and too imperious to fail in awakening the curiosity of the Poet. He has confessed himself, that he was disconcerted by it. He approached her nevertheless, and inquired her situation. "By what right do you question me ?" said she, stopping. "In the hope of being useful to you." "How ? By giving me money ? I do not ask it of you ! What has inspired you with the desire of being useful to me ? My face. But I have never made it the means of profit. When I want, I make use of my hands ; I work, and need depend on no one." This language confirmed the curiosity of Lord Byron, who immediately determined not to lose sight of this singular being. Without replying to observations too much stamped with the character of independence for him to hazard an attack on them, he asked her if she could read. The demand surprised her ; she mused a moment. "What a strange question !" she replied. "Who are you ?" "I am the Englishman who inhabits the old abbey of the Palazzo Moccenigo. "Is it you then," said she, regarding him fixedly, "who have given a pension to the family of the poor man who lost his life in saving your dog ?" These words produced considerable agitation in Lord Byron ; his emotion had a soothing effect on the pride of the young person, and as he made her no answer, she hastened to satis-

* *Lord Byron en Italie et en Grèce, &c.* ; accompagné de Pièces inédite par le Marquis de Salvo. 8vo. pp. 369. London, Paris, and Strasbourg, 1825.

fy his curiosity: "I can read," she said, "in my own language;" and she uttered these words in a tone, which betrayed the wish to expiate the fault of having awakened in him a painful remembrance. As this conversation was taking place in the street, Lord Byron closed it, by requesting her to accompany him home; and she complied. There was something very enigmatical in the expression of that young Venetian; so much hauteur of character, as, in spite of the abject state to which she was reduced, commanded and inspired a sentiment, which, if it was not respect, closely resembled it. Arrived at the Palazzo Moccenigo, Lord Byron gave orders for her suitable accommodation, he wished to rescue her from the dangers to which her situation exposed her.* When the domestic retired, Celina averting her eyes, said, "Then I must never more quit this house. Once having entered it, I have lost the right to re-appear beyond its walls." And having thus said, she followed Baptiste, nor on that day did Lord Byron see her again. "I shall never, while I live," said the noble poet, "forget the expression of her countenance when she quitted me." Lord Byron lost no time in procuring for her a complete and elegantly furnished wardrobe, anticipating her delight, which he doubted not would be excessive. What then was his astonishment, when she entered his chamber, and in a very decided tone told him she would only accept from him the most simple dress, and that he ought to beware how he offered her such finery. "It is true," she said, "that being under your roof, it is necessary I should be properly dressed, but I came hither by choice, I did not sell myself. Beyond what is strictly proper, I accept nothing. I do not wish to be adorned; I only desire to be dressed." Lord Byron mistook this for a manœuvre to obtain still more from him; and therefore, a few days afterwards, presented her with a beautiful watch. Ce-

lina snatched it from him, and threw it on the floor disdainfully, repeating, "Sir, I do not sell myself! What need have I to know the hour? I know when you go out, and when you return—for the rest, my time is my own, and why should I reckon it?" A valuable necklace, Lord Byron would fain have pressed upon her, shared the fate of the watch. "You would adorn me," she would often say; "but I am resolved to remain what I am—when I wandered in the streets I was poor, but I beheld my country, and said within myself, she is like me, why should I seek a different destiny." Celina never suffered it to appear that she was flattered either by the praises or the attentions of Lord Byron; when she entered his apartment it was always as one who knew how to be respected, and, which was somewhat singular, she never seemed disconcerted by conversation, however beyond the level of her information it might be. Lord Byron had quitted the town for a little excursion by sea beyond the Lagunes; he was not returned, the night came on dark and threatening, and a violent storm arose. Celina terrified by his absence, ran along the bank of the canal, calling on his name—the rain fell in torrents; nothing stopped her; she never felt it: at length she heard the gondoliers, she listened, and knew his voice. "It is himself," cried she; that exclamation escaped her, but instead of staying to perform a touching and brilliant scene of sighs and faintings, she flew to her chamber, changed her dress, and assumed an air of calmness. Lord Byron arrived; "Are you here?" he exclaimed, "I heard you—you called me!" "No," replied she, coldly. He could not believe her; he conceived, that as she had often heard him express horror for every species of sentimental scene, she wished to conceal from him the one she had been acting; but hers was not acting. Lord Byron at length arrived at the truth, and found that

* This is tolerably Italian!—EDIT.

Celina had not been able to resist her inquietude ; he touched her hair, it was wet—he was convinced. Perceiving herself discovered, Celina forbade him ever to utter a single word in allusion to the circumstance, and he obeyed. This woman exercised, by means of her character, a sort of magic power, and we may well believe Lord Byron was indebted to her for his aversion to the pleasures of Venice. “But for her,” said he to one of his friends, “I might have become one of the fops of the Café Florian—who knows? Perhaps even a Cicisbeo.” If the character of Celina had had in it less to excite fear, she might have fixed herself in his fancy ; but he was actually afraid of her. On one occasion, when business had obliged him to be for a few days absent, his surprise may be imagined, when, on his return, he found this woman, Celina, an individual taken from the lower class, seated at the desk, surrounded by his letters, the seals of which she had broken, and which she was employed in reading. He was speechless with astonishment ; she was perfectly calm : he could scarcely contain his indignation ; she regarded him with cold indifference. Lord Byron felt quite baffled by conduct so unexampled, and was at a loss how to express himself in this unwonted predicament. Celina, meanwhile, continued unperturbed ; she did not consider herself to blame, and without the least agitation, told him, that attached as she was to him, no secret *ought* to exist between them. “But you read En-

glish.” “The day after I came to you, I procured a grammar, and have employed the periods of your absence in taking lessons from your domestic. It is necessary I should be acquainted with your language, since, so long as I was ignorant of it, you could be for me little more than a stranger. All my occupations have one only end, that of being able to read what you write, and to comprehend what you say to others, and what others say to you. Tell me if I understand this letter ;” and she began to translate one of which she had broken the seal, to prove to him her progress. From that moment Lord Byron became terrified in examining the results to which such a character might lead—he had the weakness to apprehend a tragical *denouement*, and the strength to separate himself from her : he has since said, that “Celina was the only woman he had ever met, capable of commanding a man, and of making him tremble.” They have her portrait at Venice, and the name of Fornaretta is given to it. The anecdote is related, because by the acknowledgment of Lord Byron, Celina had some influence in deciding his departure from Venice.’

We can securely recommend this volume as one of both amusement and interest ; a little sentimentality ; a little straining after effect, occasionally mark the foreign writer ; but as a whole, we doubt whether it will not bear a comparison with any English works as yet published on this very attractive subject.

THE FALLEN STAR.

A STAR is gone ! a star is gone !
There is a blank in Heaven !
One of the cherub-choir has done
His airy course this even.

He sat upon the orb of fire
That hung for ages there :
And lent his music to the choir
That haunts the nightly air.

But when his thousand years were past,
With a cherubic sigh,
He vanish'd with his car at last,—
For even cherubs die.

Hear how his angel-brothers mourn,
The minstrels of the spheres !
Each chiming sadly in his turn,
And dropping splendid tears.

The planetary Sisters all
Join in the fatal song,
And weep their hapless brother's fall
Who sang with them so long.

But deepest of the choral band
The lunar Spirit sings,
And with a bass according hand,
Sweeps all her sullen strings.*

From the deep chambers of the dome
Where sleepless Uriel† lies,
His rude harmonic thunders come
Mingled with mighty sighs.

The thousand car-bound cherubim,
The wandering Eleven,
All join to chant the dirge of him
Who fell just now from heaven.

RURALIZING.

Your jays and your magpies may chatter in trees,
And whisper soft nonsense in groves if they please;
But a house is much more to my mind than a tree,
And for groves—Oh! a fine grove of chimnies for me.

SHENSTONE was certainly a pretty pastoral writer, and Thomson's Seasons are delightfully rural; but for my part, give me Captain Morris, he was the poet after my own heart, united *judgment* with genius, and with him I exclaim, again and again, "Oh! a fine grove of chimnies for me!"

You must know, gentle reader, that I am a downright cockney, yea, thorough and legitimate, strictly born within sound of Bow bells, and most substantially convinced, in defiance of all conviction, that London is the largest, the richest, the best built, the most convenient, the most civilized, the most salubrious, the most—in short, the only place in the world! and any one wearing indispensables, who dares to contradict me, (provided it be a *single* person, I war not with the fair sex,) I hereby challenge to single combat, and have accordingly left my name with the publisher, who has most obligingly consented in such a case to be my second. I am persuaded no half-pay officer can detest the sight of his tailor's bill more than I do the green fields, and I have no hesitation in affirming that I would rather vegetate in the closet court in the Temple all the dog-days, than luxuriate in all the pomp and circumstance of Highland costume, and

mountains of heather, forests of fir, foaming cataracts, the Tomb of Claverhouse, and the Cave of Fingal. Yes, such, O ye Caledonian Society! is *my* taste, and such likewise was the taste of the great Samuel Johnson, I glory in proclaiming it!

I am a bachelor also. Heaven be praised for all things!—and as I detest the restraints and annoyances incurred by residing in a lodging house, or a family, especially where there are children, I have for the last fifteen years constantly lived in chambers. It is true, it might have been otherwise, but Miss Belinda Blubber—Heaven be praised, as I said before, for all things! thought proper to refuse me, and I have been remarkably obliged to her ever since. She made poor Bonus a happy man soon after, and I have the inexpressible satisfaction to know that he has been, as Sir Peter Teazle expresses it, "the most miserable dog ever since."

With such ideas, such prejudices, I don't know how it was, but certain it is, that about three months ago, I was ass enough to accept an invitation to a friend's in Cumberland, a married man, mark ye! with a plentiful family, who vowed he would take no excuse; that I had long promised to favour him, and that he was delighted in the assurance that I should

* In the music of the spheres, the moon is said to contribute the gravest and most sonorous part of the harmony.

† Uriel,—the angel of the sun:

find myself so exceedingly happy in his little *Paradise*, as he called it, as to be induced to prolong my visit. Happy, ye groves of the Temple! ye bowers of single blessedness! Happy two hundred and eighty long miles from your bewitching shades! The idea was sacrilege! and sufficiently punished was I for following it.

But to proceed. After a most fatiguing and tiresome journey in the mail, during which, by the bye, it rained incessantly, and I was opposed to a Colonel in the Life Guards, whose unconscionable long legs annoyed me exceedingly, I arrived at my destination. Now, as I never take people by surprise, as well for their convenience as my own, I had apprized my friend of the precise hour he might expect me, hinting at the same time, that after I had made my *toilette*, a comfortable nick-nack or two, with a bottle of his best bee's wing, would not be particularly unacceptable.—Vain precaution! my letter lay unopened on the table of the most cheerless apartment I ever entered, my friend had been from home these two days, was not expected until morning, and, as the devil would have it! had the key of the cellar in his pocket. His wife, however, in a most deplorable *deshabille*, at length made her appearance, and after a thousand apologies for the pickle I had caught them in, informed me it was *washing day*! that there was nothing in the house, and that the butcher lived six miles off. However, she would do the best she could, and ordering a slipshod Abigail to show me into a room, where there was neither water, towel, nor soap, left me to contrive ways and means—for a guest I could easily perceive she wished at the Antipodes, for disturbing them so unseasonably. I shall not expatiate on the repast which followed. Few are ignorant of the delights of a family dinner in the suds' season. I shall merely observe that there was a stained table cloth, second-hand mutton, cape madeira, no port, and nine noisy urchins, ye gods! by way of desert. Well! of all annoyances, sure

the most annoying is the absurd custom of introducing children after dinner. At such a period their ways are to me any thing but winning. Their presence is a bar to all conversation, and one is forced by complaisance to notice the little wretches, when oftentimes—God forgive me!—But as I said before, I am a bachelor, and heaven be praised for all things!

The next morning, as expected, my friend returned; and after expressing his regret for being so unseasonably absent, and giving me a most cordial welcome, proposed, as the day was fine, that we should stroll to a neighbouring mountain, and enjoy the scenery. It was but seven miles, and though the road was somewhat of the roughest, and the ascent a little difficult, yet it was richly worth the trouble. Accordingly, off we set, scramble, scramble—now up precipices, now through brambles, at one time leaping a torrent, at another clinging to a furze bush, and all beneath the scorching influence of a meridian sun. At length, panting with heat, with an awkward aperture in the seat of my nankeens, and one foot tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, we reached the wished for summit, and were about to reap the reward of our exertions in the enjoyment of a *coup d'œil*, which my friend assured me was universally admitted by all connoisseurs in the picturesque to be surpassingly sublime. May be so. I had no opportunity of judging. Ere we could cast eyes around, a dingy cloud enveloped us, and instantly bursting, soaked us to the skin. This to a rheumatic subject was no joke. I by no means considered a shower bath administered in a glowing perspiration as a judicious prescription, and fearful of the consequences, immediately began to descend. In vain my companion opposed me, in vain protested it was clearing, and that in a few minutes the scene would burst upon us with double splendour from the effect of contrast. I persisted in returning, and on reaching my chamber, tossed off a bumper of *cu-*

racoa, and instantly went to bed, most particularly wishing all prospects at the devil, and my friend there to enjoy them. And here I swear by Gog and Magog! the giants of St Dunstan! the Grasshopper of Cornhill! and the Dragon of Bow! that while there are panoramas, dioramas, cosmoramas, naturamas, or any other *amas*, I will never go beyond the bills of mortality again to behold the finest prospect in the universe!

The effects of this cruel expedition confined me for a week. Mercy upon us! what drenchings did I undergo!—what “never ending still beginning” slops did I swallow! One would have thought my body the Augean stable, and my apothecary Hercules, who turned a river through it. This rascal, whom I grievously suspect to be a horse doctor, was determined to make the most of me, and what with powders, draughts, and boluses, aided by the ever ready broths, wheys, and gruels of my indefatigable hostess, I began to think in sober earnest that perpetual motion was discovered. Would this had been my sole annoyance! But unfortunately my friend took it into his head that I should be low-spirited without society, and notwithstanding my assurances to the contrary, persisted in giving me as much of his company as possible. Heavens! to what everlasting details was I obliged to listen! all about dogs, and horses, and ploughing matches, and vestry meetings! Subjects as interesting to me as craniology to an Esquimaux. At night, too, just as I had recovered my exhaustion of spirits, and had lost my sorrows in a refreshing slumber, so sure was I to be disturbed by the squalls of the infant in the nursery adjoining; these awoke the rest of the urchins, who sympathetically joined in chorus, and in the concert that followed, at which the great dog in the yard invariably assisted, I would have defied Morpheus himself, after a double dose of poppy water, to have “steeped his senses in forgetfulness.”

But health and aggravated miseries awaited me. We were invited, on my recovery, to take a family dinner at a neighbouring gentleman's. We were to come early, to make a long day of it, and as we had some distance to go, off we set, soon after breakfast, my hostess with two of the children and myself wedged into the whisky, while her *sposa*, on a superb hunter, full of spirit, and action, and with difficulty held in, curvetted by our side. We had not proceeded far, when one of the wheels, I forget which it is called, the *near one*, or otherwise—no great matter—it was on the right looking towards the horses, by some accident or other, suddenly encountered a post: a circumstance which so alarmed the lady, and gave her so bad an opinion of my skill in driving, that she instantly insisted upon my changing places with her husband, or she was certain the poor dear little ones would be killed. To vacate my seat I had no objection, to mount Plantagenet an insuperable one. To be sure I had sported equestrian before; but then it was either on a donkey at Brighton, or a hack at Hastings, very different style of animals, let me tell you, to Plantagenet. Plantagenet! What a name! There was something appalling in the very sound of it! Accordingly, after resigning the reins to my friend, I seized my Bucephalus by the bridle, and keeping him at a respectable distance, prepared to trudge it. But to this my companions would by no means consent. A visitor, and suffered to walk! The thing was impossible! perfectly inadmissible! I must either ride, or positively they would all keep me company. So finding resistance would be unavailing, and in all probability betray my fears, I even put a bold face upon the matter, and placing my foot in the stirrup, mounted the saddle, alas! with about much the same sensations, I suspect, as a criminal does the gallows. Oh! fatal step! Oh! climax of temerity! Even now, when I reflect on its degrading consequences my blood burns with indignation, and

my cheeks with shame. Oh! why did I—surpassing ass that I was!—quit my comfortable chambers, all their joys, conveniences, and luxuries! my morning paper, my protracted breakfast, my delicious idleness, my evening steak, my iced sports!—My chair too, my easy chair, that invention of inventions! within whose swan's down embraces even kings might sink, and amid the respected solitude of sported oak, repose, and dream of heaven! But I forget, I am at present sixteen hands and a half high, perched upon this cursed quadruped, more unmanageable than the Bonassus, and foaming at the mouth—heaven defend us! like a pot of porter.

I had scarcely attained this unwished for elevation, when, as some Zamiel willed it, a view-hollo struck on my affrighted ear, and in a few minutes the fox, followed by the leading hounds, and huntsmen, appeared in the ploughed field on our right. To clear the hedge, and dart among the foremost, was with Plantagenet the work of a moment, and in an agony of fear, with my hands mechanically fixed on the mane, and my heels insinuated into the poor animal's sides, I was soon borne beyond all competition, though not, alas! before the master of the hunt, enraged at my apparent presumption, had bestowed a hearty cut with his whip on my unfortunate *corpus*, as it passed him. I must decline further particulars. Any one in the neighbourhood of Keswick can narrate them. Indeed, I am given to understand that a certain Lake Poet, remarkable alike for his simplicity and pathos, is now

actually employed on the subject, and will, I have great hopes, in a few weeks favour us with a fresh excursion, which will, of course, in a considerable degree console me for my disgrace. Suffice it, after swimming three rivers, clearing a double hedge, to the unspeakable astonishment of a location of gipsies beneath, and dashing through a crowded market place, to the utter discomfiture of divers ducks, pigs, and old women, I was at length safely deposited, to my inexpressible satisfaction, in the welcome embraces of a horsepond.

Illustrious Gilpin! connubial Truncheon! and thou devoted *sufferer* of Brentford! say! can *your* exploits compete with this?—No, no, I know, I feel that I am the very bathos of the ridiculous, the ass of asses! Amid shouts of laughter, insulting pity, and ironical congratulation, I sneaked to an adjoining inn, and after inditing a hasty epistle to my friend, and consigning the unconscious cause of my misfortune to the care of my landlord, shot into a chaise by the back door, and in eight and forty hours reached London.

City of cities! paragon of paragons! Emporium of all that is great and good, and joyous and magnificent, the abode of luxury, and monopolizer of enjoyment, all hail! Welcome, thrice welcome is thy bilious atmosphere! I venerate the sooty smack of it. It steals over my delighted senses like “the sweet south,” and if ever again I break thy halcyon bounds, may a slutish wife, thirteen children, and a *cottage ornee* on the wrong side of Tyburn turnpike, be my portion.

THE WHITE WOLF.

FROM THE “MAGIC RING” OF DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

IN the remote northern land of our Teutonic brethren, called Sweden, there still exist many tribes immersed in heathenish idolatry, and exposed to the influence of the blackest witchcraft. This is more espe-

cially the case with those dwelling on the borders of Finland; since their neighbours know no better than to invoke spirits and demons, and to imprecate on their enemies all kinds of evils, both of body and soul, in

the most fearful terms. Just upon the Finnish confines lies a roundish hill, covered, on the Swedish side, with thick underwood, and on the other by an impenetrable, dismal forest of pines, which grow so thickly, that the smaller birds can hardly wing their way through the closely interwoven branches. At the foot of the hill, on this side, stands a chapel, containing the image of the holy St George, which is stationed there in the desert as a protection against these miserable blind Pagans; on the other side, at the foot of the pine forest, are the huts of some fearful magicians, and there is also a cavern which leads deep into the bowels of the mountain, and, as it is said, is an entrance to the fiery gulphs of hell itself.

The few Swedish Christians, who live in that far country, thought it needful to have, besides the powerful protection of the saint, against their malicious neighbours, a bold and manful guardsman; and for this purpose, they chose, for the especial service of the holy St George, and as an inhabitant of the chapel hermitage, an old and far-famed warrior, who had in his age become a monk. When this devout man went to inhabit this desolate abode, his young and gallant son persisted in accompanying him: he watched with him, prayed with him, and could no more be persuaded to quit his side than when on the battle-field. Thus they led a right holy and edifying life.

It happened once, as the young man went forth on the hill to get wood, taking with him for that purpose a sharp axe, besides his trusty sword—for, on account of the numberless fierce and wild animals that were to be found in these woods, the two warriors had obtained permission from our holy church to bear still their knightly weapons—he was passing through the thickest part of the underwood, and already saw the dark tops of the pines rearing themselves over the summits of the bushes—so near was he to the boundary—a large white wolf rushed out of an

adjacent thicket towards him so furiously, that he could only just spring on one side, and, as he had not time to draw his sword, he hurled his axe at the beast. His aim was fortunate, and the wolf with his fore-foot nearly crushed, fled, howling, back again into the wood. The young soldier, however, thought to himself, “it is not enough that I am preserved, it is my duty to prevent any one else from being injured by this creature, or even from being frightened by it.” He therefore immediately sprang through the thicket, and on overtaking the creature, he struck a blow with his sword so strongly and so surely on its head, that it fell moaning to the ground; but he no sooner saw the success of his stroke, than he felt a sudden and a strange compassion in his heart for the wounded beast, and, instead of despatching it, he raised it from the earth, bound up its wounds with moss and twigs, and even carried it home with him to his hut, in the hope that he should succeed in restoring it, and finally, by kindness, render it domestic.

On his return, he found his father from home, and with the greatest anxiety he laid his strange burden upon his own mossy couch, which had at the foot the figure of the patron-saint cut in the wall, and went immediately to the hearth of the humble dwelling, to prepare a healing salve for the wound of the unfortunate animal. While he was thus occupied, it seemed to him as though he heard a human voice uttering a distinct moan from the bed behind him; and great was his astonishment on turning towards the place to see a beautiful young virgin in the place of the wolf! The damsel had a deep sword-wound in her forehead, from which the blood was streaming through her golden locks; while her right arm, so fair and delicate, lay stretched by her side motionless, as disabled by her axe.

“For mercy’s sake, I pray you,” said she, as he approached her, do not kill me quite; the little life you

have left me is dreadful enough, and cannot last long, yet still it is a thousand times better than death." The young man knelt weeping by her couch, and she told him that she was the daughter of a magician on the other side of the mountain, who had sent her, transformed into a wolf, to gather herbs for his charms; that she had obeyed with fear and reluctance. "Then thou crushedst my arm," continued she, writhing as she spoke, "and yet I did not mean thee any evil." How she had been restored to her own form she knew not; but to the young hero it was clear, that the proximity of the saint's image must have dissolved the enchantment.

While the son was kneeling by her side, and endeavouring to soothe her fear, the father returned to the hut, and was soon given to understand what had happened. He, also, perceived that the heathen maiden had been disenchanted out of her wolf's form by the saint; and that his son, in return, was but too much bewitched already by her beauty. From that time he devoted his whole attention to effect her spiritual cure, whilst the young soldier watched over the restoration of her health with the most anxious fondness; and, as both succeeded to the utmost of their wishes, it was resolved that the lovers should marry and return together to the world.

The maiden having perfectly recovered, the day for her solemn baptism and subsequent marriage was fixed, when the youthful pair wandered together, one fine summer evening, into the wood. The sun was still high in the heavens, and shone so warmly through the stems of the beech trees on the green grass, that, not wearied by their walk, they determined to prolong it and to penetrate still further into the forest. The bride related to her betrothed the adventures of her early life, and sang some songs which she had learned in childhood. They were sweet and melancholy, and though many of them appeared idolatrous and heathenish to her lover, he could not

resolve to ask her to desist; first, because every thing she did was dear to him, and then she sung so sweetly, and so clearly, that the whole wood seemed to rejoice in the sound of her voice. At length he perceived the black tops of the fatal pines, and expressed a desire to return, that they might avoid approaching nearer to that detested territory; but his bride replied, "My dearest heart, I pray you let us go nearer, I would fain see once again the spot where thou woundedst me in the head and arm, and madest a captive of me, to work a holy cure both of body and mind—we must be now near the place." While searching in every direction for the spot, it became quite dark—the sun had set, and as the moon arose, the lovers stood close upon the fatal boundary, if not even a little beyond it; and sorely was the bridegroom alarmed, when he felt his cap struck off his head by the branch of one of the pine trees, as he walked beneath them. Suddenly, every thing around became animated; multitudes of owls, goblins, sprites, witches, gnomes, and other forms still more appalling, which the lover perceived without knowing whence they came, danced a fearful dance; and after some time, during which the maiden had been looking on, she set up an eldritch laugh, and mingled in the insane circle. In vain did her poor lover pray and beseech her to return. She regarded him not, and mingled only so much the more in the profane throng, till he could no longer distinguish her; and in his endeavours to seize her hand to draw her away, he found that he had taken hold of a frightful hag, who straight wound her grey and broad veil around him and frustrated his efforts to disentangle himself, while several gnomes seized him by the arms, and endeavoured to draw him down with them into the black abyss below. Fortunately, however, he had time to cross himself, and to call on the name of our Saviour; and, instantly, the fantastic group fled in all directions with yells

and shrieks, and he found himself, on recovering, on the Swedish side of the frontier, under the shade of the copse wood, preserved from their malice ; but his intended bride had disappeared with the fiends, and vain were all his efforts to recover her. Often did he come to the frontier line and call on her, and with tears beg her to return, but she heeded him not. Frequently did he see her glide among the stens of the pines, as though engaged in a chace, but ever accompanied by hateful forms and monsters, and she herself wild and distracted in her appearance.

From that time, day by day, he became more and more silent. He at length ceased to seek for her, and the only answer he gave to any question that was put to him, was "She is gone up into the hill there;" so little did he seem to be conscious of any thing in the world, except the loss of his beloved. Overcome by his grief, he at last pined to death. His father,

at his dying request, dug him a grave on the spot where he had first seen and last been torn from his mistress ; and during the old man's labour, he had sorely to strive, now with the cross and prayers against the evil spirits of the place, and now with his sword against the wild beasts of the wood, which were set on him by the accursed magicians ; but he ultimately triumphed over all their efforts, and effected his object. It seems as though the unhappy bride had, after the burial of her devoted lover, begun to mourn the loss of one she had so cruelly forsaken ; for often, down in the vale, a wild howling and mournful cry, as of wolves, arose from the spot ; but amidst the noise a human voice could be distinguished clearly. I myself, in the long and dark winter-nights, have often heard it, while on duty near the place ; and with mingled feelings of grief and horror, I have blessed the power that preserved me from the mournful fate of this faithful and unhappy lover.

ST JAMES'S PALACE.

ST JAMES' PALACE was originally an hospital, founded by some pious citizens before the conquest, and designed for fourteen leprous maids, who desired to lead a godly life, and for eight brethren to read holy service to them. This loathsome disease was brought into England by pilgrims who resorted to the Holy Land, previous to the Crusades. Henry IV. is said to have retired to a house, formerly belonging to King John, at Deptford, whilst under cure of this disgusting complaint ; but a late author, Gough, discredits the story, which he affirms to be an invention of the monkish writer of the life of Archbishop Scroope, who says, this was a judgment for the condemnation of this venerable prelate, without trial. The tale, whether true or false, proves the great prevalence of the disorder.

At the suppression of monasteries, St James's was surrendered to the King, Henry VIII., in 1531, who erected on its scite the present palace, which Stow calls "a goodly manor." It does not appear this residence was inhabited by any of the English monarchs until after the fire at White Hall. James I. presented it to his accomplished son Henry, whose untimely death occasioned so much calamity to England ; his unfortunate brother, Charles I., was brought here from Windsor when the Parliament had determined on his death ; and James II. was compelled to make an offer of the palace for the accommodation of William of Nassau, who accepted the invitation, intimating at the same time the expediency of vacating the neighbouring residence at White Hall ; to which the father-in-law of the new sove-

reign was obliged to submit. During the life time of William III. St James's was allotted to the Princess Anne and her husband, Prince George of Denmark. She held her court in it, when queen; and three of her successors regularly employed it for the same purpose. Pennant observes, that *uncreditable* as the outside of St James's may look, it is said to be the most commodious, for regal parade, of any palace in Europe.

Amid the numberless amusing anecdotes which might be collected during the residence of the Georges, there are few more diverting than the stratagem resorted to by Queen Caroline, who used to plant herself at a small window, which overlooked the court wherein the lodgings of Lady Suffolk were situated, and, by that means, detected the private visits of those noblemen and gentlemen, who were unwise enough to esteem the influence of the mistress superior to that of the wife; an error which she never failed to punish by effectually impeding their preferment. To the architect who designed it, we are indebted for the drama, which has just been the subject of our thoughts, the witty songs in the Beggar's Opera had never been written, had not the queen espied the author and his patron in close attendance on her rival.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, when upon civil terms with his parents, formed a company of soldiers, consisting of courtiers' sons, to which he declared himself corporal, and as such relieved guard between the acts of the Indian Emperor, performed before their Majesties and the Court,

in the great hall-room. St James's Palace is closely associated with the fashions of the last century, with hoops, and powder, and embroidered coats, with which the imagination is pleased, though the judgment submits to the alteration which a purer taste has introduced.

To that diligent chronicler of his times, Horace Walpole, we are obliged for the account of the arrival of the late Queen Charlotte at St James's Palace. So long a period has elapsed since the introduction of a queen to the throne of England, that the ceremonial attached to it must be imperfectly known, except by the few who are thoroughly versed in all the formula of court etiquette. Walpole enlightens us a little on the subject: he says, in one of his letters to General Conway,

"The queen looks very sensible, cheerful, and is remarkably genteel. Her tiara of diamonds was very splendid, her stomacher of diamonds sumptuous: she wore a violet velvet mantle trimmed with ermine. She talks a great deal, is very civil, and not disconcerted. She was pleased when she was to kiss the peeresses, but Lady Aguste was forced to take her hand and give it to those who were to kiss it, which was pretty, humble, and good natured. While they waited for supper, she sate down, sung, and played. You don't presume to suppose that we are thinking of you, and wars, and misfortunes in these festival times; Mr Pitt himself would be mobbed if he talked of any thing else but clothes, and jewels, and bridemaids."

VARIETIES.

CRITICAL RECIPROCITY.

SEVERAL years ago, in a mixed company, as it is called—that is to say, at a social dinner party, where ladies and gentlemen, (or, in other words, *wit* and *beauty*) were cheerfully mingled, and where champagne and claret gave zest to the bloom of the former and the intellects of the

latter, the late Mr Dallas (of reviewing memory), who happened to be one of the brilliant assemblage, warmed and inspired—more, of course, by the bright eyes of the ladies, than the sparkling contents of the occasionally-circling glass, began to be beautifully eloquent upon the subject of his own works; and, among other

wonderful productions of his genius, was expatiating, in delightful anticipations, on the approaching publication of some novel, I believe it was, which he had, at that time, in the press. The subject, of course, was exceedingly interesting to all around: and one of the ladies present, who happened to have a very amiable facility in that most poignant of female accomplishments called bantering, desirous that an eloquence so agreeable should not flag for lack of excitement, somewhat archly interrupted him, by asking, whether he was not a little afraid of the envious ill-nature of reviews?—"Reviews!" replied Mr D. "Oh! not at all! my friend, Mr Pratt, will review it for me."—"Your friend Mr P.!" said the lady, smiling; "but will *he* review it impartially?"—"Oh! as for that," rejoined Mr D., "he will review my book for me, as I shall review one for him!"

TO IMPROVE GUNPOWDER.

Having, some time since, had occasion to make some trials of the strength of different samples of Gunpowder, and ruminating on the phenomenon of expansion of air, the accounts illustrative of which I consider no way satisfactory, the ideas I formed on the subject led me to the conclusion, that oil added to gunpowder might possibly increase the expansive power of the latter, and, upon trial, this appeared to me to be the case. I half filled a tin cylindrical two-ounce snuff canister with gunpowder, on the top of which I poured some locksmith's oil; then, with the cover on, I shook the powder until the whole had become similar in colour, and no appearance of moisture remained. On comparative trials, I found the oiled powder stronger than the same powder not oiled: but not having a regular powder proof, I was obliged to decide to the best of my judgment, which may possibly have been influenced by an inclination to flatter myself that I had fallen upon a discovery that might be productive of some general good. I am of opinion, from the appearance of the oiled

powder, after long keeping, and although excluded from air, that it deteriorates faster than powder not oiled. I judged so from its effects in the fire, as well as from its novel whitish appearance, as if some small degree of efflorescence had taken place, which, if so, would be greater in a less confined situation. But, if the conjecture be not altogether imaginary, that *newly* oiled powder is improved by the process, it is probable some advantage might be taken of the hint in the application in mining, but most particularly in the blasting of rocks.

IMPROVEMENT IN DRAWING IRON AND STEEL WIRE.

The acid liquor used in pickling iron-wire during the drawing of it, requiring to be warmed, at an eminent manufactory, ingots of brass, lying at hand, were accordingly heated red-hot and quenched in the liquor; the consequence of this was, that a portion of copper in the brass became dissolved in the liquor, and was precipitated upon the surface of the iron-wire pickled in it. It was found that the wire thus coated passed through the holes in the plates with remarkable facility, it requiring to be annealed much less frequently than before, owing, no doubt, to the copper preventing the action of the plate upon it, so as to gall or fret it, and, in fact, lubricating it as it were. The head of this manufactory has since constantly availed himself of the use of a weak solution of copper in iron and steel wire drawing. The slight coat of copper is entirely got rid of in the last annealing process.

COPPER OBTAINED VIA HUMIDA.

Copper precipitated from its solution by whatever agent, is always in the state of a fine loose powder. The following facts observed by M. Mollerat in his manufactory for making vinegar from wood, in Burgundy, will show that an ingot of copper may be formed *via humida*. In a series of operations for preparing sulphate of copper by calcining copper with sulphur, solutions of the sul-

plate are obtained, which become turbid by the separation of an insoluble sub-sulphate. They are placed in a tub half buried in the ground in order to become clear. It is against the interior sides of this tub, and always at the junction of two staves, that small buttons of metallic copper are observed to form, which gradually increase in size, and which doubtless ultimately become considerable masses. The chemical action by which the copper is revived is easily explained. The proto-sulphate of copper which unquestionably exists in the solution, in passing to the state of deuto-sulphate deposits its base, which gives up its oxygen acid, to form the new salt. It is not however, this part of the phenomenon which appears most remarkable, but the cohesion, acquired by the copper so precipitated from the midst of a solution, a cohesion which is so great as to allow the metal to be hammered in the cold and reduced to thin leaves, and whose specific gravity is equal to that of fused copper.

GERMANY.

It is asserted, in the official gazette of Berlin, that in the course of the seven years, between 1816 and 1822, there has been a mortality throughout the Prussian states, of 2,138,024 persons only; while the births have been 3,346,412: so that the population had an increase of 1,208,388, of which number 237,470 were illegitimate. The total population of the Prussian States, comprising the military, amounted, at the end of 1822, to 11,663,177.

SWIMMING SOLDIERS.

In a recent work on swimming, and its application to the art of war, by M. le Vicomté de Courtivron, a French field-officer, he recommended the formation of a company of swimming soldiers in every regiment, and describes the various important duties of which they would be capable, among which is even that of conducting cannon placed on rafts to any desired position!

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Several attempts have been made to introduce on the French stage, Sheridan's *School for Scandal*. It has at last been transformed into a melodrame and reduced to three acts. In this shape it seems to have met the taste of the Parisians. "For the tenth time," says one of the feuilletons, "this comedy has been copied, imitated, torn to pieces on our stage." Nothing is more dramatic than the scene in which, in the house of the hypocrite, the husband is in a closet and the wife behind a screen. This scene, and the preceding one, which represents a situation similar to that of *Elmire* and *Tartufe* in Molière's comedy, even though feebly acted, never fail to produce a great effect.

ANTIQUITIES.

There is a small close near the village of Langham, in Rutland, which, for many centuries, has been known by the name of the Chapel Close, and it is supposed, from the rise of the ground in one part of it, that formerly a Romish chapel stood upon the spot. There are no records giving an account of it, but it is thought to have been destroyed long before the Reformation. In making a pit, through the spot, for stone to repair the roads, the workmen have found, at different times, eight complete human skeletons, one of which measured considerably more than six feet from the skull to the bottom of the leg-bone, and at the bottom of the arm-bone lay a ring, which is supposed to have been on the finger of the deceased. No remains of a coffin of any kind have been found. The ring was so much decayed that it broke into pieces. They have likewise found five pieces of silver coin, about the size of an old sixpence, but are worn very thin. There is an ancient figure of some monarch on them, with a Latin inscription hardly visible. One figure seems like that of some saint. A small copper coin, the size of a farthing, has also been dug up; the date is much defaced, but seems to be 850, which

makes it near a thousand years old, and it is therefore supposed to have been coined in the reign of Athelwulf, who died in 856.—A great deal of melted lead and slate have been found, and some small bits of beautiful pavement, &c.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.

Mr. Joseph Aspdin, of Leeds, Eng. has taken out a patent for a new mode of producing an Artificial Stone or Cement, for the covering of buildings. He calls it Portland Cement, from its resemblance to Portland stone : its component parts are as follow :—A given quantity of limestone, of the kind usually employed for mending roads, is to be pulverized by beating or grinding, or it may be taken from the road in a pulverized state, or in the state of puddle : this, when dried, is to be calcined in a furnace in the usual way. A similar quantity of argillaceous earth or clay is then to be mixed in water with the calcined limestone, and the whole perfectly incorporated, by manual labour or by machinery, into a plastic state. This mixture is then to be placed in shallow vessels for the purpose of evaporation, and is to be submitted to the action of the air, the sun, or the heat of fire, or steam conducted by pipes or flues under the pans of evaporating vessels. This composition, when in a dry state, is to be broken into lumps of suitable sizes, and is then to be calcined again in a furnace similar to a lime-kiln, till the carbonic acid has been entirely expelled. The mixture so prepared is then to be pulverized by grinding or beating, and, when reduced to a fine powder, is in a fit state for use, and with the addition of so much water as will be sufficient to bring it into the consistency of mortar, will, when applied to its purpose, make a compact and durable artificial stone, equal to the Portland stone itself.

BOILING POINT OF FLUIDS.

From some experiments and observations lately made, it would appear that the *boiling point* of water and

other fluids, is by no means so uniform, under equal degrees of pressure, as has generally been imagined ; for it seems fully established that the introduction of any solid matter, such as chips of wood, bits of glass, metallic particles, &c. into a heated fluid will cause it to boil up, that is, to discharge *vapour*, at a lower temperature than it otherwise would have done. Something of this kind has, we believe, for a considerable time been practised by the keepers of steam-engines, for the purpose of accelerating and augmenting the disengagement of the steam, but without being well understood or attracting much attention ; lately, however, the fact has as it were forced itself into notice, and it has already been proposed to take advantage of it in the process of distillation, to which it may in all probability be very happily applied.

ORIENTAL AIR.

AZIM, my lover,
Came down from the mountain,
While morning blew over
The night-risen fountain.
He fain would be telling
The tale of his sorrow,
But cool airs were swelling,—
I fled, with “good morrow,”
The limbs of a maiden
All fresh from their sleep,
No tale that might sadden,
From fleeting will keep.

But now the broad palm-leaves
Are silent as death,
And heaven's hot calm leaves
Me panting for breath.
The fruits are unshaken,
Unruffled the flowers ;
No song-bird can waken
In these glowing bowers ;
I've no power of roaming
From under this bough !
Should Azim be coming,
I *must* hear him now.

CHAIN BRIDGE.

A chain bridge, the first of its kind in Russia, is about to be constructed over the canal at Moska. It will be executed after the design of Colonel Dufour of Geneva, who has sent to St Petersburg a correct model of one which he erected in his own country last year.

SPIRIT

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THE CONTEMPORARY FRENCH NARRATIVE OF THE DEATH OF BLANCHE OF BOURBON, WIFE TO PEDRO THE CRUEL, KING OF CASTILLE.

THIS cruel king had conceived for Blanche of Bourbon, his wife, such a mortal aversion, that he put all things in practice to touch her life. The poison of which he made use to rid himself of her, had no effect; for, knowing the design they had to make her die, she took the precautions necessary to preserve herself from being killed by poison. Maria de Padilla, mistress of Pedro, upon this, put it into the King's mind to remove her altogether from the court, and to give her an establishment in some province, in order that people might no longer see her, and that an absence, without hope of return, might produce the same effects which might have been looked for from her death. Pedro, much enamoured of that concubine, followed her counsel; he confined the Queen in a very distant province; and gave her withal a certain appanage to support a queenly estate, not daring to irritate his people against him, by reducing her all at once to a private condition.

This domain which Blanche received for her portion, procured for her the homage of the vassals who held of that signiory. A rich Jew, it so fell, had lands comprized within the Queen's territory; and he came to her court to acquit himself of his duty as her vassal; and—as at that time it was the custom in Spain that the vassal, in doing his homage, kissed respectfully the cheek of the

lord, to shew forth the zeal and affection, which he promised while life endured, to bear for his service; so this Jew drew near to the Queen Blanche, to salute her as his lady and his mistress. She could not avoid receiving from him this mark of his vassalage; but no sooner had he quitted her chamber than she expressed the horror she had for that absurd ceremonial, bitterly reproaching her servants for their little care, in that they had suffered that vile creature to approach her. She then commanded them to bring her hot water, and washed her mouth and her face diligently, as if to efface the stain which the kiss of the Jew had left upon her. But her indignation stopped not so; for, being sovereign in the place, she wished to inflict the last punishment for that temerity which the Jew had exhibited; and in the first moment of wrath, she designed to have him hanged. The Jew being informed of that to which the Queen had condemned him, and that they were in search for him, to put him on the gibbet, according to her command, immediately took to flight, and went to make his complaint to the King Pedro concerning the design which the Queen Blanche harboured of making him suffer the punishment of a capital offence for a mere duty of ceremony, whereof he had taken the freedom to acquit himself. The King received

him under his protection, desiring him to fear nothing, and saying withal, that he saw well the Queen had such hatred for all whom he favoured, that it would be no matter of scruple for her to attempt something against his own life, if she found a fit occasion; that for this cause he must needs get rid of her; but that it would be best to save appearances, and furnish her with no handle against himself.

The Jew, who burned with the desire of revenge, assured the King it would be an easy matter to slay her, without leaving on her body any marks of violence. Pedro rejoiced when he heard this said, and declared that great would be his obligation to the man, whosoever he might be, that should pull that thorn out of his foot. He, in fine, permitted the Jew to execute the affair he had projected, without any noise or alarm. And this wretch, who thirsted to be avenged on the Princess, was delighted when he had received the barbarous orders of Pedro. He assembled a number of men of his nation, and, marching all the night, came to the apartment of the Queen suddenly with his associates. He penetrated even to her chamber; and knocking at the door, one of the Queen's damsels refused to open it to him, saying, through the key-hole, that this was no hour for talking with her mistress, and asking on what business he had come thither. The Jew, that they might open to him, made answer, that he came with pleasant intelligence for the Queen, since her husband, to show how entirely he was reconciled to her, designed to come immediately and sleep with her in her chamber. The damsel ran in hastily to tell this good news to the Queen; but she, perceiving surely the peril in which she was, began to weep, knowing that she had but few hours more to live; for she understood well that the Jews, whose whole race hated her, would not have come thither in so great number, and at an hour so unusual, without having some bloody order which they were

zealous to execute. The lady of her chamber, upon this entering into the distresses of her mistress, cried out and wept, and said she would never open unless the Queen herself absolutely commanded her. But the Queen made a sign to her that she must no longer dispute the entrance of the chamber against the Jews, and at the same instant she lifted her eyes up to heaven, to recommend her soul to God for salvation, calling out that it was no pain for her to die in her innocence, and praying God to bless abundantly the Duke of Bourbon her brother, the Queen of France her sister, King Charles the Wise, and all the royal family. She had no sooner made an end of these words, than the Jews entered in a troop. They found that blessed princess lying on her bed, holding in one of her hands a Psalter, and in the other a lighted taper to read her prayers; and turning her eyes on those that entered, she asked what was their business, and who had sent them so late to speak with her. They answered her, that with great sorrow did they find themselves there, to announce to her the order of the King, and that forthwith she must prepare herself, since her last hour was come.

This discourse was interrupted by the cries of her damsels, who tore their hair, and sobbed aloud, saying one to the other, that an unjust death was come on the best lady in the world, and calling on Heaven for vengeance on the authors of this cruelty. The poor Queen commanded them to set bounds to their lamentations, and said, there was no need for so much grief, since she was about to die innocent, and that their sorrow and pity should rather be for Pedro her husband, who committed such barbarity by the malicious counsels of his concubine, who had for a long space thirsted after her blood.

The Jews, fearing lest the cries and tumult of these damsels of the Queen might interrupt the execution of their mistress, and moreover, that they might reveal afterwards the

murder, which they so much desired to keep in darkness, took them all by the hand, and dragging them out of the chamber, conveyed them into a cellar, where they strangled them, that so they might the more easily and secretly kill the Queen Blanche. These wretches delayed not the fulfilment of their purpose, for they dispatched her by letting a

great beam tumble down upon her belly, that she might be deprived of breath, without any drop of blood appearing on her countenance or her body. When they had finished that accursed undertaking, they withdrew themselves speedily into a castle, situated on a high rock, which the king had pointed out to them as an asylum.

MEMOIRS OF A RETICULE.

AS memoirs of all kinds are in request, and as to be aware of one's own insignificance demands, perhaps, a degree of penetration and clear-sightedness beyond what is usually possessed, I may be pardoned for fancying my adventures not less worthy of notice than some others which might be mentioned. I cannot boast the antiquity of my origin, like the *pocket*, which traces its descent from the very commencement of civilization in this country; pretending to have been well known, and honourably employed at court in the earliest times, and to have adorned the sides of the most illustrious princesses and celebrated beauties. With such claims to notice, it is not to be wondered at that its partizans behold it supplanted by me with indignation. Indeed the disputes between the white and red roses scarcely ran higher than those to which I and my rival have given rise.

It was a remark of Addison's, that people never enter with perfect interest into any work until informed of the country, parentage, education, &c. of its author. In conformity with this opinion, I shall preface my memoirs with an account of my origin; and let it not raise any prejudice in the minds of my fair *English* readers, to learn that I am of *French* extraction; let them not exclaim, in scorn—

"O, France, whose edicts govern dress
and meat,
Thy victor, Britain, bends beneath thy
feet!"

I am not aware of any mention of the *reticule* until after the French revolution, when most of the *noblesse* took refuge in this country, bringing with them light hearts, and pockets not much heavier. Soon afterwards, some *clegantes* of the new *regime* introduced the *reticule* into the circles of French fashion.—Were it not from a fear of incurring the reproach of *vanity*, I might here expatiate on the compliments which were bestowed on me at my first introduction to the *beau monde*.

Many who had discarded my rival, the *pocket*, as old fashioned—for it had been in the service of their grandmothers—were eloquent in my praise. Regarded as at once useful and ornamental, I was at an early period introduced into Mrs Montague's family, to whose niece Arabella I belonged. Mrs Montague, however, was a woman of much good sense, wholly unbiassed by fashion, and a decided enemy to me. "Ah, niece Arabella," (would she exclaim) "take my word for it, you will some time or other have cause to repent having discarded that useful thing a *pocket*, which has so much the advantage in convenience, over your *reticule*. The pocket, once remembered in the morning, is no more a charge to your memory during the day: by its means you are furnished with pincushion, housewife, thimble, in short every thing a notable woman should be provided with; but your *reticule* is ever liable to be mislaid, and you are continually indebted to some

old-fashioned being like myself, for a pin, a needle, or something else.

‘————— I like it not :

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so
nice,
To change true rules for odd inven-
tions.’”

After such exhortations, Arabella would frequently resolve, and re-resolve to discard me ; but the powerful influence of fashion prevailed over reason, and I was still retained in her service. However, I met with several narrow escapes. Once, by mistake, I was thrown upon the back of the fire, where I was discovered just in time to save me from a flame that was rising to consume me ; frequently was I drenched in rain, when accompanying my fair mistress in her walks ; and although upon such occasions, she took the tenderest care to have me dried, I never wholly recovered from the injury I had sustained. I had also to endure sometimes the displeasure of Arabella. One Sunday morning I remember, good Mrs Montague informed her niece there would be a charity sermon ; and that, as she should be detained at home on account of indisposition, she would depute her to bear her charitable donation. Accordingly I was made purse-bearer to the two ladies. Miss Montague, hanging me on the back of her chair, sat down to breakfast with her aunt. Were I to record the morning’s conversation, it might possibly prove both edifying and entertaining ; but the attempt would occasion me to exceed the limits I have prescribed to myself in these memoirs ; and consequently, this, like many other conversations, will be lost to posterity.

Breakfast over, up sprung my amiable mistress, and in an instant was driven from the door ; leaving me suspended on the arm of her chair. Oh ! how I had wished that some propitious accident would cause me to be noticed by Mrs Montague ere it was too late ; how I had longed for a friendly puff of wind to waft

me to her feet ; I should have rejoiced at the entrance of the little dog, *Fido*—till then my terror, as he used to amuse himself with biting the beautiful tassels with which I was adorned—as it would have been sure to excite the attention of Mrs Montague, who would have checked him with “down *Fido* !” Alas ! all remained still and quiet till the return of Miss Montague, who with much grief informed her aunt, that, owing to her having left *me* behind her, she had been prevented from contributing in any way to the charity. “Ah !” (continued she) “if I had had *pockets*, this would not have happened ; but I am resolved to buy myself a pair to-morrow !” The morrow came, and what altered Miss Montague’s resolution I know not, but the pockets were not bought, and I was restored to favour.

I shall pass over the detail of numerous adventures. I could relate many anecdotes, I could repeat much unedifying scandal, and on the other hand, much wit and learning ; for being my mistress’s favourite companion, I had admission to the best society. Scandal, however, flies fast enough without my assistance, and wit and learning will be sure of more able supporters. Yet there is one fatal incident, to me the death-blow of Arabella’s favour, which I must record. One morning Miss Montague took me with her on a visit to her friend Victorine, who informed her that she had that morning arrived from her mother’s house in the country, in consequence of intelligence that her child left in town, had been taken alarmingly ill ; but report, as usual, had magnified the danger. “I have just finished a letter,” said Victorine, “to my mother, as I promised I would write unless I found my child in the alarming state I was led to apprehend : as you, my dear Arabella, will drive past the post-office, will you put it in for me ?” “Willingly,” was the reply. The friends parted. In the evening, whilst Miss Montague was singing to a little circle of friends, a simple melody

wherein her voice, the effusion of feeling, called to mind those lines of Dryden—

“So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem’d the music melted in her throat,”

a servant entered, and, presenting me informed Arabella, that the coachman had just taken me out of the carriage, where I had been left in the morning. Who could describe the sudden transition of Arabella’s countenance from guileless, happy mirth, to conscience-stricken dismay! “The letter! the letter!” she would have said, but the words died away on her lips, and she left the room, followed by her aunt, to whom she explained the cause of her agitation, which was the alarm Victorine’s mother would experience in not receiving the letter she had promised to put in the post, but which she had left in the carriage in her *reticule*.

Miss Montague did not mistake respecting the ill effects she apprehended from her neglect. Lady N——, not receiving a letter from Victorine, interpreted her silence into the death of the child; a severe indisposition was the consequence; and Victorine was again summoned into the country to attend the bedside of her mother. At last her filial cares were rewarded with the recovery of Lady N——, and the two friends once more met in town. “I quite forgive you,” said Victorine, “but I will never again trust you with

a letter of consequence, as long as you wear a *reticule*.” “I will wear it no longer,” exclaimed Arabella, “I renounce it for ever; it is a sacrifice I make to friendship; and would it were greater, that it might in some measure atone for the affliction I have occasioned you.”

My reader does not ask if she kept a resolution, made under such circumstances—I was in consequence given to her maid, Mademoiselle *Epingle*.—Alas! “What a falling off was here!”—I was no longer admitted to the splendid drawing-room, no more was made the depository of brilliant verses, or of elegant fancy-works, as when I was in the service of the tasteful and intellectual Arabella. Torn, worn, aged, and degraded, I perceived, not only my *own*, but the declining celebrity of all my relations; and I was well nigh rent with mortification, when I reflected that a short period would probably witness the total extinction of the *reticule*. Should my fears be prophetic, gentle reader, it will afford one added proof of the fickleness and instability of human nature. Nature displays herself in *trifles*, as well as in things of *consequence*: the same springs of action, the same impulses work in both, whether it be exemplified in converting a monarchy into a democracy, and that again into a despotic government, or in exchanging a *pocket* for a *reticule*, and that again for a *pocket*.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

AFTER a long and dreary residence at one of the remote posts on the Mississippi, my period of servitude having expired, I had at length the prospect of once more visiting the haunts of civilized man. The great river began to rise, and having long ere this made preparations to leave these desolate solitudes, I joyfully embarked on board a “a keel boat” loaded with furs; and thanks to the rapidity of the current, in a few

days reached the town of St Louis, *then* the *ultima thule* of civilization. But the moral aspect of this frontier town, was little fitted to afford satisfaction even to an unwilling resident in the woods. Here I found all the cunning and deceit of civilized communities, unmitigated by courtesy or refinement; ferocity in its most savage form, immorality unrestrained by law or opinion, and, in short, all the violence, grossness, and license of

savage life, without any of its redeeming virtues. Here alike wallowed in vice, the versatile native of the Garonne, the gambling duellist of Carolina, and the demure speculator from Connecticut. It is to be hoped that St Louis, at some future day, will be the abode of far different inmates; for its situation is lovely, the surrounding country most fertile and beautiful, and every physical quality combines to render it a brilliant gem in the lonely regions of the west.

After a few days' stay, we again pushed our bark from the shore, and floated swiftly down the magnificent waters of the Mississippi. At St Louis I had offered a passage to New Orleans to a young American, whom romantic feelings had led to visit the Indian tribes. Having engaged in one of their wars, he fell into the hands of a hostile nation: but after being their prisoner under the name of an adopted son, for nearly three years, he succeeded at last in effecting his escape from the banks of the Kansas to St Louis, alone, on foot, and without provisions. Though hardships had cooled down his ardent impetuosity, he was still the child of enterprise and adventure; though he had felt the miseries of savage life, he approached civilized society with other feelings than delight. The hypocrisy and cunning he had seen and experienced in early youth, had left a deep impression of disgust on his mind; and the scenes he had witnessed in later years of fraud and violence, on the part of the Indian traders on the Missouri and Mississippi, had made that impression indelible—had rendered him, in fact, a speculative misanthrope, though one of the kindest of human beings.—Strange! that such an anomaly should spring up in so practical, matter-of-fact, unromantic a country as America! We expect similar dispositions and feelings only amongst the wealthy *faineans* of European society, where ennui and disgust may be supposed to arise from having “felt the fulness of satiety.” Such a character, however, had the cold, calculating meri-

dian of New-England produced.—When the refreshing coolness of evening approached—and heavenly is the evening of Louisiana—how interesting became our mutual narratives—how we delighted to recount our adventures amongst the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, the *squaws* of the Sioux, and the half-breeds of the lakes! I had offered my romantic companion a fair prospect of advantage and enterprise combined, as soon as we should reach New Orleans; but an unlooked for disaster was destined to frustrate all our anticipations.

On the ninth day from our departure from St Louis, we had floated down the river five-hundred miles, stopping every evening, and making our bark fast to the shore. On this ill-fated evening, we stopped earlier than usual; and while at our repast, a deer bounded towards the river, but turning at sight of us, again disappeared in the woods. My three boatmen started immediately in pursuit, while we remained by the boat. After an absence of two hours, we began to fear that they had lost their way, when we were alarmed by the simultaneous discharge of at least half a dozen fire arms. “The Indians!” I exclaimed. “No,” said my companion, “the Indians dare not commit aggressions on the American bank—it must be the banditti of Rock Island.” We had waited nearly an hour in breathless anxiety, forming various conjectures as to the cause of our alarm, when the American offered to reconnoitre, and bring back tidings of the enemy we had to encounter. Having taken some ammunition and his loaded rifle with him, he shook me warmly by the hand, “God preserve you, my dear friend,” said he, “fire *not* unless for your instant preservation; if they hail you, tell them who you are; be easy as to my safety—I shall be here very soon—farewell.” He disappeared in the woods.

I stood on the shore with my rifle in my hand, looking anxiously around; but the approaching darkness prevented my seeing to any distance

amidst the trees, while the howling of the bull-frog, with the screams and savage cries of birds and beasts, rendered the approach of a stranger nearly inaudible. A sudden rustling of the trees, and the neighing of a horse, gave the note of alarm; I had grasped my rifle more firmly than ever, when a shot through my right arm, laid me prostrate on the ground. Twelve or fifteen mounted brigands now galloped up; and one of them alighted with his tomahawk in his hand, ready to do what the bullet, perchance, had left undone, when I suddenly exclaimed, "Joseph!"—"Comment! c'est Monsieur——?" "Comme vous voyez." The commander of the troop, a black-looking brigand, here roared out, "Qu'est ce que ce radoteur dit à l'Anglais?—Nous n'avons pas le tems de dire des priepes—finissons." "Par le Sainte Vierge," said Joseph, "I will scalp the first who attempts to injure the man who saved my life at *Prairie du Chien*!" "A la bonne heure," said the chief: "but what are we to do with him? if we let him go, he will bring down the backwordsmen of Kentucky, and clear us out; no, no, charity begins at home." Joseph suggested to the chief, "that if the prisoner gave his promise not to discover their band, nor the place of their retreat, they might depend on his observing it, as it was well known that the Indians reposed implicit confidence in him." In this proposal, after considerable consultation, the chief seemed to acquiesce; but no promise was exacted from me, nor had I any conversation with the brigands, but such as took place at my first recognition by Joseph. This individual, by meeting whom my life was thus preserved, was a Canadian hunter, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians, beyond the Lake of the Woods, and brought down to *Prairie du Chien*, about two years before; by some presents of blankets and ammunition, I procured his liberty, kept him some weeks at my hut, and then sent him down to St Louis. How he had fall-

en in with the banditti, whether he had joined them voluntarily, or had been taken prisoner, I never knew; but he was the least violent of an atrocious crew. While the band were inspecting the contents of my boat—now mine no more, or bivouacking on the shore, Joseph kept constantly by me, as if to save me from any relenting of his comrades in their mercy. He informed me that they were on their way to intercept a body of travellers from Natchez, when coming in sight of our three boatmen, who were cutting up a deer, they had fired and killed them on the spot. This information he communicated in as few words as possible: for though he seemed pleased at having it in his power to requite the service I had formerly done him, he avoided any conversation with me; whether he was ashamed of his nefarious course of life, or what is more probable, that he wished to avoid incurring the suspicion of his companions, by holding much talk with a prisoner. Though he was silent, he paid me every attention, and assisted in dressing my arm, which his *own* rifle had disabled. Thus far he was "my bane and antidote."—It may be necessary to say something about this association of free-booters.

Previous to the cession of Louisiana to the United States, the wilderness that lies between New Orleans and the Ohio was infested by the refuse of Europe and America, in the character of money coiners, note forgers, horse stealers, and highway robbers; while the islands near the mouth of the Ohio, or along the wide expanse of "the great father of waters," the Mississippi—were inhabited by ferocious pirates of every country and tongue. Of these dangerous neighbours, the *Spaniards*, as being naturally—or at least from the earliest periods of history, a people of free-booters, were the most numerous: but there lacked not psalm-singing scoundrels from Nantucket and Boston, as well as head-choppers from the banks of the Seine, who still persevered religiously in their

former habits. *Ireland*, the most fruitful source of western population, sent some of its numerous "wild boys" to carry on the war in Louisiana; and they were from their former experience, powerful auxiliaries to the native bands of free-booters. The proverbial venality of the Spanish government at New Orleans, furnished the various outlaws of the Mississippi and its banks with every facility in plundering the traveller on the river, or in the forest, and in disposing of the booty in the cities. A robber was occasionally arrested, but the lenity or connivance of the Governor, allowed him to escape with impunity. I say *connivance*, for it was generally believed by the inhabitants of the Upper Country, (on the Ohio) that the banditti would not be so audacious in their attacks, almost within sight of the Spanish forts, nor so careless of disguise, as to frequent the billiard-rooms of New Orleans, unless they had secured a friend at head-quarters, by giving up a title of their plunder. The horses, saddles, and other property of the unfortunate travellers whom they had murdered, were openly sold in the towns. It would have been *unsafe* for them to spare the lives of those they plundered; for though there was little prospect of their traversing the wilderness without horses or food, yet even a chance escape might rouse the hardy back-woodsmen of Tennessee and Kentucky, to rise en masse, and clear the whole country of its dangerous inhabitants, Indian or European.—The spirit of the hunters of the Ohio once up, the Banditti knew that their defeat and extermination were at hand. The non-arrival of travellers from Natchez and New Orleans, was thus usually attributed to the attacks of the Indians, a very common occurrence in all the frontier settlements, and which the Americans amply retaliated, by shooting the "red men," wherever they were found, like so many *feræ naturæ*.

Such were the miscreants who infested the banks of the Mississippi, and the whole *wilderness* (as it was

termed) that lay between Natchez and the Tennessee River. The band whom it was my ill-fortune to meet with, consisted of thirty or forty individuals; but the greater part had remained *at home*, as they called their hiding place, about fifty miles from the river. The *captain* seemed of stern manners, and was both respected and feared by his lawless subjects, for they knew his skill and his recklessness of danger. But at this time I saw little of him, for he set off early the next morning after my capture, to attack (I was told) some travellers on their way from Natchez to the Ohio country. Along with me, only remained Joseph, and three more of the band, to carry the cargo of my boat to their settlement. The landing of the furs occupied the first day. On the second morning they loaded their horses, of which each man had four, with part of the cargo; and they concealed the remainder in the forest.

It is unnecessary to mention my feelings on the first night of my captivity, my fears of the American falling also into their hands, or becoming a prey to hunger in the woods. To add to the misery of my situation, the pain of my wounded arm was sufficient to dispel every idea of repose. We set out for the *settlement*—lucus a non lucendo—and arrived on the morning of the second day. We had followed the course of a considerable creek for several miles, continually crossing it in our way, till we found it at last dwindled into a petty stream. Here a slight rising ground presented itself, divided by a ravine, through which the rivulet glided.—We entered this dark vale, which was completely shaded by lofty sycamores, and enjoyed the most delicious coolness in the greatest heat of summer; presenting at the same moment, security from attack, and the utmost beauty of situation. On the very brink of the stream, under the shade of trees, were spacious log-houses, strongly and not inelegantly constructed, with massy rails in front of each, as a rude species of defence.

Several stables were grouped round the houses, in which were kept their own horses and these they plundered. The sedentary members of the band, about a dozen in number, came out to meet their comrades; but though they were greatly surprised at the sight of a stranger, they made no remarks. They seemed occupied solely in dosing away the time of inaction, of inglorious ease, by the aid of wine, rum, whiskey, and cigars.—When our company alighted, Joseph took me to the house he possessed in common with three others of the free-booters, and soon after prepared for me a most plentiful, if not very elegant repast. Strong coffee without milk, fried venison, huge quantities of ham, warm cakes, Bordeaux wine, Madeira, and various kind of liqueurs were heaped profusely on the table; and the fatigue of my journey gave me sufficient appetite to do honour to Joseph's hospitality. Thirty-six hours intercourse with the banditti, had taken off my first uneasiness, and *coute que coute*, I now cheerfully partook of whatever comforts fell in my way. I knew that I could not better my situation, that regret was unavailing; and not being at any time disposed to make things worse by morbid reflection on the past, or melancholy anticipation of the future, I now emptied my bottle—or rather my ample *pot* of Bordeaux, with nearly as much *gusto* as *M. de la Regniere* himself, the prince of gourmands, could have done; and then by means of some delicious Havana cigars, smoked myself into forgetfulness of my captivity, and comforted myself against future dangers, by wisely reflecting *alors comme alors!*

On the fourth day the captain arrived with his party, in the utmost ill-humour with himself, his band, and all mankind; for he had been disappointed of his expected prey, by the pure malice of the Yankee merchants, who instead of regularly encamping every evening, as well disposed travellers ought to do, had thought proper to hurry on almost without halting for three whole days. No won-

der that the captain was highly chagrined at losing 30,000 dollars, the amount of the booty he expected, as he told the band. "And what would you have done with it?" said one of his countrymen: "*Ce que j'aurais fait? tonnerre le Dieu!* you would have had your share, you sneaking *imbecile*; a few more such prizes would have made the fortunes of us all. I should then have returned to *la belle France*, and established in the city of Bordeaux the most *superbe*, the most *magnifique* Café in all Europe—*Voilà ce que j'aurais fait!*" The establishment of the Café being unavoidably deferred, he determined to enjoy himself as far as circumstances would permit, for he was a Frenchman, as well as a free-booter; and accordingly he invited the whole band to a *banquet* on the following day. In spite of his disappointment, he treated me with great civility, and told me to sit close by him at the fête, to avoid dispute with his turbulent associates. However anxious to avoid their revels, it was not safe to absent myself on this occasion! I therefore made a virtue of necessity.

Besides the captain, there were four Frenchmen or Canadians in the band, and they naturally, or rather *nationally*, became the directors of our approaching feast. Their activity and skill were beyond all praise. From this time I have never doubted that the French are *born* with the *innate* idea of cookery. The scene of the fête was in front of the captain's house, where all the tables of the settlement had been joined together in a spot sheltered from the sun. When the company assembled to enjoy the good things set before them, I remarked the following among other *comfortabilia*. An enormous saddle of *venison*, flanked by the usual sweetmeats, graced the centre of the table, and was dispensed by our host, the Bordelese, *M. de la Trappe*: two *mammoth*—*tout est mammoth en Amérique*.—*See Volney*. Two mammoth turkeys were at either end, under the immediate command of *renegade*

Georgians; countless hams and cabbages were superintended by Virginians; two *true-blooded* Yankees *sat down before* some huge *pumpkin pies*—*deliciæ Yankæorum*; while the volunteer *restaurateurs* of the establishment had wisely kept together to obtain a reasonable share of the fricaseed squirrels and onion soup, the choice salad of the swamps, (seasoned by some *fragrant* flax-seed oil) and of the ample bowl containing some nameless *couscousu*, or *olla podrida*, where swam in loving union, fish, fowl, reptile, and vegetable. As far as regarded the messes of their companions, the Frenchmen had acquitted themselves of their commission, *a merveille*; and from the anomalous odour that titillated my olfactory organs, I had no doubt that they had done equal justice to themselves, that they had put an ample store of lizards and bull-frogs into their own mulligatawny. The silence of the guests was evidence of their satisfaction—I mean the silence of the tongue, for never was a greater clamour of mastication than upon this occasion; it was equally loud from the turkey carvers, the Virginian ham and cabbage eaters, the greasy chops of the frog-catchers, and the long yellow faces of the Yankee devourers of pumpkin pies. The good fare seemed to inspire every one with good humour, and drove the demon of discontent even from the crabbed face of our care-worn captain. After the viands were removed, fruits, wines, spirits, and cigars, circulated round the table, and every tongue was now unloosed. Their conversation it is unnecessary to detail, since it related solely to their predatory incursions, the dangers they had run, the prowess they had displayed, or the wantonness of cruelty with which they had exercised their power. When the wine began to take effect, and *dirks* were displayed in hostile array, I retired to my hut.

I was soon joined by the captain, who conversed with me the remainder of the evening. He talked of the country of France, New Orleans, St

Domingo, and various other subjects, but made no allusion to his own proceedings, till happening to mention the danger his men were in of murdering each other in their fits of intemperance, he at once expressed his disgust at *that* vice, with which he could not reproach himself; and then becoming more familiar, candidly confessed that he had been long tired of his violent course of life, but that from his misfortunes, and the impossibility of re-entering society with his former rank, he saw no alternative but to continue his career.

The most interesting particulars of his former life that I learned from his conversation on this and some succeeding evenings, I have condensed into a short narrative.

Louis de Trappe, at the early age of twenty, was sent by his father, a wealthy merchant of Bordeaux, to superintend his estates in the island of St Domingo. He was there received with West Indian kindness and hospitality, was pleased with the planters, was beloved by them, lived happy; and when business required his presence in Europe, at the end of five years, he left the Island to the universal regret of the whole white and coloured population. Soon after his arrival, he visited Paris, to see its refined society, its theatres, and never-ending variety. Here he became acquainted with the *aimables routes* of the time, the young men of fortune or fashion, who then figured in the dangerous *salons* of the *Rue Richelieu*, or behind the scenes of the Opera. He was initiated, of course, into all the secrets of fashionable extravagance, and saw too many of the nymphs of *Terpsichore*, for his peace of mind, or the stability of his future fortunes. But this was not all. The demon of *play* took possession of his bosom; and the facilities of gratifying that passion in the capital were so numerous, that once within its vortex, there remained little chance of his escaping without total ruin.—His losses at play, however, were not so considerable during his stay in Paris, as to have important influence

on his future life if the *habit* itself had not become rooted and inveterate. After a few months absence, he returned to his father an altered, and by no means, a better man. In Bordeaux he commenced the same career of extravagance; but his father dying soon after and leaving no other son, it became necessary for him to return once more to the West Indies to look after his inheritance; here the cares of business weaned him for a time from him unfortunate habits: but with the settlement of his affairs, came idleness and ennui; gaming was resorted to as a pleasant excitation—as something to occupy the mind; and the usual consequences followed—loss, embarrassment, and ruin! Estates were mortgaged or sold to supply the means of extravagance, or to discharge debts incurred; till in the year 1790, he disposed of the last plantation that remained of his former splendid possessions. When every debt was discharged, he found that five hundred dollars formed his whole remaining fortune; and with this pittance he was too proud to remain amidst the scenes of his former magnificence. He retired to Baltimore, in the United States. Money was not at that time, nor perhaps ever was, indispensably requisite to commence extensive business in America, and M. de la Trappe had as much to begin the world with as most of his enterprising neighbours. Englishmen were the only fools who embarked their *own* money in mercantile speculations; the consequence naturally followed, they soon found their funds slipping through their fingers, and becoming transferred to the pockets of their scrupulous competitors. Our Bordelese began business in partnership with an American, as commission merchants in the city of Baltimore. Former connections in the French West Indies, and knowledge of languages on the part of the Bordelese, attention to the details of business on the part of the American, and the favourable circumstances of the moment, gave them soon as much business as they could manage. They

became generally known, and having the appearance of doing well, became of course generally respected; their capital rapidly accumulated, and the disturbed state of Europe enabled them to realize enormous profits by the transmission of French West Indian produce to France, under cover of the American flag. In 1793 an opportunity presented itself of making large sums by the purchase of coffee in St Domingo, and after three years absence, M. de la Trappe again returned to Port-au-Prince. In ten days he had completed his purchase, sent off two vessels for Baltimore, and was himself on the eve of embarking when he was suddenly seized as a conspirator, thrown into a noisome prison, and there remained without inquiry or investigation, for the space of five months, till by the temporary predominance of another faction than that which had detained him, he at last obtained his liberation. At his release he found that his former remaining friends had either been murdered, or had left the island, and he considered himself exceedingly fortunate in being offered by a humane English captain, a passage to Baltimore. He hastened to his warehouse on his arrival, but it was shut up; he was told that a few weeks after his departure, his partner had *failed*, had made a composition with some *soi-disant* creditors, and had then removed to New Orleans!

After many inquiries, he found that two vessels of the same name as those he sent from St Domingo, had arrived at New York, where their cargoes were disposed of for the benefit of unknown persons; it was thus ascertained, that his partner had stopped the ships on their voyage up the Bay of Chesapeake, and sent them to New York, to accomplish his abominable robbery with ease and security. For such a fraud, *little* redress was to be expected from the laws of the United States, and *none* from those of New Orleans, then a Spanish Colony. The Frenchman thus found that all his good resolutions, good conduct, skill, and perseverance, had

been of no avail; and that he was now reduced to a more deplorable state than he had ever been. He went to New Orleans, found that his late partner had purchased a valuable sugar plantation near the city, and was making a brilliant figure among the dashing planters of Louisiana. The swindler and the victim of his fraud soon met near the Café R., the resort of merchants; the Frenchman laid hold of his antagonist, who immediately drew his pocket companion—the *pocket companion of every planter*,—his *dirk*, and aimed a blow; the Bordelese retreated a step, drew his pistol, fired, and laid the ruffian swindler dead at his feet. He returned to his hotel in the *Rue de la Marche* without opposition. As soon as evening lent shades to his flight, he left the city, travelled through various parts of Texas, Opelousas, and along the banks of the western *bayous*; after many adventures, he met part of his present associates, in the *little tavern on the bank of Natchez*; joined them in their incursions, displayed superior address, temperance and precaution; became their leader, and about two years before, had established his band at their present retreat in the *wilderness*.

Such were the principal facts that I collected from the Captain's conversation; but though I doubted not of his general veracity, I thought it singular that so short a space of time should have rooted out almost every spark of humanity from his bosom. According to his own acknowledgment, he had become perfectly indifferent to the shedding of blood. He was a misanthrope both in principle and practice. My own preservation he attributed solely to my having saved the life of Joseph, one of the most intelligent and enterprising of his associates.

Three weeks had now elapsed since my captivity began, and time rolled on without bringing any prospect of release. About half the band had set off some time before for Natchez, to dispose of their plunder, and to purchase necessities for the establish-

ment. It was contemplated at their departure that their absence would not exceed two weeks; that period was approaching, and I was waiting anxiously for the moment when the Captain would fulfil his promise, and give me a horse to go to New Orleans. But I was not destined to travel with his permission, nor under the protection of his band. One afternoon, we heard a gun fired in the woods, apparently not far from us; the band assembled; and concluding that it must be some travellers chasing a deer, they set out to reconnoitre and surprise them. None remained behind but myself and Joseph. We were greatly surprised by the non-arrival of the band that night: morning appeared, still no appearance of them; but towards evening, we heard repeated shots in our vicinity, and at last one of the band came galloping up, all covered with blood, and desperately wounded. We assisted him from his horse, but his weakness was so great, that he could merely inform us that he believed "that the Captain and all that went out with him had been massacred by the Indians." Nothing of the particulars could we obtain, for the angel of death already waved its dark wings over him. While waiting the result in fearful suspense, a man in European dress came galloping along the stream, followed by several Indians, on foot and on horse-back. I walked out to meet them, making the usual signs of peace. The horseman dismounted immediately, and running up to embrace me, I recognized my lost friend the American. He instantly entered the huts, was fired at and missed by Joseph, at which he drew his pistols, and was about to send the bandit to his last account, when I interfered, and with difficulty saved his life. Thus far my debt of gratitude was paid; the *Captain's* hospitalities I could *never* return, for he had that morning been numbered "with the things that are not." The Indians now came straggling in, about thirty in all;—and having lighted large fires in front of the huts, they

were soon busy in preparing a repast, of which we all partook. The following was my friend's account of the means by which he had saved himself from the robbers, and accomplished my deliverance :—

“ I had scarcely left you, (said he) when I heard the trampling of horses near me, and saw two men coming up cautiously, looking round on every side : I was in an open part of the forest, and saw no chance of escape. I succeeded, however, in getting behind a large live oak, and in a few minutes was happy to see the whole band ride past me. I then silently followed them to the river, saw them conversing, heard the shot fired at you, and the subsequent negotiation. I then glided off again to the woods, as cautiously as I advanced to the river ; and as soon as I got beyond hearing, I travelled rapidly on, first direct from the river, and then towards the N. W. which course I followed the whole of that night and next day. Along my path I found a few papaws and chesnuts which repressed the hunger that began to attack me. On the second night, I took two hours rest, but took care not to fall asleep ; I then continued my journey the whole of next day, occasionally picking up some papaws and wild grapes as I passed along ; travelled the whole night, when I took some sleep at day-break, continued my journey again till the middle of the night, when I took my first sound sleep. On awaking some hours after sun-rise, I was astonished to find two *Chickasaw* Indians sitting beside me. They had perceived me while passing along, and with true Indian feeling, had not disturbed my slumbers. I explained to them my situation as far as my knowledge of Indian dialects enabled me ; when they informed me that they, along with some families of their tribe, were on their way to the western banks of the Mississippi, because the constant inroads of the Americans had spoiled their hunting grounds. They turned back with me to their encampment, about ten miles off,

where I was received by the whole tribe with great kindness ; the *squaws* immediately prepared some venison and corn cakes for me, and you may imagine how delicious they were after living four days on papaws and wild fruit ! As soon as my meal was over, the warriors of the tribe assembled round me : I told them of my adventures among the Kansas, how I had become *home-sick*, came with you from St Louis, how you were attacked, and how I escaped. I then endeavoured to persuade them to rescue you and your cargo ; but they would not consent : for the robbers, they said, had done them no harm, and I believe they were rather afraid of them. Still I remained with the tribe, hoping further entreaty might prevail ; but had it not been for the arrival of another part of the tribe, I should have been altogether disappointed. The hope of booty, which I was continually holding out, at last prevailed : and about thirty of the young men, accompanied by old *Kin-ka-poo*, set out with me six days ago to attempt your deliverance. The Indians knew to within twenty miles of the hiding place, but as we knew not the strength of the band, we were obliged to be cautious. We sent scouts towards the Tennessee country, but no traces of travelling were found. We sent men also on the route that leads from the robbers' settlement to Natchez, and they returned immediately with the joyful intelligence of having seen the marks of 30 or 40 horses, from which we concluded that one half at least of the garrison were absent. I now approached to within 30 miles of this place, when I left all the Indians but two, who came along with me to a part of the wood where we imagined we should be heard by the robbers. I fired a gun, and we then galloped off to join our companions. The robbers sallied out as I expected, and followed our tracks till they came to a *salt lick*, where we had taken effectual precautions to conceal our future progress. The banditti here separated to scour the forest, while

we remained in their immediate neighbourhood. All was quiet during the night. At day-break, I perceived two of the robbers approaching; I immediately appeared in an open part of the wood, and galloped off in the opposite direction. After blowing a bugle, as a sign to their associates, they pursued me two or three miles till I approached a hollow, where I had placed most of the Indians in ambuscade; this I rode past, with the two robbers not twenty yards behind me. The Indians fired a volley, and they both fell, pierced with many wounds. On stripping one of them, I found a handsome French pocket-book, with the name "*L. de la Trappe, Bordeaur, 1784.*" We continued to approach cautiously, and soon came in sight of three more of the banditti; they galloped up to us, fired their rifles, and wounded two of our Indians; but we soon put them down. We afterwards fell in with the rest of the band who were seeking for us, and we have altogether settled about twelve or fourteen, as far as I can collect. But after putting them down, I should not have known where to find you had it not been for that groaning scoundrel (the wounded robber) who galloped off after I had wounded him, and thus shewed the road to this hiding place. But all that's past—now for the future. We *must* leave this place to-morrow to prevent surprize; for though we may be able to cope with the remainder of the band, they may bring twenty other freebooters along with them."

After the Indians had finished their supper, we brought out two large kegs of whiskey, and they soon sat down to hard drinking, while we took care to uncork the kegs of wine and spirits that remained, to prevent them getting so much as to begin murder-

ing each other. While the Indians were busy at their cups, we visited the hut where the spoils were kept, and brought away whatever was most portable, including some valuable furs of my own. This night, the last I passed in the scene of my captivity, sleep was a stranger to my eyelids. The vicissitudes of the day were too strange not to give rise to many and sad reflections. The Indians, meanwhile, after their deep carousing, had fallen asleep, all but the venerable *Kin-ka-poo*, whom neither age nor fatigue could disable from keeping watch over his companions. At day-break, we prepared some coffee, roused the Indians, told them we must set off immediately, and that they must hasten to distribute the plunder. The distribution lasted three hours. We then left the glen of robbers and emerged into the forest. At our first evening halt, we found that Joseph had escaped, but we made no search after him. On the fourth day, I reached the Indian encampment. I there procured horses and guides, and accompanied by my late deliverer, the American, continued my journey to New Orleans.

Thus ended my adventure on the banks of the Mississippi. More than twenty years have now elapsed; but I have never seen that mighty river since I was prisoner to the Bordelese and his band. My American friend repaired soon after to Philadelphia, (then the seat of government) where my statements of his conduct to ———, and ———, (Secretaries of State,) procured him the commission of Captain in the regular army, and the appointment of Indian agent for the Missouri. He is now General ———, and one of the first men in the American Republic.

THE DEAD INFANT.

O weep not for him; 'tis unkindness to weep,
The weary, weak frame hath but fallen asleep;
No more of fatigue or endurance it knows;
O weep not, O break not its gentle repose.

THE CHAMBER OF PSYCHE.

TREAD softly thro' these amorous rooms !
 For every bough is hung with life,
 And kisses in harmonious strife
 Unloose their sharp and wing'd perfumes.
 From Afric and the Persian looms
 The carpet's silken leaves have sprung,
 And Heaven in its blue bounty flung
 These starry flowers and azure blooms !

Tread softly !—By a creature fair
 The Deity of love reposes :
 His red lips open, like the roses
 Which round his hyacinthine hair
 Hang in crimson coronals ;
 And Passion fills the arched halls ;
 And Beauty floats upon the air !

Tread softly, softly,—like the foot
 Of Winter shod with fleecy snow,
 Who cometh white, and cold, and mute,
 Lest he should 'wake the Spring below.
 Oh, look ! for here lie Love and Youth,
 Fair spirits of the heart and mind ;
 Alas ! that one should stray from truth,
 And one be ever, ever blind !

Here lie they, like lost pleasures flung
 From Eden's rich and grassy bowers,
 Nourish'd both by breath of flowers
 Once, and still divine and young :
 Sure somewhere a green home must be,
 Though paradise and faith have flown,
 Where these two may slumber on,
 Sweet friends, into eternity !

AMERICAN WRITERS.

[SEE PAGE 219.]

GALLOWAY.—If we are not greatly mistaken, this gentleman was the author of a masterly pamphlet, which appeared in America, soon after the escape of Washington from Sir Wm. Howe and Cornwallis.—If so, Mr G. was a loyalist—and shewed, rather more conclusively than we should have liked, had *we* been the leader of His Majesty's forces in America, that Washington was entirely in the power of his adversary, more than once ; that nothing saved him, in crossing the Delaware, but imbecility or something worse on the part of his Majesty's generals.——Washington himself we know, *did* say, that he owed his escape to the infatuation of his enemy.—Yes, and well he might. Cornwallis had pursued him so hotly, through Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, Trenton, that, while the rear of one army was leaving each of those "places" in succession, the van of the other was entering it. Washington's whole power, when he had crossed—his whole army—that upon which the hopes of all America were cast, was only twenty-two hundred men—worn out—suffering every kind of hardship—and completely discouraged, by a long uninterrupted

series of disaster. *They* were leaving him by fifties and by hundreds—owing to the nature of their engagement : so that, in two days, he was reduced from thirty-three, to *seventeen hundred* men. Cornwallis had six thousand capital troops *chosen* for the purpose. Yet Washington was permitted, strange as it may seem, to cross a broad rapid river, with his miserable remnant of military power ; with all his baggage and stores (the loss of which would have been quite irretrievable to him ;) and *without* molestation.—The advance of Cornwallis put up, for the night, almost within cannon-shot of the Americans, while they were embarking.

There was a Mr Galloway—perhaps the same—in the Pennsylvania assembly. He distinguished himself about 1764-5—by opposing a petition of that body ; or *in* that body, for changing the proprietary to a regal form of government. Franklin afterwards published Mr G.'s argument, with a preface of his own.

GILMAN—REV. MR.—A Unitarian "clergyman," of Charleston, South Carolina ; formerly a contributor to the North American Review, for which he made some tolerable trans-

lations of Boileau. He was too much of a poet for that sort of job; and, we fear, though one of the most beautiful prose writers of the age—is too little of a poet now, for any generous, bold adventure in the way of poetry.—These Unitarian “clergymen,” by the by, are fine fellows in America: Mr Everett (see p. 147) is now going to the right field for him—Congress: he will make a figure, there, for a time; but will never be a statesman: Mr Sparks, we see, is turned editor: Mr Holley is now president of a college: Mr Pierpont—lawyer—merchant—poet—preacher—makes compilations “for the use o’ schools:”—*He* is a powerful man, however: *He* might be a statesman. These are Unitarian leaders.

GORDON, Dr—Wrote a history of the AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR, 3 vols. 8vo, which may be depended upon. He was an eye witness of what he describes; an Englishman, we believe: The work is crowded with materials, of which a great history might have been made. With a world of trash, there are some passages of extraordinary force and breadth in it: as, for example, the account of a German officer’s death and burial, on the top of a mountain, just before the surrender of Burgoyne.

GRIFFITH:—Ex-Consul to some French port; maker of a “supplement,” which is very well, so far as it goes, to the HISTORY OF MARYLAND, which, as we have said before, is not yet written. (See Bozman, (vol. H. N. S. p. 231.

GRIFFITH—JUDGE. Author and compiler of the LAW REGISTER, a work of great value, to those who have claims or property in any part of the United States. It contains all that is material, for a stranger, ay, or any body else—to know, of the *laws, course of practice and court rules*, in each of the twenty-eight communities, which go to make up the Union.

GRISCOMB—Author of “A YEAR IN EUROPE:” a plain, sensible, good sort of a man, who, after “running

over” here for a time: picking up a world of “pretty particular information, I guess;” overran, like another Caesar, a considerable part of Europe; and precisely one year—to an hour—from the day of his de-barkation at Liverpool, re-embarked for America, where he ran out before all the world, about a twelvemonth ago, in a volume of commentaries, which are, certainly, very much to be wondered at, considering the precipitation of his movements here.—We have heard, but we *know* nothing of the matter, that he was “dispatched,” by some society of New York, to this *other* world, for information. It may be so—we don’t much like to accuse his countrymen of dispatching travellers; but certain of his movements here, certainly favour the notion. He had no *body* with him—that we are sure of; and up to the day of his departure, set all the laws of time and space at naught.

HALL—JOHN E.—A blockhead; editor of the Port-Folio (tautology that)—(see Dennie, p. 122); and “author” of many priceless works (to our knowledge)—an account of which, we herewith subjoin.

Thus—No. 1.—“*HALL’s Port-Folio*:” a Monthly Magazine, made up of *original* essays from our “periodicals,” newspapers, gazettes, &c. translations of translations; matter, for which the Philadelphians have not yet been able to invent a name—but which, when it is more than usually absurd or foolish, they call his own—poetry, of which we remember a verse:

“The wedding-day appointed was;
The wedding clothes provided;
But, on the day she was to wed,
She sickened and she die did.”

2. “*HALL’s Admiralty*” is a compilation from “Clark’s Praxis,” and some other English works; with a few meagre notes, which, so far as they go, only serve to mislead a student, or neutralize the text.

3. “*HALL’s Justice*”—A shameless piece of quackery, with a candid fair title, nevertheless—a paltry compilation, with what amounts to *caveat*

emplot upon the back—from the Laws of Maryland; wherein the author, under pretence of assisting the *lay gens*, among other characteristic, ingenious expedients to swell the volume, has the impudence to give two copies—both of which are false—of the same “precedent,” as he calls it, which “precedent,” by the way, is a bill of sale!

4. “HALL’s *Emerigon*”—A poor translation, with two or three tolerable notes (which of course are not his own) of a poor French book, on the Law of Insurance. These works, we should observe, are *only* to be found among the wholesale collectors of America—the auctioneers; who will confirm our testimony. They *know* them to be priceless.—Nos. 2, 3, and 4, are light octavos; the rest, heavy enough.

5. “HALL’s *Law Journal*”—A compilation of refuse law tracts; old pamphlets; forgotten speeches—&c.—&c.—the best of all his “works;” being *entirely* a compilation.

As a writer, were he not one of those, the *whole* of whom we profess to give an account of, Mr John E. Hall, would not be worth our notice. He is a bad one—a mischievous one—a foolish one. He is endowed with less than moderate abilities:—with no scholarship; no principle; no heart—no courage—no decency—no character. And yet, strange as it may seem, he is worth calling sternly to account—worth driving before us, with a whip of scorpions.—There will be those—we know—the Spartans knew it—whom it were beneath a man to assail with anything but a whip. HE is one of them. A child—an ideot, we know, may lift a flood-gate or a bar; draw a bolt, or turn a key—which—idiot as he is—may let in a deluge, upon a province.—HE has done this.—He got possession, it were no easy matter to tell how—of a spring—a fountain, the waters of which *did* circulate, some years ago, (when it was troubled of the angels,) through all America—like wine. Into it, with a wicked, mercenary spirit, he has been pour-

ing a deadly poison—a pernicious exhilarating drug—month after month—until there are those, who relish the taste, and love the sparkle, of these impure waters.—He is, therefore, worth scourging, they, worth shaming.

Or—in sober, plain prose, John E. Hall was permitted, weak and wicked as he is, to get possession of the Port-Folio, after the death of Dennie, before anybody thought it possible for him, or it, in *his* hands, to be mischievous. With *that*, he is now able to provoke the indignation of those—whom, but for *that*—he could never hope to move any thing more than the pity of. With all his abominable stupidity, however, the man had cunning enough to see, that if he ventured much of *his* loading upon the Port-Folio, it would go to the devil, of course; and himself with it; wherefore he has contrived, year after year, to keep it afloat—and *his* chin above water—though he has been over head and ears with it, more than once—afloat—in spite of his own dead, ponderous imbecility, by freighting it with a buoyant material, which he pilfered from our magazines—when-ever he went ashore—that is, about once a month.

He has moreover succeeded, one hardly knows how, in making himself an outlaw, worth hunting down, upon all the sweet, calm charities of life; all the sanctities of retirement: He has done more—he has foregone the privileges of fools: put himself, by his appetite for vulgar notoriety, out of the protection, to which he was naturally entitled, by his insignificance; and all the laws of generous literary warfare. By his own brutal, cowardly disregard of all decorum, he has driven us to scourge the lion’s hide—though we know what is under it—inch by inch, from his back.—We await our reward.

HAMILTON—ALEXANDER. (See VANDERLIN, Vol. II. N. S. p. 355.)—A West Indian, by birth: Secretary of State under the administration of Washington: a soldier—a man—a statesman—a legislator (in

theory) of whom any people might be proud :—author, (jointly with Mr Madison, late President of the United States ; and Judge Jay, formerly minister to this court—who wrote only two of the papers, we believe—author, so far, of a work, *THE FEDERALIST*, which may be called, seriously, reverently, the Bible of Republicans.—It is a large octavo volume—a series of essays, which appeared in defence of the Federal constitution, pretty much as it now is, before it had been adopted by the people.—It is a work, altogether, which, for comprehensiveness of design, strength, clearness and simplicity, has no parallel—we do not even except, or overlook, those of Montesquieu, and Aristotle—among the political writings of men.

While Hamilton was the Secretary of State, certain of his reports, upon the domestic relations of the country, were papers of extraordinary power : It was this Hamilton, with whom Washington quarrelled, in the Revolutionary war ; and whom Burr shot in a duel. The quarrel with Washington was only for a moment. Washington was imperious—absolute : Hamilton, youthful, haughty and fearless. Washington spoke to him, rather too much like a master. Hamilton drew up ; and gave him a word of caution, which was never forgotten ; though, when Washington came to make up his political household, he put all recollection of it aside, and called him to the first office under him, in the Federal administration.

HARPER—ROBERT GOODLOE—A remarkable specimen of the self-educated class : a senator : a member of Congress, where he held a commanding influence, year after year : a statesman—whose *great* speech, Cobbett swears that *he* (Cobbett) made for *him* (Harper) : a good mechanic. (having been a cabinet-maker in his youth ; a circumstance of which he makes no secret) : a good captain : a good—perhaps a great lawyer. His writings are chiefly political. They are not collected, we believe ; but certainly deserve to be, with

great care. They are energetic, manly, profound, satisfactory.—We hold him to be, altogether, one of the ablest men that North America has produced.

HAYDEN—HORACE, Dr, a Yankee, author of the “*GEOLOGICAL ESSAYS*” to which we alluded some time ago—(see BEAZLY, vol. II. N. S. p. 356) : a valuable work nevertheless, although one is occasionally disturbed by the pompous, absurd style, in which little matters are spoken of. It is a prodigious accumulation of material—fact, argument, reason—of which great use might be made ; but of which little is made. We think highly of Dr Hayden as a geologist ; mineralogist—and also, as a dentist. He has written ably upon the diseases of teeth ; lectured in the “*Maryland University*”—so called—on the same subject ; and we are quite sure is master thereof.—He has also—such are the strange pursuits of a learned Yankee :—he has also found out a method of tanning leather, in four hours, for which he has obtained a—patent ; and a method of preserving anatomical preparations “*to all eternity*”—which we take to be quite a desideratum with every body, but our resurrection-men : Both of these discoveries, however, Mr Charles Whitlaw claims to have given Dr Hayley, the “*first idce*” of.

HUNTER—JOHN, D. Author of the book, which is called HUNTER’S *NARRATIVE*.—A very honest fellow, at bottom—spoiled by absurd attention here ; with a world of cunning ; who forgot his part, as a North American savage, entirely before he left us.—He could not get up a better book, without assistance ; although, we dare say, that, after all the pruning ; alteration, correction, etc. etc. which the “*NARRATIVE*,” has undergone, there is not a paragraph left, as it was written by him.

HUSTON—Editor of the *MINERVA* : formerly one of the writers for Dr Coleman’s *EVENING POST*—(a valuable paper—) Mr Huston we are told, is English ; at any rate, his

writings are, though he *does* maintain, that Sir W. Scott is not—we state it strongly—the author of his own works: that on the contrary, “one Dr Greenfield” is: and moreover, that *he* (Mr H. we suppose—the article wearing an editorial face) did actually see the MS. of a novel, in the possession of a London publisher; which MS. was in the handwriting of Dr G., and afterwards appeared in print, as one of the Waverley novels.—We may err a little, perhaps, in the particulars; but, substantially, we are correct, in saying that such positive testimony did appear, some 18 months ago, in the MINERVA.

HILL—IRA. Another Yankee. (See BEAZLY, vol. II. N. S. p. 356.) This man’s “THEORY OF THE EARTH,” is one of the most capital affairs that we know of; unless, perhaps, that paper of Irving, in the Introduction to Knickerbocker, upon the same question, be as good.—The chief difference is, that Irving is undoubtedly in fun, while he appears to be profoundly in earnest: Ira Hill profoundly in earnest, while he appears to be only in fun. It is, after all, however, a mighty ingenious book—was rather satisfactory to *ourselves*—and if he would put forth a new edition, with a burlesque title, would go down, yet:—Or, if the book should not, he would. Absurd as it is on some accounts, however, it is, on others, an essay of singular merit.

HISTORY—There is hardly a state in the whole “Union,” without a history of its own: Some ten or a dozen have been put forth concerning the United States—America—the Revolutionary war, etc. etc. and yet, up to this hour, the best account of America, the Revolutionary war, and all, has been the work of a stranger—an Italian—a writer who had never set his foot in America. His name was CARLO BOTTA.—A plenty of material may be found for a good history.—Professor EBELING’s collection of itself: that, which he gave to Harvard University some years ago, is a mine

of learning about America. He was a stranger too; a German.—RAMSAY is romantic, loose, declamatory, and credulous: MARSHALL, (Chief Justice of the Supreme Court,) insupportably tiresome; and, with all his great honesty, care, and sources of information, from the papers of Washington, greatly mistaken, several times, in matters of importance: GORDON, fatiguing: a mere catalogue of undigested, undigestible transactions: all matter; no workmanship, as a whole; Mrs WARREN—a woman: TRUMBULL, sound; but a little too wise thoughtful, particular, in ordinary affairs, clumsy, credulous, without ardour:—ALLEN—partly trash; partly newspaper wisdom; partly rhodomantade; partly writing, of a noble, strong, bold character—determined—eloquent—original—but, murdered by typographical blundering.—Allen, by the way, must not bear this load. He is too honest a fellow; too good a man; has enough to answer for on his own account. It was the transgression of others—Neal and Watkins.—Be it on their heads. R. WALSH, DR—*could* write a book about America, by which he would be remembered, if he were to undertake it, like a man; discharging his heart of all bitterness; foolish rancour; jealousy and fear.

HOFFMAN—DAVID—Professor of Law in the University of Maryland—a highly respectable institution; but no University. It is, in fact, only a medical college; with a law faculty, of which Mr H. is the professor.—He is the author of a small work, of which we think very highly.—He calls it “A COURSE OF LEGAL STUDY.”—His views are more extensive, by far, than those of any other person, who *professes*, or lectures upon law, in America; and, with a few trivial exceptions, dignified, worthy, and admirable. He teaches that men are not lawyers by intuition: that he, who is called upon to expound law, *may* have occasion to know what he is talking about; *may* wish that he knew something of history, legislation, languages. He would have the

name of a lawyer something more than a by-word among men—a reproach—a nick-name.

HOLLEY—REV MR—Another Unitarian clergyman : formerly a preacher of Boston, Massachusetts : one of the most eloquent speakers of the age—or declaimers, rather : a showy, beautiful rhetorician : president of the Transylvania “University,” so called—an academy on a respectable footing—hardly a college : a miserable prose writer—in comparison with *himself as a speaker*, we mean.—He

never appears to say what he means ; or to mean what he says, with a pen.

HOLLEY—Brother of the last : associate editor of the New York Magazine, a journal which died of its own talkativeness.

HUTCHINSON—The last royal governor of Massachusetts ; about which province he wrote a good, strong substantial history. It has been well continued by MINOT. Gov. H. was the client of Mr Solicitor General Wedderbourne (see FRANKLIN, p. 214) when he abused Franklin.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH A WREATH OF FLOWERS.

FORGET me not—forget me not !
But let these little simple flowers
Remind thee of his lonely lot,
Who loved thee in life's purer hours,
When hearts and hopes were hallowed
things,
Ere gladness broke the lyre she brought ;
Then oh ! when shivered all its strings,
Forget me not—forget me not !

We met, ere yet the world had come
To wither up the springs of truth,
Amid the holy joys of home,
And in the first warm blush of youth ;

We parted, as they never part
Whose tears are doomed to be forgot,—
Oh ! by that agony of heart,
Forget me not—forget me not !

Thine eye must watch these flowrets fade,
Thy soul its idols melt away,
But oh ! when friends and flowers lie
dead,

Love can embalm them in decay ;
And, when thy spirit sighs along
The shadowy scenes of hoarded thought,
Oh ! listen to its pleading song,—
Forget me not—forget me not !

THE PALE BEAUTY.

THE sun had scarcely dipped his golden beams in the western ocean. His saffron hues still reflected innumerable beauties on the surrounding landscape, and attired it in that lovely mellowness which adds richness even to the picturesque charms of nature. The scene was altogether delightful. From the elevated summit of a long range of lofty cliffs, declining into a gentle valley, and softened by thick and ever varying foliage, the eye might trace an irregular line of neat white cottages, dotting the green underwoods like sheep scattered over a vernal meadow. Through this peaceful region, a river of ample breadth wound its translucent course, now buried in

mantling trees which extended their twisting arms from bank to bank across the flood, and now voluptuously glittering in the open light of heaven. Vessels freighted with rich cargoes were incessantly gliding down these almost quiet waters, and it was not unpleasing to catch the far-off strain of the pilot's song, as he stood upon the deck of his floating habitation, and enjoyed the luxuriant prospect.

Two young men, in shooting jackets, and with guns upon their shoulders, came loitering down a narrow path leading from the brow of the hill, to the village beneath : one of them was evidently a stranger, as he frequently stopped to gratify his ad-

miration, and to make inquiries respecting the various objects which arrested his attention.

"Yonder stands, or rather hangs, a beautiful cottage," exclaimed he to his companion; pointing, at the same time, to a picturesque rustic building which stood on the verge of an over-shadowing cliff, in a little enclosure of thickly blossoming fruit trees.

"Yes," was the reply; and, pretty as the cottage may seem, it contains a young girl for its inhabitant, much prettier I can assure you."

"Indeed! who and what is she?"

"The queen of the village!"

"You must present me to pay homage at her feet, then."

"O, no; she's guarded by an old Cerberus of a father, who is too watchful, and too discreet for devotees of your lordship's temperament."

"Where will be the harm of taking a glance?"

"Beware of the danger; for though Amy Castleton be only a cotter's daughter, as the song says, your lordship would not prove the first knight that has come off worsted by the influence of her charms; 'tis too well ascertained, that Cupid, who is a capricious deity, has taken up his abode in yonder garden of roses, and discharges his arrows at all who are bold enough to cross his enchanted barrier."

"This raillery does but excite my curiosity. Ah, Charles! you are a sly dog! you live in this village like an eastern prince, and——"

"On my honour you mistake; besides, Amy Castleton is already engaged to a young man of some credit in the neighbourhood."

"A clown!"

"Not exactly! he's the curate, and lives in the red house yonder by the church: as soon as circumstances will admit, for he is in constant expectation of a living, he and Amy are to be married; now you know the whole story."

"Nevertheless, let us call at the cottage," answered the right honourable; "at all events it is ever delightful to look at a pretty face; and the

parson can't be offended at our admiration of what, no doubt, he so piously adores himself."

With these words, the young Lord Rosenberry continued to ascend the hill, followed by his companion, Charles Somerton, till they reached the little wicket which opened into the garden of Cliff cottage.

"Observe, my lord," said Charles, peeping through the hedge, "yonder prowls the invincible lord of the castle, Amy's father."

Rosenberry did as he was desired, and perceived from behind the branches, a man of serious deportment, tying up a branch of white dwarf roses, and too intent on his simple occupation to observe them. A young girl, in a quaker-like dress, came from the cottage while he was thus employed; she had a basket on her arm, furnished with silk netting, which she continued to work at, as she gaily and half unconsciously conversed with her father.

"That's Amy!" said Charles, in a subdued tone of voice to his friend, "isn't she *very* pretty?"

Lord Rosenberry continued to gaze, but it was in the surprise of disappointed expectation. Amy indeed was *very* fair; her light tresses waved luxuriantly down her well formed shoulders; she had fine eyes and fine teeth, but still there wanted, at least in the young nobleman's opinion, that certain air, that grace, that inimitable finish of feminine perfection, which invariably conquers at first sight.

"Well!" ejaculated Rosenberry, "is this your sylvan beauty? thank heaven my heart is still unsubdued."

"Be not too certain of that," answered Charles; others have thought like you, and have been in their turns deceived."

"Poor fellows!" was the reply, almost scornfully.

The young sportsmen were now driven from their ambuscades by the approach of the veteran of the garden to the spot where they had concealed themselves. Charles took advantage of the circumstance, and lean-

ing half over the low gate, inquired the hour. The person to whom this question was addressed, without once troubling himself to notice the individual who spoke, deliberately drew from his pocket an old fashioned watch, and after examining it for at least a minute, as coolly answered, "six," and continued to pick the dead leaves from the adjoining shrubs. Previously to this, Amy had suddenly retired, so that Lord Rosenberry had an undivided opportunity of contemplating her father. He was apparently a man of eccentric habits; his person, too, was rather singular. He was of low stature, somewhat awkwardly formed; his countenance seemed much flushed, or sun-burnt; he had pale blue, but sharply penetrating eyes, and his hair being chafed from his forehead by the premature hand of time, gave him a more venerable appearance than accorded perhaps with his years. He wore a long loose blue coat which reached down to his heels: the rest of his dress, even to his gaiters, was composed of nankin.

"Would it be too great a favour to request a cup of ale?" cried Lord Rosenberry, marking Castleton's freezing manner, and resolving to queer the old slouch, as he termed him to Charles.

"A cup of ale! why, no—a cup of ale, if that be all—a cup of ale!"—the sentence was made up of a shuffling whistle, with which Mr Castleton disappeared among the tall raspberry bushes.

"Now," said the young lord, in a tone half laughing and half vexed, "is this a negative or an affirmative? for hang me if I can imagine."

"You perceive," answered Charles, "I told you exactly the truth; isn't he a very proper Cerberus to keep young fellows at a distance?"

"But you assured me, also, that Cupid nestled hereabouts; I marvel the villain doesn't come and unbolt this ugly spiked gate."

"Ah! my lord, these very spikes which you affect to despise so, are all the urchin's arrow heads; for

heaven's sake don't lean over them on the heart side."

The young men laughed, as young men frequently do, at the *little* witticisms of their own coining, when suddenly a neat looking elderly woman came towards them with ale and cakes on a salver of curious workmanship.

"Oh! is it you, young 'squire?" said she, to Charles; "well sure, master be so strange, why couldn't he ask a body in? howsomever, I say nothing; I hope your sisters be all well; and madam, your mother; and Miss Grace, your aunt; laud! when will she get a husband! why I remember she was on the look-out for one three and twenty years ago, when—but I say nothing; here's the ale, as fine and clear as ever was brewed, though to be sure we have gotten better—but I say nothing."

"And how is your young mistress, Mary? I hear she's going to be married."

"Why so she be, that is, as soon as parson knows how to get a living like; but ye see, preaching don't answer so well in these here parts as it does in tothers; well, I'm sure our Amy's more contented to wait an I should be; but, I—I say nothing."

"No, no, Mary, you are perfectly right," replied Charles, returning her the glass, and giving half a crown at the same time, "you are perfectly right."

"And what be this for, young 'squire?" said Mary, chinking the money on the old-fashioned salver.

"What for, why to buy yourself a rose-coloured ribbon with, and wear it at church; I suppose you'll all be there on Sunday; and Amy, and her father—ha?"

"To be sure; we never neglects *our* duty, either to God or to man!" was the answer, as Mary caught Lord Rosenberry's dark eye, and drew herself up with an air of primness.

"Well, you'll wear the rose-coloured ribbons?"

"Certainly I will; there can be no harm in it, I think."

"Harm! what harm should there be?"

"No ; only I heard master saying *young* women should be always careful, not to lay themselves under obligations to—but I say nothing," and she deliberately put down the salver and deposited the money in a little silk purse which she drew from her *pocket*.

"That's a pretty purse !" observed Lord Rosenberry, "will you allow me to examine it ?"

"All my own embroidery, some people might make a boast ; but I—I say nothing."

Lord Rosenberry opened the purse, and dropped into it a sovereign ; Mary saw the glare of gold through the netting, and she looked first at the purse, then at Lord Rosenberry, and then at the purse again : at that instant, the bluff voice of Castleton was heard among the raspberry bushes, exclaiming, "why, what the deuce ! why, where the deuce !" and Mary, calling to her aid a profound curtsy, made her exit in an instant.

Our cavaliers, finding all further conference with the master of the cottage at an end, thought right to make the best of their way to the manor-house, the seat of Sir Abel Somerton, Charles's father. Charles had not long been from Eton, the scene of his first intimacy with his present fashionable companion, Lord Rosenberry, a young man of profligate and expensive habits, but withal possessing a sort of generous *nonchalance* which was extremely fascinating to those who were not at the pains of observing him with the eye of more than a *mere acquaintance*. His person was handsome and manly, and an air of elegant levity, peculiarly his own, rendered him a dangerous companion to those whose minds possessed not a considerable portion of forbearance to counteract the evil tendency of his propensities. At Somerton House, Lord Rosenberry was looked upon as a little deity ; his rank, his connexions, his habits, were all esteemed as so many excellencies, and Sir Abel was not without hopes that, from the pointed attentions which were paid by Lord Rosenberry to his youngest daughter, a union

might be effected between the two families. How vain are the thoughts of a fond father who imagines a school-girl of fifteen is capable of riveting the affections of a man revelling in the extremes of fashion and voluptuousness, whose society is courted by the most elegant and accomplished, if not by the most correct of both sexes.

Somerton House, during the few days that Lord Rosenberry had passed there, was thronged by all the surrounding fox-hunters and their wives, and daughters ; for Sir Abel was not the only silly old man who was on the look-out for a young lord. His lordship, however, began to be heartily tired of ruralizing, and purposed returning to Hanover Square on the Monday, when the accident of a moment led to a material alteration in his resolves. Lord Rosenberry went with the family to the village church on the Sunday. Was it that a spark of devotion excited him to visit the venerable pile ? no—was it Christianity ? no—it was nothing more nor less than the idea of laughing at old Mary's rose-coloured ribbons, and obtaining a second and unimpeded view of Amy Castleton, "the village beauty." It is no slight misfortune for a simple innocent girl to be distinguished as "*a beauty*."

Lord Rosenberry had been in church with the Somertons some few minutes, when in flourished Mary, majestically sweeping down the centre aisle, to open her master's pew, her head radiant with the fatal rose-coloured bow, which did not fail, in a country church, to excite universal attention. What a contrast was the foolish old woman, to the dove-like creature who followed her with slow and measured steps, supporting the weight of her father upon her arm ; for old Castleton, it seemed, had accidentally slipped down a bank in his garden, and thus been rendered lame. Amy appeared simply dressed in a plain grey silk pelisse, with a Leghorn bonnet : she had no colour in her cheek ; sometimes her very lips were pale ; in looking at her it might

almost have been imagined that a statue of the most exquisite alabaster had suddenly been inspired with life. During the service Amy's eyes scarcely wandered from her book, except to the features of her father; once, she accidentally looked towards the young curate, and then indeed Lord Rosenberry observed that those pallid features, when irradiated by a blush, were lovely as the young morning warmed by the earliest tints of dawn. He envied the unconscious curate the excitement of that exquisite vermilion; and, strange as it may appear, a pang of the deepest jealousy rushed through his heart at the instant. When the congregation quitted the church, Sir Abel, who was regarded as the father of the village, stood to speak with several of the parishioners, among the rest, to Mr Selwin the curate, and to old Castelton, on the cause of his lameness. Amy replied to the conversation of the Misses Somerton with sweetness and affability; not, however, divested of rustic diffidence; but when the young lord attempted to address her, the answer was chilling as ice, and seemed to imply that the frozen soul within possessed not the faculty of animating a form so cold and death-like. Lord Rosenberry, for the first time in his life, was pained by a woman's indifference towards him. Was it that Amy, singular and peculiar as she seemed, had really made an impression on his heart? was it that his vanity could not support the regardless manner with which she treated him? During the day the imagined semblance of Amy was constantly before his eyes; at night it hovered round him in his dreams. He arose earlier than usual—the sun had scarcely tipped the summit of the hills, when he found himself walking on the banks of the river which flowed past the base of Castelton's cottage. It was a lovely morning; the perfume of a thousand flowers, as they distilled the pure dew, enriched the surrounding atmosphere: as the light sunbeams fell on the glossy bosom of the water, the sportive trout leaped

joyously from his liquid bed, and seemed for an instant to inhale the golden shower as it descended. Lord Rosenberry stood silently by the current; he neither observed the gay verdure, nor listened to the lively melody of the birds which now sweetly burst from the thickly waving foliage; he thought of nothing but Amy Castelton. Buried in a profound reverie, he seated himself on the trunk of a fallen oak, in which position he had scarcely remained ten minutes, when the piercing shriek of a female met his ear, and rushing to the opening covert, he beheld Mary, old Castelton's servant, wringing her hands and gazing frantically towards a half-sunken boat in the centre of the river. On the opposite bank Castelton himself had fallen to the earth in a state of insensibility, and Amy, the gentle Amy, was struggling for life in the remorseless water. Lord Rosenberry did not even stay to throw off his coat nor his hat; in an instant he plunged into the stream, and in an instant more Amy was at the feet of her father. Castelton, when he beheld his daughter safe, was almost frantic with joy: he frequently stooped to the earth where she still lay supported in the arms of her brave preserver, to kiss her cold lips, and as frequently bathed the hand of Lord Rosenberry with tears of almost childish gratitude. He was now an altered man; it was evident that, howsoever his austerity might extend to a stranger, he wanted not the heart to requite the generosity of a friend. By the aid of some peasants, whom Mary's cries had drawn to the spot, a second boat was now procured and Amy conveyed home. Selwin, who soon heard of the accident, flew in nearly phrenzied haste to the cottage. How Rosenberry envied him the tears which Amy shed upon his breast at meeting! and how did Selwin envy the young nobleman the opportunity of rescuing Amy, even at the hazard of his own life, from a watery grave!

From this period, Lord Rosenberry became almost an inmate at Cliff

cottage ; the interesting circumstance which had occurred, seemed to rivet him to the village. Castelton and Selwin viewed him as the guardian genius of their peace ; and Amy, full of ingenuous artlessness, no longer treated him with distant and freezing reserve. Day after day beheld him a welcome guest at the hermitage ; and he even spoke largely of procuring a living for the confiding, happy Selwin. In the mean time, all went on well at the manor-house. Lord Rosenberry became even more marked in his attentions to Miss Julia Somerton : village gossips prophesied that it would *certainly* be a match ; but the loquacious Mary observed, that in her opinion people didn't sigh and look, and sigh and look for no reason, at Cliff cottage : she didn't mean the *parson*, but she always made it an invariable rule to say "*nothing*."

At length, Lord Rosenberry did *actually* succeed in procuring a living for Selwin in a distant part of the country. The curate, after taking a respectful leave of his patron, and an affectionate one of Amy and her father, set off to put himself in possession of his good fortune, and to make every domestic arrangement, previously to the early arrival of his intended bride. It was decided that the nuptials should be solemnized in six weeks ; on which occasion, Lord Rosenberry and Miss Julia Somerton had condescendingly promised to visit Oak parsonage as bridesman and maid. Five weeks soon passed away ; on the ensuing Monday, Selwin was expected to return. Old Castelton anticipated his arrival, the arrival of his intended son-in-law, with undisguised emotions of joy ; and often did the happy father bless aloud the hour which had sent them so powerful and benevolent a benefactor as Lord Rosenberry.

One evening, Castelton was sitting in his easy chair and enjoying himself in the reflection of the felicitous lot which awaited his innocent and darling Amy, who had gone that morning to take leave of a sick friend, a

friend whose best wishes and blessings at least would be sure to attend her to Oak parsonage. At length the church clock struck eight, but no Amy made her appearance. There was no danger in the path, which lay directly through the village : yet Castelton began to grow uneasy, and, starting from his seat, repeatedly paced to and fro in the centre walk of the garden ; and bending over the white gate, which commanded an extensive view of the country, endeavoured vainly to discern the well-known form of his daughter. The moon began to rise—the clock struck nine, but still Amy came not. He could endure this suspense no longer, but desiring Mary to bring him his hat and stick, was about to quit the cottage as the latch of the gate fell, and turning round with a tone of pleasure, yet half angry with himself, "she is here at last," said he, "how foolish I am."

The door now flew open hastily ; it was not Amy, it was Selwin, and all Castelton's fears rushed back in an instant. "Where is my dear Amy?" was Selwin's first inquiry, while he grasped Castelton's hand in the fervour of a happy greeting. "Gone to poor Miss Howard's—I suspect the young lady is more than usually indisposed by Amy's not returning : I was just going to——"

"To Miss Howard's?" repeated Selwin, in some dismay, "why, I called on my way hither, to inquire after her health ; Amy was not there, nor has she visited the house for the last fortnight." A crimson, and almost burning hue hurried across Castelton's brow, which was as rapidly succeeded by a ghastly paleness. Amy had never in her life been guilty of uttering a falsehood, and only some unforeseen accident could possibly have prevented her doing as she had said.

"Good God!" cried he, trembling with alarm, "let us go ; while I have been calmly employed at home, some dreadful misfortune may have befallen my only child."

Selwin turned involuntarily towards the door : an incomprehensible

emotion of the most painful nature seemed bursting his inmost heart, and extending his arm to the terrified father, he offered him such assistance as he felt ashamed to acknowledge his own agitated limbs required.

"O! are ye going out, both on ye?" inquired Mary, who suddenly entered the room; "well, when ye come back will do, but I don't know what to make of this."

"To make of what, Mary?" asked Selwin, observing her haggard look with increasing alarm.

"Why, of this here letter, which I found on the pillow of master's bed when I went to tuck it up; why 'tis written in Amy's own hand; to my dear, dear father!"

Castelton snatched the letter; he struggled to believe it was a circumstance of no importance which almost convulsed his breast: he endeavoured to break the seal, but in vain, and giving the paper to Selwin, he seated himself in despairing calmness, as if to await the disclosure of some dreadful secret. Selwin began to read. "My beloved father, when your eye meets this, I shall be far away. How, how shall I disclose myself the hypocrite I am—Lord Rosenberry has my heart—I would become his bride—you would insist on my marrying Selwin—I pity, but—"

"D—— her pity!" vociferated Castelton, in a groan of torturing distress and consternation; "she shall—she—she—O Amy! Amy! O my poor lost, misled child!" and he fell back in his chair, while Mary stood by his side and wept bitterly.

Selwin saw nothing of the dismay around him—he had thrown himself on a bench in the narrow window frame; his face was buried in his hands; and the deep sobs, as they escaped from his disappointed breast, too plainly spoke that he was not the least affected of that miserable group. The first to break the reign of speechless grief was Castelton himself. A desperate firmness seemed to enter his mind at once, and grasping Amy's letter, he read it hastily from beginning to end—"and does the girl really suppose,"

said he, wildly, "that the libertine, whose arts could persuade her to abandon her heart-broken father, to place her innocence in the hands of a villain like himself, does she credit the assurance that he will ever make her Lady Rosenberry, when he has that innocence completely in his power? O no, no; but inasmuch as she has stung me deeply, deeply, and brought shame and ruin on my aged head, I lift up my hands thus despairingly to heaven, and invoke a curse."

The wretched old man raised up his shrivelled hands at these words; his eye was turned towards the ceiling, and his whole figure seemed almost superhuman. Mary screamed, and Selwin, starting from his seat, besought him in the name of that high Being who alone has a right to inflict vengeance, to forbear. "Consider," said he mildly, "if you and I could be so deeply imposed on by this Lord Rosenberry, as to believe him possessed of an upright principle, and honorable mind, how natural it was for one so guileless as poor Amy to be misled by his cruel arts; the fault has not been so much with her as with us."

"I see," answered Castelton, "abandoned as she is, you, you love her still; but for me, I blot her from my breast forever; viper as she is, I forget her;" and his faltering accents and bloodless cheek betrayed how much at variance were his parental feelings with his stern discourse. When he had succeeded in composing Castelton's mind to some degree of resignation, Selwin repaired to the manor-house to make inquiries respecting Lord Rosenberry's address in town, as he was determined to follow, and if not too late, rescue the unfortunate victim of his perfidy; but what was his consternation on learning that his route had been direct to the nearest sea-coast for the purpose of transacting some important business on the Continent, which was the excuse alleged for his speedy and abrupt departure. The news therefore of his flight with Amy was amply calculated to excite the indig-

nation of the Somertons ; and Julia, to whom he had formerly paid his addresses, was seized with an alarming indisposition in consequence, which threatened to terminate fatally. Time, however, and a good constitution, eventually succeeded in effecting her restoration, at least to health. Amy's father was less fortunate ; a violent fever attacked his frame, and settled on his nerves ; and in the end completely, perhaps fortunately, wrecked his mind. For Selwin, he sought that consolation which every virtuous mind may always find in religion, and studied to recollect nothing of Amy but her perfections. He even condemned *himself* in some measure, when he reflected on the cruelty of entrusting a girl so young and inexperienced to the frequent solitary society of a man, both personally and mentally endowed with qualifications powerful enough to overcome a much stronger and more worldly informed mind ; besides, he had fatally preserved her life, though, as it should seem, still but to blight it ; and how frequently has gratitude been the earliest deepest source of love !

Three years passed away, in the course of which many alterations had occurred in the village. The fate of Amy, during all that time, was a pitiable one ; she found too late that her artless misplaced confidence in a wretch who had basely led her to deceive the virtuous friends of her past life, was only to be ended in the wreck of all that earth contains for an uncorrupted mind to estimate : affection was requited by indifference, and tears by reproaches. To complete even the ruin of ruin, Rosenberry quarrelled with an opponent at a gaming-table ; the consequence was, a duel, and his own untimely end. Amy now became destitute : many a time she had sighed to return to her father ; but the recollection of her infamy forbade it ; she scarcely dared, even in thought, to contemplate the form of that indignant parent, whom, she doubted not, her guilt had rendered miserable ; alas ! even Amy

little imagined how miserable. Her life had long since been joyless ; her beauty declined ; and even the paleness of her cheek had become paler still : to complete the picture of despair, she was a mother, and the creditors—for Rosenberry died deeply involved—deprived her of every necessary, except the apparel of herself and infant, and left her to solicit charity of the benevolent and ostentatious in the open street. Could those whose hearts are inclined to err, have beheld Amy as she turned from the door of her recent dwelling, and looked back with an aching breast on the disarranged furniture, which several street porters were dragging from the house, marked and purchased at the prevailing auction within, it would have been a caution and a lesson of an infallible description ; but, ah ! could they have read the heart of that frail changed penitent, bursting as it was with remorse and woe, a mother without food for her deserted sickly babe—a daughter writhing beneath all the overwhelming tortures of a father's curse, the most rigid might have pitied her condition—the more compassionating have shed tears of anguish for her lamentable destiny. Scorned by the world, even by those who more needed the requisite of christian virtue than herself, how did she languish for that once indulgent breast, whereon, when innocent, she could repose her declining head in illness or in sorrow !—No hospitable door was now open to receive her ; she had no home to anticipate, beyond the grave of her seducer ; and it was seated on that grave, in all the wildness of phrenzied bitterness, that Amy resolved once more to behold the countenance of her father, to supplicate his forgiveness, to place her infant at his feet and expire. December had already stripped the forest trees of their latest leaves ; the snow lay in deep ridges along the valleys, and the cold was excessive : Amy had walked nearly all that day, and, as the evening approached, succeeded in gaining the entrance of her native village.

Her thin cloak was carefully wrapped round the sleeping half-famished babe at her bosom, when the well-remembered sight of the church spire conjured up a host of indescribable emotions ; a thrill of shame rushed across her soul at the recollection of Selwin, and leaning on a broken stile for support, gladly would her lacerated feelings have sought relief in tears, but even tears were no longer permitted to assuage the sufferings of Amy. In the midst of this distress, she beheld two men approaching, and wishing to escape their observation, retreated behind some underwood, resolving not to enter the village till dusk should screen her despised form from the finger of indignation.

" 'Tis a melancholy business ! " said one of the men, as he passed near the place of Amy's concealment ; " to try and make away with himself—in the same part of the river, too, where Amy, his abandoned daughter, was so near being drowned : I pulled him out just in time : shame on all wanton husseys, say I, who bring down ruin on their families in this manner ; they deserve——"

Amy heard no more : the conviction that her father had attempted to destroy himself, caused a deadly sickness to enervate her whole frame ; her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth ; with scarcely strength to hold the child in her arms, she attempted to cry out ; but the men were beyond hearing, long ere her benumbed faculties had revived. Amy felt herself alone—she possessed only sufficient power to sink on her knees in silent prayer, and to invoke the lenity of that Creator who never deserts us, no not even in our sins.

Evening began to draw its murky veil over surrounding objects, as Amy slowly paced through the narrow street of which she had once been the pride and boast : how altered were her feelings from those of happier times ! She beheld the comfort-inspiring fire streaming through the lattices of the different cottages, cottages wherein she had passed many a playful hour, hours that had faded

forever : she met one or two of her former companions ; she trembled to encounter them ; but, in the dejected being before them, they caught no recollection of the pale, but beautiful Amy Castelton, and passed on. At length, with faltering steps, and worn out by care and fatigue, she reached the little white gate of the cottage ; her hand touched the latch, it seemed like the grasp of an old friend, except that it was cold and icy, but cold and almost icy was the shrunken hand that pressed it. Amy could perceive, that the garden had been much neglected by her father since her departure ; the summer-house wherein she used to sit had fallen into ruins, and the evergreens, the only signs of vegetation allowed by the season, had run to waste and were trailing over the pathway. A candle burned dimly in Castelton's bed-chamber, which was on the ground floor. Towards the window of this apartment Amy rather staggered than walked, anxious to obtain the glimpse of one friendly face which might inspire her with resolution to enter ; for now that she was preparing to cast herself at the feet of her injured, perhaps dying parent, the terrors of his malediction began to revive. A low murmuring voice struck upon her ear, and fearfully gazing across the slight curtain, she beheld Selwin, her abused, wronged Selwin on his knees, in humble devotion, by the side of her father's bed, while Mary was standing near, watching the meagre and cadaverous countenance of her almost expiring master. As Amy continued to behold them, her father, who had remained for some moments perfectly still, suddenly turned his head towards the lattice, and fixing his sunken eyes intently upon it, convulsively, he half rose in his bed, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and fell senseless on his pillow. Amy's mind became disordered at this dreadful sight ; she believed that her father had observed her through the gloom, and that her fatal presence, in a moment of such extreme weakness, had destroyed him. A loud shriek es-

caped her lips—the infant fell from her bosom, and in all the distraction of a maniac, she rushed into the cottage, exclaiming, “Not till you have forgiven me! not till you have forgiven me! my father, stay!—” and throwing herself upon his neck, she raised him frantically in her arms.

Nothing could exceed the surprise of Selwin and Mary at so unexpected a sight: at first they scarcely believed their senses, that the blighted figure, which had come thus unlooked for into the chamber of death, could be Amy Castelton, her whom they once so loved, and whom, notwithstanding her fault, they were inclined to love still. At length, as Selwin was about to speak, the cry of a child arrested his attention; with that humanity which ever marked his conduct, he hurried toward the garden, and snatching up the infant, brought it into the house. Amy heard the voice of her babe; she saw, too, that Selwin had rescued it from perishing, and a beam of almost celestial gratitude seemed for an instant to light up those pale features which she did not dare to lift towards his. Castelton, who had been slowly recovering, at the moment when the curate was about to

entreat Amy to retire, lest the surprise should occasion him a relapse, now opened his eyes, and fixing them on the countenance of his daughter, he endeavoured to raise himself so as to peruse her altered looks with intense inquiry: the vague smile of insanity which had rested on his brow during the time of her absence, was succeeded by a flush of joyful emotion, and throwing himself into her arms with an hysteric laugh, “you are come at last, Amy! you are come at last!” cried he, and expired.

Selwin and Mary were but too sensible that poor Castelton was no more; while Amy appeared quite unconscious of the fatal change. Selwin thought, by presenting the infant, to divert her attention from the body of her father, which had now fallen into its former position on the bed, but in vain—she continued to gaze at the lifeless body before her with unabated stillness. No sigh escaped her bosom—no tear streamed from her eyes, which were open and fixed; and it was not till Selwin felt the thrilling coldness of Amy’s hand, that he perceived those eyes were fixed in *death*.

SAY NOT MY YEARS TOO FEW HAVE BEEN.

SAY not my years too few have been
To learn the world’s deceit,—
That seldom in life’s varied scene,
May youth and sorrow meet:
Will sorrow be content to sleep
Till time has roused its power?—
Is there a *date* to learn to weep—
Comes it not every hour?

The fatal word by fate impress’d
On childhood’s tender page,
Chides every joy of youth to rest,
And leaves a life of age.
And though a momentary light
Might sparkle from my eye,
’Twas but the meteor of a night—
No native of the sky.

MORNING.

THE air is cool; the russet earth is moist with morning’s dew;
Creation’s face, all fresh and bright, puts on its gayest hue,
The noisy world is slumbering yet, and labour is at rest;
But just reclin’d tir’d Fashion’s head on sleepless pillow press’d.

The wakeful lark alone has left her nest, and mounting high
On early wing, she hails the day with carols to the sky;
Aloft she soars, and seems to call the hind to his employ,
And wakes the feather’d choir to join with her in notes of joy.

With what delight I rove abroad at this sweet hour of prime,
 In silent rapture to enjoy fair Nature's calm sublime,
 To tread unseen her dewy lawns, breathe the unruffled air,
 Taste the fresh fragrance of the mead emboss'd with flow'rets fair !

In every blossom I behold, thee, O my God ! I trace,
 And grateful own thy sovereign power, thy bounty and thy grace.
 Thus grant me to improve each morn, thy mercies still adore,
 Nor let me waste in sleep the time that nothing can restore.

COMPLAINT OF AMINIEU DES ESCAS,

A CATALONIAN TROUBADOUR, WHO FLOURISHED ABOUT THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, UNDER JAMES II. KING OF ARRAGON.

<p>WHEN thou shalt ask why round thee, sighing, My mournful friends appear, They'll tell thee Aminieu is dying And thou wilt smile to hear. They will reproach thee with my fate ;— Yet why should they deplore ? Since death is better than the hate I suffer evermore.</p> <p>Why chid'st thou that in pensive numbers I dared my love to own ; The kiss we give to one that slumbers Is never felt or known.</p>	<p>And long I strove my thoughts to hide, Nor would my weakness show ; With secret care I should have died,— I can but perish now.</p> <p>Oh ! once I smil'd, in proud derision, At love and all its pain : The woe of others seem a vision, Our own the truth too plain ! May'st thou yet feel the chilling void My soul has known too long ! When this brief life thy scorn destroyed, Is ended with my song !</p>
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HANS OF ICELAND.

ARIFACCIMENTO of a French romance, considerably shortened and improved ; and illustrated by George Cruikshank, in a style which would delight the devil himself, tho' ever so ill-natured. Hans of Iceland is a tale of supernatural horror, but also of natural as well as supernatural interest. The story, in so far as regards the hero and heroine and other merely human agents, is well contrived and striking ; and in those parts where the terrible representative of Ingulphus the Destroyer, Hans of Iceland, figures, there is a mixture of the ludicrous and appalling, which we have found extremely effective ; while the moral justice of the winding up reconciles us to aught that might otherwise have been too strong for the palate in the "hell-broth" on which we have "supped full."

Having declared our opinion, that there is a good deal of interest in this volume, (a rare matter in composi-

tions of its kind,) we shall not rebuke readers of any portion of it by detailing the incidents. Suffice it to say, (on introducing one extract as an example of the writer's talents) that Musdæmon, on the failure of a plot for the destruction of the ex-chancellor Schumacker, has accused himself in the public court, in order to save his employer, whose tool and secretary he was. Hans and he have consequently been condemned to die, and after disposing of the former, the narrative thus proceeds :

"To a dungeon on the same floor, but nearer to the sea, Musdæmon had been conveyed upon his leaving the hall of justice. It may perhaps have excited some surprise that so cunning a villain as this man had shown himself, should choose at once to confess his crime, and to conceal, with apparent generosity, the guilt of the Chancellor ; but, so far from a generous feeling having any share in influenc-

ing his conduct on this occasion, it was perhaps one of the most ingenious artifices that he had ever practised. When he first saw the whole of his infernal plot so completely exposed, he was for a moment overcome by surprise: this embarrassment, however, soon subdivided; and, with that adroitness which was a part of his character, he contemplated the only two courses which presented themselves to him. On the one hand he might denounce the Chancellor d'Ahlefeld, who so basely deserted him at this emergency, or take upon himself the whole blame of the crimes in which he had been only partially concerned. A common mind would perhaps have resolved upon the first; but it occurred to Musdæmon that the Chancellor was still Chancellor, and that nothing contained in the papers actually compromised his reputation. He had, moreover, cast certain glances at Musdæmon, the purport of which the latter perfectly understood; and, for these reasons, relying that his patron would, if not from any feeling of gratitude, at least for his own safety, furnish his ally with the means of escape from prison, he adopted the second course.

"He was walking up and down in his cell, which was imperfectly lighted by a dim lamp, and expecting every moment that the door would open to some emissary of the Chancellor. He examined minutely the antique dungeon in which he had been placed: to his surprise he found that the floor was of wood, and it sounded beneath his tread as if there was some cavity under it.—In the low vault above him he observed that a large iron ring was fastened into the key-stone, to which hung a piece of cord, the end of which had been cut. The minutes passed on with leaden feet, and he listened impatiently to the castle clock as it chimed each quarter of the midnight hours. At length he heard the sound of footsteps without his dungeon, and his heart beat quick with the hope of deliverance. The chains were thrown down—the bolts

withdrawn,—the old key grated in the rusty^o lock—and the same man who had just before struck the bargain with Hans entered the cell. He carried under his arm a roll of cord, and was followed by four armed halberdiers. Musdæmon wore still his official robes, the sight of which seemed to make an impression on the red man, who made an awkward low bow. 'My Lord,' he said, 'is it with your Lordship that I am to deal?'

"'Yes, yes,' replied Musdæmon, whose hope of escape was confirmed by this polite address.

"'Then is your name,' asked the red man, as he referred to a small piece of parchment which he held, 'Tariaf Musdæmon?'

"'The same; and you came to me from the Lord Chancellor?'

"'Yes, my Lord.'

"'Pray remember, when you have done his bidding, to express my eternal gratitude to his Lordship.'

"'Your gratitude!' cried the red man, in utter astonishment.

"'Yes; for, of course, I apprehend I shall have no opportunity of doing so in person.'

"'Most likely not,' replied the hangman with an ironical grin.

"'And you know,' continued Musdæmon, 'that I ought not to be insensible of such a kindness; although I declare to you that his highness does me no more than strict justice.'

"'Strict it may be; but, at least, you confess that it is justice. Well, this is the first time, these six-and-twenty years, that I have heard a man in your situation confess so much. But come; I have no time to spare in talking: are you ready?'

"'Quite so,' replied Musdæmon, stepping towards the door.

"'Stay, stay!' cried Orugix, as he stooped to lay down his bundle of rope.

"MUSDÆMON stopped:—'but why have you brought all this cord?'

"'Your Lordship may well ask me: there is, indeed, much more than I shall have any occasion for; but a few days ago I expected there would be many more condemned.' As he said this, Orugix unrolled his cord.

“‘But come—prithce make haste’—said Musdæmon.

“‘Your Lordship is in a great hurry,’ said Orugix, going on with his task; but has not your Lordship some little prayer?”—

“‘No other than that I have already made—that you will thank the Chancellor for me. But I am impatient to quit this dreary place: have we far to go?’

“‘Far to go!’ replied Orugix, measuring the cord, as he unrolled it: ‘the journey will not fatigue you much, for you will perform it without stirring hence.’

“‘Murdæmon trembled violently as he asked—‘What do you mean?’

“‘Nothing more than what I say,’ replied Orugix.

“‘O God!’ cried Musdæmon, suddenly becoming pale as the horrible truth flashed upon his mind, ‘who then are you?’

“‘The hangman.’

“‘Do you not, then, come to aid my escape?’ cried the wretch, trembling like a withered leaf.

“‘Yes, your escape into the land of ghosts,’ cried the other with a hoarse laugh.

“‘Mercy, mercy! Have pity on me!’ cried Musdæmon, falling with his face to the floor.

“‘Do you take me for the King!’ asked the executioner: ‘how can I show you mercy?’

“The poor wretch continued in the most abject manner to implore the ruthless hangman’s pity, until the latter, vexed with his importunities, and having finished the unrolling his cord, in an angry tone bade him be silent. Musdæmon still remained trembling at his feet, stupified at the prospect of his impending fate: the executioner, in the mean time, fastened one end of the cord to the ring in the ceiling, and made a running noose at the other end, which reached to the floor. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘I am ready: are you?’

“‘No! oh no!’ cried Musdæmon, ‘it is impossible that the Count d’Ahlefeld can be so base! I am too necessary to him: he cannot have sent

you to put me to death. Let me escape, or tremble to encounter his anger.’

“‘Did you not say that you are Tariaf Musdæmon?’

“The prisoner remained silent for a moment, and then said, ‘No; I—my name is not Musdæmon; it is Tariaf Orugix.’

“‘Orugix!’ cried the hangman—‘Orugix!’ and he tore the large wig from the face of the prisoner, when, suddenly recognizing his features, he exclaimed, ‘My brother!’

“‘Your brother!’ cried the other joyfully. ‘Are you, then?’—

“‘Nychol Orugix, the Drontheim hangman, at your service, brother.’

“The prisoner threw himself upon Nychol’s neck, and lavished his caresses upon him, which the other did not return, nor even seem sensible of. ‘I am sorry for you, brother,’ he said at length.

“‘Why sorry?’ said the other; ‘I am now at least safe, since I have found you. Remember that the same mother brought us forth—the same bosom nourished us—the same amusements occupied our earliest days:—remember, Nychol, that I am your brother.’

“‘But until this moment you never remembered it, Tariaf.’

“‘Still you would not have me die by your hand?’

“‘It is your own fault, Tariaf; it was you who blighted my hopes: you hindered me from being the royal executioner at Copenhagen, and caused me to be appointed to officiate in this wretched country. If you had not behaved thus unnaturally to me you would not have had to complain of that which now seems to horrify you so much. But come; we have chattered long enough—you must die!’

“The approach of death, which even to the virtuous is so horrid that nothing but the consciousness of integrity can soften down its terrors, is to the guilty totally overwhelming. The miserable prisoner rolled upon the floor, wringing his hands, and calling upon all the saints in Heaven for pity, and conjuring his brother,

by the mother who bore them, not to put him to death. The executioner made no other answer than by displaying his warrant, the order in which, he said, was positive.

“But it does not concern me,” said the other in despair: ‘it is for the execution of one Musdæmon; my name is Orugix.’

“I know very well that it does mean you,” replied Nychol: ‘besides, as, yesterday, you would have been Musdæmon to me, you shall not, to-day, be Orugix.’

“Brother! my dear brother!” cried Musdæmon, ‘it is impossible that the Chancellor can wish for my death. It is a mistake—the Count d’Ahlefeld loves me well. If you will but spare me, I shall soon be restored to favour, and then I will make your fortune.’

“You cannot if you would,” replied Nychol; ‘and I have already lost too much by you: I have been deprived of two executions, by which I calculated to make a good round sum—I mean those of Schumacker and the Viceroy’s son. I am always unlucky, and now there is only Hans of Iceland and yourself to be hanged. All that I can do for you is to promise that you shall suffer as little as possible: so reconcile yourself to your fate, as you see there is no avoiding it.’

“Masdæmon rose from the ground, and, finding that his prayers were useless, he gave himself up to a furious rage. His nostrils dilated, his eyes were fixed, his livid lips quivered, and his mouth foamed. ‘Then I have preserved d’Ahlefeld,’ he cried, ‘and embraced my brother; and yet they destroy me. Is it for this that I have stained my whole life with crime? Wretch,’ he continued, addressing Nychol, ‘will you be a fratricide?’

“I am the hangman,” replied the other coolly.

“Then I will not die unavenged,” cried Musdæmon, as he made a spring at his brother. ‘I have lived like a serpent, and I will die like one; I will expend my breath in one last

sting—but it shall be mortal.’ He seized Nychol with a deadly grasp, and might perhaps have made good his threats but for the four halberdiers, who disengaged him from the executioner, and pinioned his arms, so as to prevent him from doing any further mischief. While they were performing this office, a sealed packet fell from his bosom.

“What is that?” asked Nychol, whose imperturbable coolness had not given way under the rudeness of his brother’s last embrace. Musdæmon had sunk into a sort of stupor, when this question roused him. His eye glistened with a demoniac triumph:—‘That!’ he cried: ‘that is a packet belonging to the Chancellor: promise me that you will deliver it into his own hands, and do with me as you will.’

“Well, since you are disposed to be more civil,” replied Nychol, ‘I will promise to do this for you: although you hardly deserve it for your unbrotherly treatment of me.’

“Do, do,” said Musdæmon; ‘and perhaps, in the delight which his Lordship will feel at obtaining it, he may bestow upon you some reward.’

“Perhaps, then,” said Nychol, ‘I shall at last become royal executioner. Well, well! let us part good friends: I forgive you the scratches you gave me just now, and you shall pardon me for being under the necessity of presenting you with this hempen collar. Come, Tariaf, are you ready?’ and, as he spoke, he placed the noose round his brother’s neck.

“One moment! one moment!” cried Musdæmon, whose panic returned at feeling the rope; ‘do not pull the cord until I give you the signal.’

“I will not pull it at all,” replied Nychol: ‘but are you ready now?’

“Stay! stay but a moment! Must I die?”

“You must, indeed; and I can wait no longer.” Nychol here made a signal to the halberdiers, who withdrew.

“Well, but one word more: I pray you not to forget the packet for the Chancellor.”

“‘Make yourself easy on that score, brother,’ replied Nychol; ‘and now, for the third time, are you ready?’ The wretched victim opened his lips to implore one moment’s longer delay, when his brother became impatient, and, stooping down, he pressed upon a small knob in the floor. The boards beneath Musdæmon instantly gave way, and he disappeared below the opening, while the sudden tension of the cord emitted a low vibration. It was agitated for a few moments, and then became still; while a cold draught of air rushed through the trap-door, and seemed to proceed from running water. The halberdiers who were at the end of the dungeon, were horror-stricken at the sight. The executioner approached the trap-door, and, holding the cord by one hand, he lowered himself till his feet touched the shoul-

ders of his miserable brother. A groan, the last that the victim uttered, escaped from him. Nychol ascended again to the floor:—‘It’s all right,’ he said; ‘good-by, brother!—Now,’ he continued, drawing a large knife from his girdle, ‘you must go to feed the fishes of the gulf;’ and, as he spoke, he cut the tightened cord as high up as he could reach. A sudden splash was heard as the body of the dead man reached the water, and a horrid silence ensued.”

It may be thought that there is something too much of the horrible in this example; but really Hans of Iceland is altogether one of the best productions of its class which we have seen. There is a power about it resembling one of Fuseli’s pictures, and, as we have noticed, Cruikshank’s designs are capital.

WEDDINGS: BY A PARISH CLERK.

THOUGH a plain man, and not pretending to any thing aboye my station in life, I am fond of reading, and more frequently spend the evening over a book than with my neighbours, who are wont to congregate in houses of public entertainment. A friend of mine, a bookseller, acquainted with what he is pleased to style my turn for literature, lent me, among other things, a poem of Mr Crabbe’s, called “*The Parish Register* ;” saying, facetiously, that, he should expect to find me a critic on a work which was so entirely in my own way. In truth, I was mightily taken with the subject; and happening to remark jestingly, that were it not for the verse, I thought I could write a book of the same kind, having had the advantage of forty years’ experience in one of the most populous and fashionable parishes in London, he immediately began to encourage me to attempt something of a similar nature in prose. At first I could not be prevailed upon to entertain such a notion; yet it would often come

into my head, and after long consideration I could not help trying my hand, as it were by committing a few of my recollections to paper, and as they seemed to strike the fancy of my friend, I was induced to proceed.

This being my first essay, I thought I could not do better than to follow the bookseller’s advice, who strongly recommended me to pass over the baptisms and burials, and take the weddings for my subject; as he said they were by far the most interesting, and particularly to the young ladies, whom, of course, I should wish to please.

I very much regret, especially since the perusal of another book, “*The Annals of the Parish*,” which I have but lately read, that I had not from my first entrance into office made a sort of diary, which would have mightily assisted my memory; but lest it should be thought presumptuous in me to attempt to follow in the path which has been already trodden by two learned gentlemen, clergymen too, for whom I must naturally

entertain a profound reverence, I beg to say that I ground my hope of amusing a leisure half hour only on the truth of my statements, and on the novelty of their proceeding from a simple, ignorant clerk, instead of the rector or the curate.

I do not know any part of my duty which is so pleasant as that of assisting at marriages: the beauty, blushes, and agitation of the brides; the smiles, sighs, and gay dresses of the handmaids; and the secret joy and triumph which burst through the somewhat constrained demeanour of the bridegrooms, are to me exceedingly delightful. It is not, however, those unions where hearts already joined come to plight their sacred vows, which afford the most striking subjects for the pen. I begin now to scrutinize into these things; and though many who enter the church are as accomplished actors as the regular professors at the theatre, I can discover, or at least imagine that I can discover, when the tenderness with which the bride and bridegroom regard each other is assumed, or when one of the parties is merely playing a part. Sometimes, indeed, there is no attempt of the kind: ladies and gentlemen meet as though they were only ratifying a contract before a civil magistrate; the one intent upon shewing off her drapery with effect, the other evidently bored at being obliged to come to church, and impatient for the conclusion of the ceremony.

Before I proceed to particulars, I must observe, that, in almost all circumstances the bride appears to great advantage, whilst, generally speaking, the bridegroom makes but a poor figure. His endeavours to reassure the lady are awkward, for he does not like to make love before the parson and the clerk; or they are ridiculous, if, waving that scruple, he should suffer his passion to overcome his discretion. He is also very frequently out of temper, and truly it is a trying scene where tears and hysterics abound; and he is sometimes frightened himself, which is the most

ludicrous thing of all. Now the bride, whether she should go through her part with decent composure, or exhibit alarm, or languish, or tremble, or faint, must be interesting, except in a very few extreme cases, when age or ugliness has deprived her of every charm, and neither white satin, white feathers nor lace veils can conceal her personal defects. It is an amusing spectacle to see the lady trying to look serious, when she would much rather smile and enjoy the termination of some deep laid scheme; and in vulgar life, it is no uncommon thing for the bride to titter, or laugh out, so much, that it is scarcely possible to make her repeat the responses.

It is seldom that I have been more touched and affected than by a scene which took place at our church a very few years ago: it was a rough, stormy morning in the month of March, the wind rattled every pane of glass in the windows, and sheets of rain came pouring against them; a sad day for bridal festivities, and requiring much of internal sunshine to dissipate the melancholy feelings which this warfare of the elements was calculated to produce. The bride, accompanied by her father and mother, and two or three other near relations, arrived in a hired carriage, just as the clock struck the canonical hour of eight; the bridegroom, a quarter of an hour later, stepped out of a handsome chariot, evidently purchased for the occasion. Upon entering the vestry, the victim, for such I must call her, sank into a chair; her lips were compressed, her eyes fixed; by a strong effort she had succeeded in repressing her agitation, and seemed prepared to go through the ceremony with statue-like composure. She was very young and looked as though she had sorrowed much; yet a wreck of her beauty remained, to shew how bright it might have been. She was richly dressed; but the pains of her tirewoman had been thrown away, for at every convulsive movement, which, spite of her attempts at calmness,

shook her frame, some plait or bow was disadjusted, and the feathers in her bonnet had been broken, probably in leaning her throbbing head against the side of the carriage. Upon the entrance of the bridegroom, a tall stout man about forty, all her struggles gave way, and she burst forth into such an agony of grief, that it appeared as if soul and body were parting. And, oh, what a dark brow scowled upon her, in the man who now sought to compel her reluctant hand to his odious clasp! The father, apparently fearful that he would turn back and drive away in his fine equipage, took him by the arm, and they walked up and down the aisle together, whilst the clergyman literally stood agnast, and all the rest of us gave our best assistance to restore the lady: I had seen weeping and fainting, before, but never any thing like this. At length the reverend gentleman who officiated felt called upon, through mere compassion, to interfere; he motioned the mother aside, and conversed earnestly with her for a few moments; but she broke away from him impatiently, and then spoke a short sentence in a low, yet decided voice to her daughter. Roused by the remonstrance, and hastily swallowing a large glass of water, hitherto held vainly to her lips, the poor girl, all unconscious of what she was about, wiped her eyes with her superb lace veil till it was literally wet through, and obliged to be taken off; and, leaning on the arm of a sister, staggered to the altar. There she stood, a picture of deep woe, enough to melt the most callous heart. Her lips moved, but they uttered no sound, and the bridegroom's hard, harsh countenance grew more black and gloomy, as his dogged, abrupt sentences met no reply. At last the priest pronounced the blessing, and she started, drew one long gasping sigh, and quietly surrendered herself to his care. She attempted to write her name in the book, but the characters were illegible. She wept no more; but her lips quivered, and

short thick sobs came fast from her burthened heart, as her husband, now enjoying a sort of sullen triumph, led her away to the chariot in waiting. As soon as they were gone, the rest of the party seemed to shake off their uncomfortable feelings, the father and brothers smiling and rubbing their hands, the ladies smoothing their gay dresses, and all rejoicing at the success which at one time had appeared so doubtful. It was very shocking, and I turned loathing from the heartless set.

A few days afterwards, a wedding of a very different description was solemnized. The parties had been asked in church, and I saw the bride and her friend alight from a hackney-coach at the corner of the street, as I stood at the vestry window. She was dressed in a light linen gown, with a silk handkerchief pinned over her bosom; her neat straw hat was tied down with white ribbons, and at the first glance she looked like a servant. But what servant? Not one of all work, with that delicate figure; nor the housemaid by those small white hands; nor the cook, by the faint blush upon the pure fair cheek; no, nor even the nursery-maid, for there was an air which no one in that humble capacity ever yet attained. The companion was also in disguise, but it was the disguise of my lady's own woman in the kitchen girl's clothes. One was all grace in her simple garb, the other affected to laugh as she looked down upon the cotton stockings and unflounced petticoat; in fact, both had overdone, or rather underdone the business, in selecting apparel which no London servant would now chuse to wear—coloured ginghams without trimming, yet put on in too picturesque a style to deceive a searching eye. Presently they were joined by two footmen in livery, masqueraders likewise; fine tall fellows, powdered, and in silk stockings, who might have got any wages from the Marchioness in the next square; but who, if in her Ladyship's service, would have come to be married in plain

clothes. These gentlemen, however, were wise, for they could not have passed for menials without arraying themselves in the livery: two more elegant men I never beheld. The bride blushed, smiled, and exchanged an arch look with her lover, as the unsuspecting clergyman, and as they thought equally unsuspecting clerk, marshalled the way into the church, and Archer, as I called the friend, handed out Mrs Kitty with such a broad imitation of Liston, in my Lord Duke's servant, that I could hardly keep my countenance; especially as the abigail bridled, and sidled, and languished upon him in an evident hope of making a conquest: merry gentlemen, both of them, I'll be sworn. The young lady, too, seemed to be quite delighted with the prank. She was a blooming, lively, inexperienced creature, who looked as if she had never known a care: I hope the frolic, in which she indulged with so much glee, never caused her a future heart-ache, but I always entertain some fear for the result of stolen marriages. They all left the church arm in arm, the bride and bridegroom losing sight of their assumed characters in the full flow of mutual affection: they might escape remark, but the other two must have attracted all eyes. The *soubrette's* disdain of her dress, and the pains which she took to vulgarize her manners to suit it, a most unnecessary precaution, together with the extravagant airs of her escort, determined to fool it to the top of his bent, afforded a rich specimen of genuine comedy, and I should have much liked to watch them to the shelter of a hackney coach.

I must now recur to a wedding, grander, but not less singular. There were at least five carriages in the street, filled with relations and friends. To judge from outward appearances, the rank and fortune on each side were quite equal, the ages suitable; the lady might be six and twenty, the gentleman four or five years older: he was a very handsome man, and she not ugly, but certainly

much set off by the costly elegance of her dress. Dignified decorum seemed to be the order of the day, and the greetings in the vestry-room were perhaps more polite than cordial. They were fine people, and too well bred to shew their secret feelings in company. The whole assembly arranged themselves round the altar, the ceremony had already commenced, when suddenly a fearful scream rang through the church, and a female, young, beautiful, pale, and wild with agony, rushed up the centre-aisle. Her eye was haggard, her dress disordered; she must have passed the whole of the preceding day and night in concealment within the walls: she was so dreadfully agitated that she could only exclaim, "No! no! no!" and flinging herself between the bride and bridegroom, she clung to the rails for support, and looked up at the perjured seducer with such beseeching anguish, that, hardened as he was, he was touched, and covered his face with his hand. She then turned round to the lady—"He is mine!" she said, "indeed he is mine. Oh, if you knew by what vows, and what sacred oaths, he won me, you would not have met him here." The bride elect drew up her dainty head, tossed her plumes, and whispered something to her brother, but stirred not from the spot. Meantime, the gentleman had recovered himself, and seemed resolved to face the matter out. Exhausted by her efforts, the intruder, who appeared to be reduced by her sufferings to an alarming state of weakness, had sunk upon the steps of the altar, and was now weeping bitterly. A short consultation took place amongst the male portion of the party, and one of them asked the prostrate girl whether she had been married to the person whose union with another she now sought to prevent. "His wife," she cried, "certainly his wife, by every law of heaven." "That is no answer to my question," rejoined the unfeeling speaker. She was silent, but, urged a third time, arose, and with a glance of

scorn, exclaimed, "I thought to have encountered men of honour, of humanity, those who would have espoused an injured, unprotected, helpless woman's cause. Is there nothing binding save those legal ties, whose infraction would be followed by disgraceful punishment; and cannot I obtain justice in this sacred place, pity, in this holy edifice, a soothing balm to heal my breaking heart? Oh, Henry!" she continued, again, appealing to her betrayer, "I came not here to reproach, to expose you, but to save you from the commission of a fearful crime. I do not ask you to fulfil those broken promises so often and so solemnly plighted, but pledge them not to another, false and forsworn as thou art; pause here, in compassion to me, in mercy to yourself." "I believe," said the bridegroom, addressing the clergyman, "that it cannot be necessary for me to say any thing to convince you of the impertinence of this interruption. This person has no claims upon me, that cannot be settled by my purse, and I therefore beg that the ceremony may go on." The forbidding of the banns was unprepared for an act of such determined cruelty, and she dropped immediately upon the ground, like one who had received a mortal wound, and was conveyed out of the church in a state of insensibility. The bridegroom coughed and wiped his face with his handkerchief: the bride took out her smelling-bottle; there were whispers among the bridesmaids, and one of the gentlemen left the party and walked off: but, in a moment, the utmost composure was restored to this high-bred company, and the nuptial knot was tied.

Another extraordinary wedding took place in this year. The lady, as is generally the case, arrived first. She came in a carriage, attended by only one companion, and seemed excessively anxious and agitated, pacing up and down the room with a rapid step, and setting her friend to watch at the window for the expected husband. A signal given by the

sentinel caused her to stop; she drew her veil over her face, arranged her dress, and sat down. A gentleman then made his appearance alone; not a word passed between them; and, when the clergyman was ready, he stalked with a stern air into the church, and took his place: the bride followed trembling, and she wept through the whole of the ceremony. When it was over, she caught the arm of her husband, and they walked together, though silently, into the vestry. The usual formalities having been accomplished, he offered his hand to assist her to the carriage. She then spoke to him, and in a hurried and broken voice, said, "You will go with me?" "I have done all that I can do," he replied, "all that I ever engaged to perform; here we part, and for ever. I had hoped your good sense would spare me this trial." "Do not forsake me, do not abandon me, save me, shield me from the scorn of the world, from the agony, the horror of a separation from all that I hold dear," she murmured out; and then, calling him by every tender name that the heart of a dotting woman could dictate, fell upon her knees before him, and clung to him with fond solicitude, but in vain; he disengaged himself from her embrace, darted away from the place, and was out of sight in a moment. I am not made of stone, and I could hardly stand the scene which ensued. Poor lady! she, too, was young and handsome; grief had rendered her regardless of a stranger's gaze: unable to control her anguish, she yielded to the extremity of her despair; her shrieks were terrific, and after they had subsided, her whole frame shook so violently, and she shed such a deluge of tears, that it was a long time before we could possibly convey her to her carriage.

A second couple parted at the church door, but it was under different circumstances. An elderly and a young lady, closely and very plainly attired, were joined in a few minutes by two gentlemen, the one considerably past fifty, the other about

twenty-five, also in complete undress. I, of course, concluded it to be a quiet wedding between the younger parties, and I arranged them according to this supposition ; but to my surprise and consternation, for I rather pique myself upon my penetration and discernment, I received a hint that it was the old people who came to be married. The young lady turned pale and then red, cast her eyes upon the ground, and looked very much confused, and the bridegroom observed her tremor, I thought, with a glance of pleasure ; they went away in the same order in which they had arrived, the two gentlemen going one way, and the two ladies another. I could not find out who they were, for our's is a large parish ; but, not very long afterwards, I had the gratification to see those whom I had unconsciously joined together, come of their own accord to receive the nuptial benediction, and both, particularly the bride, regarded me with great benignity. This marriage gave me much delight, for I could not help fancying that it was my suggestion which had prompted the young gentleman's addresses.

The next wedding, somewhat out of the common way, was that of a fantastic fine lady, who had let the gentleman dance attendance at the church for three days before she chose to meet him there. At last, about half past eleven, she made her appearance. Previously to her leaving the carriage, she peremptorily desired that all the people should be sent away who stood in the street to stare at her. When, with some difficulty she was persuaded to encounter their gaze and enter the vestry, she declared that she would go back again ; she could not make up her mind—it was impossible to part with her liberty. She took out her handkerchief, but there were no tears ; somebody told her that, if she fainted, she would discompose her dress,

and this had the effect of delaying the catastrophe ; but the opportunity being almost too tempting to be resisted by a gentlewoman of her turn, I made such a preparation of cold water in a large basin, that I verily believe she became alarmed for her satins, and suffered herself to be prevailed upon, at the latest moment the ceremony could be performed, to enter the church. The bridegroom, exceedingly sincere in his attachment to her property, bore all her capricious airs and graces with the utmost humility. He begged, he entreated, he besought, called her his soul's idol, his life, and his treasure, and, finally, protested that he would shoot himself if she disappointed him again. But the moment the binding words were uttered, the face of things changed like the scenery of a pantomime : she was quite prepared for a second exhibition, absolutely could not face the crowd, and proposed remaining in the church until it was dusk. The time, however, was past for these foolish tricks. He silenced her with one word, " Nonsense," knit his brow, assumed an air of determination, and led her, a little astonished, but quite tame, to the carriage, amid the smiles of all the beholders.

It is not, I am sorry to say, very often that I witness a marriage solemnized according to my own old-fashioned notions, but upon inquiry, I have always found that such marriages have been the happiest, in which the parties have joined with pious fervour in the holy service that the church has instituted for the occasion. It is a truly pleasing sight to see even the bride and bridegroom losing every earthly thought and feeling in one fervent aspiration for the divine blessing, and all the friends and relations joining piously and devoutly in prayer and supplication to the giver of all good, for the felicity of the wedded pair, both in this world and in the next.

VARIETIES.

RAISING WATER BY WIND.

AT one time of my life I entertained strong and grand opinions of being able to discover the perpetual motion, which I need scarcely mention, I have not yet effected; but I have this satisfaction to boast of, that my time and labour were not thrown away, as I learned much from my own misconjectures; that is, by persevering until I discovered wherein my errors consisted. I was inclined to think the discovery was to be made by hydrostatic means, and, while under that impression, conceived that water might be raised by atmospheric pressure with less expence of power than is generally the case. It occurred to me that the pressure of the air on the top of an open tube might be diverted out of its vertical direction by means of a current of wind; and this conjecture was supported by the fact, that the pressure of the waters of the ocean is no hindrance to currents of water running in all directions through the sea, as the Gulph Stream which crosses the Atlantic Ocean affords sufficient evidence. To put the matter to the test of experimental proof, I filled a saucer with water, into which I put a glass funnel, the small orifice being above the water about eight inches; then, having an assistant to blow a pair of kitchen bellows, so as to make the wind pass over the top of the tube, we effected the desired object. I held the tube of the funnel with my hand grasped round it, and let the nose of the bellows rest on the side of the uppermost finger. While the operation of blowing went on, my assistant raised and lowered the bellows as I gave directions; and, with the hand on which the bellows-pipe rested, I humoured the direction of the pipe, so as to prevent the wind descending to the water in the funnel, and to cause the entire of the orifice of the funnel to be included in the

blast which was passed over it. The result was, that the water ascended in the funnel, filled it, and was blown over as long as the operation of blowing was continued. I next tried a thirty-inch barometer-tube, open at both ends, and the result was as before, only the water started up with much greater rapidity than with the funnel. The reason is obviously the insufficiency of the blast of a pair of small bellows, and the difference in quantity of air to be removed from within the tubes. I tried the like experiment with a pair of smith's bellows; but these being fixed to the fire, the blast was conveyed from them through about eight feet of lead pipe, the length of which, from the bellows, caused the wind at its exit to have little or no effect in removing the air's pressure. These hints may possibly be improved on, for which reason it is I request you will be pleased to lay them before your readers.

A MAN OF LARGE PROPERTY.

A learned Frenchman travelling through England in the stage-coach, with a view of publishing his travels, was very inquisitive, and asked the names of meadow, arable land, trees, houses, cottages, &c. all which he carefully noted down instantler; on crossing Salisbury Plain, he asked what it was—Barren heath, was the reply. He repeated his question at various distances, and always received the same answer. On arranging his notes for the press, he took occasion to exclaim against the evils of large farms, and cited, in support of his assertion, a district of several miles, all belonging to one individual, *M. le Baron Heath*, which was absolutely lying waste for want of cultivation, which would not be the case if *M. le Baron* would divide it into small allotments; but this, his aristocracy, and the law of primogeniture, would not permit.

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ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF MISS JANE PORTER.

IF ever there were an age in which woman's genius—genius associated with virtue—was pre-eminently distinguished, it is the present. Stars of glory, it is true, in earlier times, occasionally beamed on us in their courses; but *their* visits, like those of angels, were “few and far between;” it is for us alone to boast a constellation of luminaries, each of which, radiating intellectual lustre, might, in less favoured periods, have been regarded as a sun—the centre of a system.

Genius is often hereditary: often, too, does it display itself in a manner so extraordinary, as to be contemplated as in the light of a family virtue. Of the latter, Miss Porter's domestic circle affords a remarkable instance. Her father was a meritorious officer, who died in the service of his country; her mother, a lady yet living, and venerable alike for her years and her virtues, has been aptly designated as “a Cornelia, who may well be proud of her jewels.” She herself, as well as her brothers and her sister, was nursed in the very lap of literature. Almost from infancy she was accustomed to the society of persons of established fame in the world of letters, and to that of young people, then emulous of similar honours, and whose names have since proudly swelled the catalogue of contemporary talent.

More particularly to illustrate the *family* genius to which allusion has been made, it is proper, in the first

instance, to mention, that this lady's elder brother, Dr Porter, an eminent physician of Bristol, is the author of various professional treatises which have served to increase his well-earned medical celebrity. His acquirements, and his powers of observation, have been much enlarged by visiting the East and West-Indies, and most of the countries of Europe.

Miss Porter's younger brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, was in his youth devoted, not only to literature and the arts, but to arms. His genius, lively and eccentric, was evinced even in childhood. One of his boyish frolics we happen to recollect. He and two or three others passed the greater part of a night amongst the grounds at the back of Holland House, Kensington. It had been previously agreed, that each should produce a sonnet in the course of his perambulation: young Porter's effusions would not have disgraced a poet of repute. This gentleman, “who has the honour of being classed among the pupils of West, gave striking proofs of early, if not of precocious talent. His first great semi-panoramic picture, *The Storming of Seringapatam*, in which nearly all the principal figures were portraits, was finished before he had completed his twenty-first year. This admired production was succeeded by *The Battle of Alexandria*, *The Battle of Lodi*, &c., all of which were eminently conspicuous in merit, and proportionably attractive in exhibition.” Had he contin-

ned in the practice of the art, there is little doubt of his having achieved its highest honours. At St Petersburg, he acquired considerable fame, with the special notice and favour of the Emperor Alexander. There, also, it was his fortune to unite himself in marriage with a woman of rank and title. About seven or eight years ago, Sir Robert went from Russia to Persia, made the tour of the latter kingdom, and has since presented the public with the result of his researches, in two splendid quarto volumes, enriched by many plates from his own drawings made on the spot.*

Miss Porter's younger sister, Anna Maria, equally celebrated with herself in the walks of elegant fiction, gave early indications, not only of a love of literature, but of a talent for literary composition. If we mistake not, she published two volumes of Tales when not more than thirteen years of age; and, since that period, we could enumerate about thirty more volumes, the offspring of her prolific pen. Of these, the principal are known as *The Hungarian Brothers*; *Don Sebastian*; *The Recluse of Norway*; *The Knight of St John*; *The Fast of St Magdalen*; *Roche Blanc, or the Hunter of the Pyrenees, &c.* This lady may be said, like Pope, to have "lisp'd in numbers." Of late years, however, with the exception of one little volume, it is only in a few occasional stanzas, here and there scattered over the pages of her romances, that we meet with the tender or the lofty rhyme—the produce, apparently, of momentary inspiration. At a future period, we shall probably renew our acquaintance with this accomplished writer.

Miss Porter has long been known as the author of that beautiful, moral, and affecting romance, *Thudens of Warsaw*; of that yet more elevated composition, *The Scottish*

Chiefs; of *The Pastor's Fire-side*; of *Remarks on Sidney's Aphorisms*; and, more recently, of *Duke Christian of Luneberg*, a work which, without solicitation, she had the honour of being commanded to inscribe to our present Sovereign. To the merits of these respective productions—to the literary character of their author—it is impossible to render justice, in a sketch so brief as that to which we are here restricted.

It is not too much to say, that, of the superior historical romance, Miss Porter is the founder. An admission, to this effect, has, we believe, been candidly conceded by Sir Walter Scott himself. An important advantage of this class of writing, as conducted by Miss Porter, by her sister, and by some of their contemporaries, is, that, in addition to the strong interest it excites, and the high moral it inculcates, it stimulates the reader to historical and antiquarian research—a research which is at all times abundantly repaid.

We are not aware that Miss Porter has professedly invoked the Muses; but her very prose is poetry—poetry in the best sense of the term, exhibiting noble, exalted, and sublime images, clothed in language equally noble, exalted and sublime. United to the utmost purity of moral, a glowing and chivalric spirit, worthy of a soldier's daughter, breathes through her works. It may be said of her, as it has been said, with little variation, of her own almost-worshipped Sir Philip Sidney, that her power lies in the representation of all that is most lovely in nature, or the resulting harmony of her productions; in the delineations of those of her species whose high aspirations seem to point out a loftier and less terrene original, and whose pure flame of affection appears rather to have been kindled at the sacrifice or the altar, than at the grosser fires of love.†

* Sir Robert, who is at this time we believe in England, is also well known as the author of "*Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden, during the Years 1805, 1806, 1807, and 1808.*"

† "Uniting all the accomplishments which youthful ardour and universality of talent could acquire or bestow—delighting nations with the varied witchery of his pow-

LOW LIFE.

IN a miserable hut, at the foot of Ben Lodi, lived a poor man called James Stuart, whose exertions just served to maintain himself and his family from absolute want. In all his troubles and misfortunes he forgot not, that kings of his name, and, as he himself asserted, of his family, had swayed the sceptre of Scotland. In his sober moments he was satisfied with speaking of George the Third as one of his ane relations; but when his fancy was improved by a bottle of whiskey, he would roundly assert his right to the British throne, and threaten to lead his clan to London, and compel the head of the Guelphs to resign his empire in favour of himself, the head of the Stuarts. These visionary projects were dispelled by the rays of the morning, which exhibited to his eyes his own miserable hut, constructed of mud and dung, and tenanted by a dozen animals of various genera, all living in social compact together, and talking, grunting, bleating, barking, and lowing under the same roof, like different instruments in the same orchestra. As every pious mussulman turns his face once in each day towards Mecca, so every poor Scotclman in misfortunes, fixes his eyes upon London. James Stuart foresaw that he never should be able to provide for the whole of his family, and that one at least of his three sons must travel south, like James the First, and many thousands besides, for the purpose of bettering his condition. "What the de'il," he would say to his wife, "shall we do wi' Sandy, for the puir bairn canna hae the advantages which will fall on the shoulders o' his brothers: ye ken that James will be laird o' this comfortable mansion, and hae twa pigs and a ku besides, and our next bairn may make himself as happy as a king

with two sheep, three hens, and their guid man, the auld game cock. Sandy maun e'en gang and see what he can make of his relatives that live in Buckingham House." Some months of unusual industry, the sale of a fat pig, and a little siller borrowed from a neighbour, formed a purse of money amounting to five pounds, which was destined to set forth poor Sandy in the world. Early in the autumn, the lad, conveying on his back all his possessions, proceeded on his journey towards London. A handkerchief suspended to a stick, contained his wardrobe, which consisted of two shirts, two neckcloths, a pair of shoes, and a coat, made of better cloth, and intended for more important occasions than the one in which he was clad. He directed his course towards London by the way of Stirling and Edinburgh. During the day he trudged on foot along the road, or moved with more expedition behind some vehicle which happened to be proceeding on the same route. At night he reposed in hovels or under haystacks, or purchased a lodging or a bed for three pence, where he reposed in company of wretches who, in the morning, rose up pennyless and miserable, and whose first thoughts were by necessity directed to find means by which they might live throughout the day. His food during the journey was such as his parsimony could purchase, and sometimes such as accidental charity would bestow. In about fifteen days he approached the outskirts of London, and from the heights of Highgate beheld that city which early instruction had taught him to consider as the wonder and mistress of the world. His youthful ignorance had represented to himself streets paved with gold, bounteous hands showering

ers, and courts with the fascination of his address—leaving the learned astonished with his proficiency, and the ladies enraptured with his grace, and communicating, wherever he went, the love and spirit of gladness—he [Sir Philip Sidney] was, and well deserved to be, the idol of the age he lived in."

pearls and diamonds on the heads of a numerous and happy population, a total absence of all vexation and labour, and a continued scene of pleasure and enjoyment. He entered London by Tottenham Court Road, and soon approached that focus of filth and iniquity inhabited by the most desperate and miserable characters, the lower orders of the Irish. The place is called the Rookery, and extends from Tottenham Court Road on the west, to Charlotte-street on the east; is bounded by Holborn on the south, and Russell-street on the north. This is one of the greatest receptacles in the metropolis for wicked characters, from the cruel perpetrators of the foulest murder, to the more prudent and less daring thief, who subsists by petty larceny. In this quarter every female has meditated adultery, and every male, death. Enemies to the community at large, they are not less suspicious of each other. The publican who serves his beer, holds firm the pot with one hand until his muscles are relaxed by the metallic touch that intimates to him that he is paid. The wearied repose not until the sleep which they are to enjoy is purchased, and he that wishes to retain his lodging until the evening, must pay for it in the morning.

Poor Sandy was no sooner arrived in this quarter, than he accidentally encountered a friend, who had left Scotland about twelve months before, and travelled, like himself, to London, for the purpose of picking up some portion of that wealth which many suppose may there be so easily acquired. His appearance was that of extreme wretchedness, but he was, nevertheless, welcomed by Sandy with many hearty shakes o' the hand and homely salutations. Sweet is the voice which bids the stranger welcome to a city that contains a million of faces which are unknown to him. They soon retired to a public-house, and refreshed themselves with a supper of potatoes, herrings, and porter. Each related his adventures and his projects. Sandy's tale

was short: he had left Scotland about fifteen days before with five pounds in his pocket, and had arrived in London with three pounds ten shillings, which sum he candidly told his friend was all he had in the world. He then pulled the money from his pocket and displayed it before the eyes of his companion. The adventures of Sandy's friend had been much more extensive and multifarious. Since his residence in London he had seen much of this world, and almost something of the next; for he had been tried at the Old Bailey for house breaking, and escaped only through a flaw in the indictment. He was careful, while he was relating his adventures, to conceal this circumstance, but he gave Sandy a very entertaining description of his successes and disasters; his ups and his downs, which inspired the youth with a great reverence for his friend's capacity, and no small degree of astonishment that in a city where gold was reported to be as common as dust, that a great genius like him should have been met walking without shoes and stockings. The story appeared so very affecting that Sandy was compelled to shed tears, and when he felt for his pocket-handkerchief to wipe them away, it was gone. "No doubt," said Sandy, "I lost it on the road." "To be sure you did," replied his friend, "for the people of this neighbourhood may be trusted with untold gold."

When these two poor Scotchmen had finished their supper, Sandy began to inquire for a lodging, and was told by his companion, that half of his bed was at his service. Quite exhausted by the fatigue of fifteen days' march, Sandy readily accepted the offer, and both of them retired to a miserable chamber, where they soon fell asleep. Sandy had a delicious dream, in which he imagined that he was holding open a sack before a mountain of guineas; while his dear friend who slept at his side, was employed in filling it with a shovel. He awoke in consequence of a violent pressure made on his

shoulder by the weight of the sack, which having been raised by the hand of his friend, fell with a thump on his back. He rose up in his bed, and looked about him. His dear friend was gone. He examined the room for his handkerchief; that was also gone: he hastily seized his breeches and felt in his pocket for his money: every halfpenny had escaped. He was penniless, friendless, and unknown among a million of people. He burst into tears, and sobbed and lamented so loudly, that the noise soon summoned to his side a ruffian-looking fellow, who bade him get up, pay for his night's lodging, and depart. The youth informed him that he had been robbed, to which information he received no other reply than a direct and violent seizure by the throat, which drew him from his bed, and then dashed him down on the floor. The ruffian then stood over him, and, with dreadful threats, bade him dress himself and depart instantly from the house. Sandy made as much dispatch as his fears would allow, and having dressed himself, sneaked down the staircase, followed by the ruffian, and, having opened the door, was impelled by a violent thrust into the street. Directing himself towards Holborn, he fell in with the stream of passengers which usually flow down that street, and as he wandered slowly and sadly along, the simplicity of his appearance and his disconsolate behaviour attracted the attention of a gentleman, who made many inquiries about the cause of his distress. Being satisfied that the story related by the youth was true, he generously accompanied him to Marlborough-street, whence the magistrate dispatched an officer to discover and seize the person of the man who had robbed him. After considerable search he was found, brought to the office, confronted with his accuser, and committed to prison to take his trial. None of the money, however, was found on the person of the culprit; and as the chamber door where they slept was left open, and the

neighbourhood as well as the house abounded with infamous characters, the jury considered the evidence as not quite conclusive, and acquitted the prisoner.

In the meantime, Sandy, who had received a few shillings from the charity of some individuals that pitied his condition, was occupied in wandering to different parts of London in search of some engagement, which might afford him the means of existence. His qualifications were extremely moderate and confined: he had nothing to offer to those who felt disposed to engage him but the muscular power of a robust and youthful constitution. He could neither read nor write. The inherent qualities of his nature, or industry, which no disappointment could subdue, and a fidelity which no temptation could corrupt, were not to be discovered through the rough exterior which enveloped them. Although repeatedly disappointed, he was not discouraged. He presented himself again and again at various shops in different parts of London, soliciting the favour of being employed as a messenger or porter. All his endeavours failed: he was compelled at last to station himself at a crossing, and to gain a precarious subsistence by cleansing with a broom the path which lay between two much frequented thoroughfares. Here, with his broom in one hand and his hat in the other, he solicited the benevolent charity of those who happened to be passing. His regularity, obsequiousness, and cleanliness attracted the attention of many, and he failed not to receive the diurnal pension of those spruce and well-clothed beings who value a genteel appearance above all things, and with justice estimate the sweeper of a crossing as a useful benefactor to the general happiness of mankind. In this light he ought to be regarded; for few among mankind exercise an office so little profitable to themselves and so beneficial to others. Consider the many vexations and quarrels he obviates, by providing a clean path to well-

dressed passengers ! How much of our happiness depends upon a clean pair of boots, a petticoat pure and unsullied by any dirty spot, a silk stocking or a shoe untainted by the slightest stain. If a man be hastening to throw himself at the feet of his mistress, or to bow in the presence of his patron : if he be desirous to create the envy and admiration of his acquaintance by lounging in Bond-street in boots equally transparent with the finest French mirror, or be obliged to hurry on foot to a dinner party, because there is no coach to be procured, who can so well provide him with a clean passage, or present him to the drawing-

room in pure and spotless habiliment as the poor and humble sweeper of a crossing ? Ye husbands that tremble before the irritability of a captious wife, whom the slightest injury sustained by her dress renders terrific ! ye antiquated maidens, whose spotless innocence is ever covered by spotless petticoats, who abominate filth and taint as much as ye abominate the impure kiss of wanton love ; ye dandies and dandizettes, who live only while ye are admired, and hate a beau-trap, a pedicular ladder, a splash, or a spot worse than ye hate old age, reverence the calling and generously reward the sweeper of a crossing.

To be continued.

RONALD STUART.

RONALD STUART has ridden away to the war,
To fight in the Saracen field !

Ronald Stuart has ridden from Helen afar,

And sworn that the Paynim shall yield,
Ere his falchion he'll sheathe

Or his true-love he'll see,

By peacock and lady

Holy Land shall be free !

The isles' beauteous flower, in Macdonald's bower,

Now banishes joy from her sight,

Droops with grief like a lily surcharg'd by the shower,

And hastens to follow her knight,

In weed of the pilgrim,

O'er mountain and main,

Through deserts of sand,

Unto Palestine's plain.

In the fierce Soldan's dungeon young Ronald lay chain'd,

No fay whisper'd Helen was nigh ;

But the lady with jewels his sentinel gain'd

To vow with her Ronald should fly.

At dread noon of night

By the dark postern-gate,

In Moorish garb shrouded,

Fair Helen did wait.

Wak'd from wild-warring slumber, the rash captive rush'd

On him that to freedom could lead ;

Seiz'd his dagger—one blow—forth the life-stream bath gush'd,

The murderer fled from his deed.

Through the postern he sprung,

Found the Moor at his side,

Struck his Helen's fond heart,

Heard her voice, sunk, and died.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

[SEE PAGE 268.]

IRVING—WASHINGTON—Author of sundry NEWSPAPER ESSAYS, which have been totally reproduced here ; of some papers in SALAMAGUNDI ; of KNICKERBOCKER'S NEW YORK ; of the NAVAL BIOGRAPHY, which appeared, in a series of the ANALECTIC

MAGAZINE, we believe at Philadelphia, about 1814 ; of the INTRODUCTION to Mr Campbell's poetry (American edition) ; of the SKETCH-BOOK ; BRACEBRIDGE-HALL ; TALES OF A TRAVELLER ; and of one paper,* if no more in the New Monthly ; mak-

* Called " Recollections of a Student." We are assured, although we did not perceive him that he is the author of this one paper.

ing altogether, about *five* good, fashionable *octavo* volumes, (if they were fairly published,) in England; or five *duodecimo* volumes, as they *do* publish in America.

We mention this, now, because we mean to make use of it presently: because Mr Irving has been called, among other names, a "voluminous writer," (though he has written less, in all his life, than one of his countrymen has, in four months, under the continual pressure of serious duties, which apparently took up his whole time;) because Mr Irving has been regarded as a large, industrious contributor—or at least—as not a lazy one—to the world of literature; (though he has actually produced less than half an octavo page a-day, since he first became to be known, as a professional author.)—And because (we have made an estimate) KNICKERBOCKER'S NEW YORK, which came out, in two small duodecimo volumes, over the water; and which has been put forth in *one* volume, octavo, by the London publisher,—actually does contain *more matter* (shewing thereby, at what price we have been buying his other "Crayon" wares) than either BRACEBRIDGE-HALL; THE SKETCH-BOOK; or TALES OF A TRAVELLER—every one of which the same publisher has put forth in *two* octavo volumes.

This, we take to be a little too bad; a little too barefaced—for even a court publisher.—We cannot well perceive why we are to pay double price for the writings of Geoffrey Crayon: we do not well understand why we are to give 24s. for a certain quantity of matter by him, when as much of that which is quite as good—if not better—produced by the ablest men of the British Empire, may be had for half the money.

Still, however—(these remarks do not apply to the author: we are only laying a foundation here)—Still, however, we have no sort of doubt, whimsical as the supposition may appear—that a part, perhaps a large part, of Geoffrey Crayon's popularity, has been owing to this very short measure,

of which we complain. Things comparatively worthless may be made *genteel*, by high prices alone—(The Italian opera for example.) But—if they are to be *popular*, they must *appear* to be sold at something like a reasonable rate. Hence, with all the attractions of the opera—novelty—high prices—the patronage of royalty itself—that of all the nobility—gentry. &c. &c.—with Catalini into the bargain, while it was *ungenteel* to see Shakspeare, at Covent-Garden, or Drury Lane,—the Opera House could not be filled, even *twice a-week* last year.

We are all prone to exaggeration. It is a part of man's nature. No time; no suffering; no humiliation will overcome the propensity. You will hear a man boast of having gorged more food, or liquor; quarrelled more frequently; seen more sights; heard more noises; talked more—than other people:—Thus, too, you will hear a woman boast of having done more mischief; torn more laces, hearts, and gloves; turned more heads or tunes; caused more prattle; spoilt more music than her neighbours.—A man, whose ambition it is, to carry off *six* bottles of porter under his belt—a beast—would never complain of his buder, nor dispute the bill of his landlord for *twelve* bottles, at a sitting, if the landlord or butler could persuade him that he had really drunk the twelve—no indeed—not he—he would like them the better for it; and go away, better satisfied with himself.

Now, we take this to be precisely the case with our fashionable octavos. People, who never study; never think—are quite amazed, when they come to find, how easy a thing it is, after all, to read entirely through so vast a work as that, which has come to them in two octavos. They think better of themselves; their capacity; their diligence; less of those, whom they have hitherto looked upon with a sort of awe—the readers of a quarto: and we are sure, would never pardon us, if we should venture to tell them, that, after all—they have

only been reading a duodecimo—only as much as their fathers read for a duodecimo.

This, we say, is one cause, perhaps a great cause, of Geoffrey Crayon's popularity, with a certain class of people; the indolent, loitering and fashionable. Another is, that, finding themselves less weary, when they have read a *pair* of his octavos thro', than they have ever been before, with a pair of octavos, by anybody else, they take it for granted, naturally enough, that it is owing to his great superiority over all other octavo writers—owing to some witchery of his—known only to himself—that he is able to keep the attention awake, without wearying it, for what appears to them, a length of time, wholly unprecedented.

If the SKETCH-BOOK; or BRACEBRIDGE-HALL; or the TALES OF A TRAVELLER, had been published as KNICKERBOCKER was, not in *two* fashionable* octavo volumes; but in *one* decent octavo volume, for the day; and sold for twelve shillings—though either might have been more popular, neither would have been so fashionable, as it has been.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE—papers, in that very department of writing, for which Geoffrey has obtained a fashionable reputation—(the touching, pathetic, and simply beautiful,) are greatly superior to anything of his—in *their class*. A little more management; a little more courtly, bookselling address in the publisher; and we believe, that before this, they would have superseded Irving completely, in the fashionable world—as they have, already, in the world of literature—so far, we mean, as they go, in that particular class of writing.

But enough. Come we now to the author.—Irving has been foolishly praised; cruelly, wickedly abused. He went up too high: he has fallen too low. They made an idol of him; they could see no fault or blemish in

him; they crowned him; set him above other men; offered up his fellows to him—in spite of his continual, sincere expostulations. He was no Cromwell; no Cæsar,—and he knew it: He did not refuse the honour that it might be put upon him, by force. Well—they did this—it was very foolish of them; very profane. But *he* was innocent; *he* should not have suffered.

Now—mark the change—now, in the freak of the hour, as if they could never forgive *him*, for their own folly—*now*, in the first paroxysm of returning reason—they have torn off his crown; tumbled him into the dirt with brutal derision, cries; and would, if they had power, grind him to dust; casting the precious metal, that *is* within him, with all that he has of common earth, upon the waters, or the winds. They anointed him wickedly: they are now dishonouring him, far more wickedly. It is high time for us to interpose.

Shame on the dastards! There was a time, when he was talked about, as a creature of miraculous purity—in whom there was no guile: a sort of superior intelligence, come out for the regeneration of our literature: a man, so kind of heart; so benevolent; so gentle, that none but a ruffian could speak affrontingly of him. But *now*!—to hear what some people say, one would be ready to believe that he (who is, in truth, one of the most amiable, excellent creatures, alive—with manhood enough, too, where manhood is called for,) is a dangerous, lewd man; a licentious, obscene, abominable profligate; an atrocious conspirator—at war, alike with morality and liberty—a block-head—(this climax, for the late Westminster school)—a political writer—an idiot—a patrician. Geoffrey Crayon a political writer! God help the fools!

Yes—it is time for us to interpose. We throw our shield over him therefore. We undertake once for all,

* Qu.—May not our author's text have run thus—*two* fashionable volumes:—that is,"—&c. &c.—WAREBURTON.

to see fair play. Open the field—withdraw the rabble—drive back the dogs—*give* him fair play; and we will answer for his acquitting himself, like a man. If he do not, why—let him be torn to pieces and be —.

In the day of his popularity, we shewed him no favour: in this, the day of his tribulation we shall shew him none. He does not require any. We saw his faults when there was nobody else to see them. We put our finger upon the sore places about him: drove our weapon home—up to the hilt, wherever we found a hole in his beautiful armour; a joint, visible, in his golden harness—treated him, in short, as he deserves to be treated, like a man. But,—we have never done,—we never will do him wrong. We never have been—we never will be—gladiators, or assassins, for the amusement of any body. We have too much respect for ourselves; too much for him—too little regard for the changes of popular opinion, which is never right, where it is possible to be wrong—ever to join the mob of puffers, or blackguards.

What we say, therefore, now, of Washington Irving, we say, with a full knowledge, that a time will come, when it shall appear against us. We shall put our opinion here, as upon record—believing, in our hearts—for we have no temporary purpose to gratify—that, after many years *he* will find consolation, support in it; *others*—that, in the time of these changes, there was one, at least—who had courage, power, and patience, to tell the truth of him—utterly careless of what other men thought, or said.

One word of his life, and personal appearance, (both of which are laughably misrepresented,) before we take up his works. He was born we believe, in the *city* of New York; began to write for a newspaper at an early age: read law; but gave it up in despair—feeling, as Cowper did before him, a disqualifying constitutional timidity, which would not permit him to go out, into public life:

engaged in mercantile adventure: appeared first in Salamagundi; followed with Knickerbocker; wrote some articles for the American Magazines; was unsuccessful in business: embarked for England—where, since he came to be popular, any body may trace him.

He is now in his fortieth year: about five feet seven: agreeable countenance; black hair; manly complexion: fine hazel eyes, when lighted up—heavy in general—talks better than he writes, when worthily excited; but falls asleep—literally asleep in his chair—at a formal dinner party, in high life: half the time in a reverie: little impediment—a sort of uneasy, anxious, catching respiration of the voice, when talking zealously: writes a small, neat hand, like Montgomery, Allan Cunningham or Shee, (it is like that of each)—indolent—nervous—irritable—easily depressed—easily disheartened—very amiable—no appearance of especial refinement—nothing remarkable—nothing uncommon about him:—precisely such a man, to say all in a word, as people would continually overlook, pass by without notice, or forget after dining with him, unless, peradventure, his name were mentioned; in which case—odds bobs!—they are all able to recal something remarkable in his way of sitting eating, or looking—though, like Oliver Goldsmith himself, he had never opened his mouth, while they were near: or sat, in a high chair—as far into it as he could get—with his toes just reaching the floor.

We come now to the works of Geoffrey.—1. The NEWSPAPER ESAYS: Boyish theatrical criticisms—nothing more: foolishly and wickedly reproduced by some base, mercenary countryman of his—from the rubbish of old printing-offices: put forth as “*by the author of the SKETCH-BOOK.*”—How could such things be, “*by the author of the Sketch-book,*” written as they were, twenty years before the “*Sketch-Book*” was thought of?—By whom *were* they written?—By a boy.—Was *he* the

author of what we call The Sketch-Book?—No. The Sketch-Book was written by a man; a full grown man. *Ergo*—the American publisher told a —. Q. E. D.

Nevertheless, there is a touch of Irving's quality, in these papers—paltry as they are: A little of that happy, sly humour; that grave pleasantry, (wherein he resembles Goldsmith so much;) that quiet, shrewd, good-humoured sense of the ridiculous, which, altogether, in our opinion, go to make up the chief excellence of Geoffrey—that, which will outlive the fashion of this day; and set him apart, after all, from every writer in our language. The qualities which have made him fashionable, he has, in common with a multitude:—Others, which are overlooked, now; but which will cause him to be remembered hereafter—perhaps for ages—are *peculiarly, exclusively* his own.

2. SALAMAGUNDI: OF WHIMWHAMS, &c. &c.—The production of Paulding, Irving, Verplanck; and perhaps of others, in partnership:—the papers of Paulding are more sarcastic, ill-natured, acrimonious—bitter, than those of Irving; but quite as able: Those by Verplanck, we do not know: we have only *heard* of him, as one of the writers: It is a work in two volumes, duodecimo; essays, after the manner of Goldsmith—a downright, secret, laboured continual imitation of him—abounding too in plagiarisms: the title is from our English FLIM FLAMS: oriental papers—the little man in black, &c. &c. from the Citizen of the World; Parts are capital: as a whole, the work is quite superior to any thing of the kind which this age has produced. By the way, though—What if some *very* enterprising publisher were to bring out a few of the old British classics, in a modern octavo dress, with a fashionable air—We have an idea that he would find it pay well. The Vicar of Wakefield, now; Tom Jones; Peregrine Pickle—What a run they might have, before they were discovered, in their large, handsome type;

fine, white paper; and courtly margins.—Or, “to make assurance doubly sure;” and escape the critical guardians of the day, what if he change the titles; names; dates, etc.—the chances are fifty to one, that he would never be found out—at least—until two or three editions had run off. It would be more fair, than such plagiarism, as we *do* meet with every day—like this of Salamagundi—about which nobody ever thought of complaining.—Besides; where would be the harm?—the copyrights have run out. Would it not be doing a favour to the public; a handsome thing, after all, by our brave, old fashioned literature, which we are afraid, will soon be entirely obsolete?—The truth is, that we are tired and sick of these daily, hourly imitations—thefts and forgeries; angry, weary, and ashamed of seeing our old British writers—our pride—our glory—forever upon the shelf—never—never upon the table.

We are quite serious, in what we say concerning the safety, with which our old fathers might be served up, under a new title. It may be done—for it *is* done every day. Try the experiment. Let Mr Campbell republish that paper of Goldsmith, wherein he gives an account of a trip to Vauxhall—precisely as it is—without altering a word. Our life on it if *Mr C.* kept the secret—as he would, undoubtedly, after such a hoax, upon him, or by him—that nobody else would smell a rat, for a twelvemonth to come.—By and by, perhaps, when we have a leisure afternoon, we may amuse ourselves, with pointing out a few cases in our modern, stylish literature, to justify what we have said.

Among the characters of Salamagundi—about a dozen of which are capital, there is one of a fellow—whose name is TOM STRADDLE—an Englishman—a pretty fair specimen too, of the Englishmen, that our friends over sea, are in the habit of meeting with, in their country. It was done by Irving, we believe. It is admirable.—Some years ago, a

man, who was prosecuted in Jamaica, produced a volume of Salmagundi on his trial. The publication charged as libellous, it appeared, had been copied, literally, word for word, with a spiteful, malicious accuracy, from the character of Tom Straddle; printed—sold—sent abroad, mischievously enough, to be sure, while one of those English "*Travellers*," whom Irving had so delightfully hit off, was in Jamaica—exploring and astonishing the natives.—This fact, alone, proves the truth of resemblance.

3. KNICKERBOCKER: A droll, humorous history of New York, while the Dutch, who settled it, were in power; conceived, matured, and brought forth, in a bold, original temper—unaided—and alone—by Irving: more entirely the natural thought, language, humour, and feeling of the man himself—without imitation or plagiarism—far more than either of his late works: It was written, too, in the fervour and flush of his popularity, at home—after he had got a name, such as no other man had, among his countrymen; after Salmagundi had been read, with pleasure, all over North America: In it, however, there is a world of rich allusion—a vein of sober caricature—the merit of which is little understood here: Take an example—"Von Poffenburg" is a portrait—outrageously distorted, on some accounts,

but nevertheless a portrait, of General Wilkinson—a "bellipotent" officer, who sent in a bill, to Congress, for sugar plums, or segars, or both, after "throwing up"—in disgust we dare say, as "he could not stomach it," his military command upon the Florida frontier: So too—in the three Dutch governors, we could point out a multitude of laughable secret allusions to three of the American chief magistrates (Adams, Jefferson, Madison)—which have not always been well understood, anywhere—by anybody—save those who are familiar with American history.

By nine readers out of ten, perhaps, Knickerbocker is read, as a piece of generous drollery—nothing more. Be it so. It will wear the better.—The design of Irving himself is not always clear: nor was he always undeviating, in his course. Truth or fable, fact or falsehood—it was all the same to him, if a bit of material came in his way.

In a word, we look upon this volume of Knickerbocker; though it is tiresome, though there *are* some wretched failures in it; a little overdoing of the humorous—and a little confusion of purpose, throughout—as a work, honourable to English literature—manly—bold—and so *altogether original*, without being extravagant, as to stand alone, among the labours of men.

To be continued.

FLORVILLE.

NO longer at that period of life when the blood pours impetuously through the veins, and the equal control of reason is constantly impeded by the wild impulses of the passions, I have learned to look with a steadfast eye upon the vicissitudes of human existence, and to regard with unfeigned sympathy those victims, either of their own frailty or of untoward circumstance, that fall under my observation. My vocation in the world, indeed, more especially leads me into this train of feeling,

and affords me opportunities of indulging it. Bred up to the sacred duties of the altar, and rendered a solitary man by the early removal of my beloved wife, I stand apart, as it were, from the general mass of society, and have a time-hallowed claim to seek into the sorrows of the mourner, and pour the balm of consolation (if other help be not within my power) into the wounded spirit.

Many have been the pity-exciting objects that I have encountered in rambling through the little village

(about twenty miles from London) of which I am pastor. Many a tale of patient suffering has been breathed into my ear; and not seldom has the penitent sinner, stung by the fierce pang of remorse, stammered forth his misdeeds before the humble messenger of the Most High. The story I am about to relate is illustrative of both these remarks: the subject of it was deeply afflicted, and fearfully guilty. He is at rest—the tranquilizing earth has been heaped over his wasted body, and the worm has dieted upon that brow, which, even when first I beheld it, was pale and damp with the expression of agony. But if a brief memoir of his crime, and of its consequences, may be useful in checking the exuberance of passion, and warning the thoughtless youth, that evil inflicted on another returns with tenfold bitterness upon the head of the inflicter, he will not have suffered, nor shall I write in vain.

About two years since, a small, but neat cottage, which had been vacated by one of my parishioners, was taken by a gentleman who gave his name as Mr Herbert. He was represented by a London merchant as a man of easy circumstances and considerable accomplishments; and the higher members of our little community, while they felt some surprise that an utter stranger should select such a retired situation, were disposed to congratulate each other on so agreeable an addition to their summer excursions and winter fire-sides as the new-comer appeared likely to prove. "Is he young?" inquired the half-anxious, half-indifferent belles: "Is he married?" urged their more provident mammas: "Does he play whist?" ejaculated one or two venerable spinsters, who usually pass their evenings over "a quiet rubber:" "Is he a good shot?" demanded the Squire. These interrogatories, however, being made by our querists of each other, were unsuccessful in obtaining satisfactory replies, and time alone seemed likely to allay the curiosity.

At length Mr Herbert arrived. He brought with him one single domestic, and took possession of his little *cottage ornee* without any kind of parade. His mode of life soon appeared to be secluded in a very unusual degree; and little could be gained from his servant, who, being a Frenchman, was not much respected, and not at all understood by the neighbours. The Squire's daughter, indeed, professed to speak the French language, but she could never proceed with M. Louis beyond a few colloquial phrases, which also formed the boundary of his English; not to say that he either felt or affected an air of reserve, whenever any question seemed to trench on the peculiarities of his master.

I confess, on my own part, I was somewhat struck by these peculiarities. I had, from principle, contracted a habit of personal regard for my parishioners, and could not but feel interested why a young and handsome man (for so he was) should thus seem to have separated himself from society. He baffled all the good-natured advances of our village *beau-monde*, although no affectation of misanthropy was manifested, and every salutation was returned by him with gentlemanly ease and courtesy. His style of speaking was pure and well-bred, but I thought I could distinguish some slight inflexion of tone which led me to doubt his being a native of England; and by the extreme paleness of his intelligent face, I feared he had sought the country, in a great degree, in search of the fugitive, health.

Thus matters had continued for the space of some months, when, one fine summer morning, as I was returning from my walk through the fields, I saw a man leaning against a stile before me. His attitude excited my immediate attention: it was one of utter despair. His body seemed to droop on one side, as if exhausted; his limbs were lax and unstrung; and his head sunk upon his chest. My first impulse was to hurry forward and prevent him from falling—

but a new impression darted across me, and arrested my steps. The stranger's back was turned towards me, but his shape and garments resembled those of Herbert. Here then might ensue some method of penetrating the mystery which appeared to envelope this young man; and, pausing, I instinctively drew behind a hedge that stood close by, still fixing my eyes on the object of my interest. After a short interval, the stranger gathered himself up, threw his hands in frantic mood towards the sky, and then, pressing them against his temples, hurried on, as if seeking, by swiftness of motion, to dull the intensity of the feelings with which he had been convulsed.

By this time it became evident that I was not mistaken in the individual; I perceived, however, that it would be injudicious to address him while thus agitated, and therefore walked slowly forward, hoping that chance would, ere long, throw him again in my way, in which case I resolved to lay aside the kind of *espionage* to which I had been thus prompted by circumstances, and to introduce myself frankly to my new parishioner.

I did not wait long for this opportunity; it occurred a day or two afterwards, in one of the woody lanes which skirt the hamlet. I contrived, by dint of some tenacity, to bring my young friend into conversation, in which, at length, he seemed to take a slight interest. At his own door I was about to bid him farewell; but, grasping my hand, he said, "No, do not let us part here: you are the first individual who has drawn me back into any commerce with my kind for many dreary months. We have reciprocated words of grave and solemn import: to me such conversation is well-timed, and in it alone must I indulge. Look on me, my friend," continued he, as he entered his little parlour, "my thin hair is nearly grey; a year or two since, its blackness might have rivalled the raven's plumage. Scarcely five-and-twenty summers have passed over my head, and my cheeks are sunken and

hectic: I am dying!" I fixed my eyes instinctively on his features, and read in them a confirmation of the prophecy. I urged on him the propriety of taking advice. "It is useless," replied he, "the springs of life are wasted—the seat of my disorder is here," and he pressed his hand upon his heart.

From this time we became pretty frequent companions. Herbert was the gentlest and most unassuming of beings; and it was only when I reiterated the necessity of seeking medical advice, that he seemed to lose his equanimity; meanwhile I respected his deep-seated grief, and obtruded no curiosity respecting its origin. At length, one fine autumnal evening, when we had been watching in his garden the gorgeous setting of the sun, Herbert, who had been awhile silent, suddenly, and as if to himself, exclaimed: "Yes, it is right that it should be divulged. I will not carry the tremendous secret with me to the grave! I will endure, yet this once, the anguish of its recital."—Then addressing me: "You have, no doubt, my excellent friend, felt some desire to learn the nature of that consuming grief which is hurrying me to my final account; you have tendered me your friendship, your affection, and it is right you should know to whom these offers have been made. My sad story will soon be told.

"Your observation has, I am aware, led you to suspect that I am not an Englishman—this suspicion is well founded. My native country is France, my name Florville: *Herbert* Florville. I am the offspring of an ill-fated woman, whose crime, in yielding to the seductions of my father, has been visited sevenfold on her unhappy progeny. My father, the Marquis de R——, was a professed man of gallantry. He is said to have had several natural children; but made provision at his death for only two; myself, and, as I understood, a son by another amour. My education was liberal: I was bred up in an academy at Paris, and made considerable progress in polite literature,

From hence I proceeded to a college at Lyons, my spirits buoyant with hope, my heart glowing with the most expanded emotions of benevolence. I gazed around me, and drank in enthusiastically the deep beauty with which, to a young and ardent fancy, the face of visible creation is invested. I pursued my studies with alacrity, and regarded my fellow-students with affection. But there was one among these for whom I felt a peculiar esteem: he was my junior—his name, Philippe Leblanc: this youth, at the most engaging period of life (about eighteen), was distinguished by personal beauty and amiable manners; beneath which exterior lurked an envious and a traitorous heart. Thus much let me say in alleviation of my own inexpressible guilt. Why did my evil destiny impel me towards this man? Indications of his real character were occasionally discernible; yet, infatuated with his society, I either disregarded, or pushed conviction from me: we were, in fact, inseparable, until he became my confidant in a love affair. A young lady of Lyons, whom I had met in company, engrossed both my sleeping and waking thoughts; she appeared to return my attachment, and we had several stolen interviews. I designed, when my course in life should become clearer, to demand this young lady of her father; but in an evil hour, subdued by his importunities, I introduced Leblanc to my mistress. From this moment the fairy dream of life was for me dissolved, the silver cord was loosed, the golden vessel broken. Leblanc suddenly cooled in his friendship, and by-and-bye actually shunned me. No cause for this was apparent, and, wrapt in my growing passion for Caroline, I became after a while indifferent to it. At length I was stung from this carelessness by the venom of the serpent. Leblanc—my friend—professed to have sustained several considerable losses: this I had heard; but I was absent on a few days' excursion, when he made oath that he believed me to be the plunderer, and,

by dint of a well-compacted lie, obtained a warrant to search my apartments—there the lost articles were discovered; there, where he who had secreted them knew well how to seek and find. Alas, Sir, I returned to Lyons, only to perceive myself ruined; blasted in reputation, expelled the college, and sought after by the police. The woman in whose house I had lodged gave me these details, and conjured me at once to leave the town. 'Your friends,' said she, 'are engaged in compromising the affair; at another day you may come back and sift the villainy, for I am sure it is such, to its foundation. At present, to expose yourself here would be fatal.' This was judicious advice, and so soon as my boiling veins had in a slight degree subsided, I felt it to be so. Besides, Leblanc had for the present escaped me. He had, it seems, left Lyons the preceding day, it was uncertain for what place. The coward's reason for this was obvious: he knew my motions, and dared not encounter me. I quitted the town, on the borders of which I had resided, immediately, and arrived, a heart-broken man, in Paris.

"I will not attempt to describe the convulsions that swept across my mind at this period. The predominant feeling was an insatiable thirst for vengeance. 'I will execute it,' said I to myself, 'and then bid adieu to France forever. I soon received intelligence, through a trusty friend, that no further judicial steps were meditated against me, but that it would be advisable to keep away from Lyons. This, however, I disregarded, and began to doubt whether it had not been wiser to brave my fate at first, even in the teeth of the damnable proofs produced against me. Another circumstance occurred, which decided me: I heard that Leblanc had returned to Lyons, and was paying acceptable suit to my frail fair one. This afforded an obvious clue to his malice and villainy. I prepared to start by the diligence next morning. Alas! that morning

found me stretched on a sick bed, and in a raging fever. From this illness (the fruit of mental agitation) I slowly recovered, and wished to recover only that I might visit my ruin on the head of its vile producer. During this interval, I resolved on passing over ultimately to England, and made arrangements by which my little patrimony was transferred into the British funds."

Here the unhappy speaker paused: his narrative had hitherto been continuous, and tolerably calm; but on resuming it his voice became low and tremulous; his face more ghastly pale; his eye wandering and rayless. He drew his chair nearer to mine.

"One autumnal evening, almost the first time I had ventured to creep forth, on approaching my lodging in the suburbs of Paris, I saw, turning the corner of a street before me, a well-known form; I could not be deceived—it was Leblanc's. At this moment I was tottering along, supporting my feeble steps upon a walking-stick. But the object before me wrought a change instantaneous and mighty—every fibre was on the instant strung; the blood, which had been creeping through my veins, darted along with the velocity of lightning: I felt its sudden rush suffuse my cheeks, my neck, my temples—a supernatural strength appeared conceded to me.

"I followed my enemy warily, but firmly, and with savage exultation perceived him take the road leading towards the open country. I had no defined purpose—on the contrary, all was tumult in my soul—but an uncontrollable impulse urged me on. Meanwhile, night fell upon the earth dense and starless, and it was with some difficulty I kept Leblanc in view. He moved on steadily and with unreverted eyes, not conscious of the wretched minister of vengeance who tracked his steps. At length he turned into an unfrequented path, which joined the high-road again by a nearer cut. I grasped the weapon in my hand (it was a sword-stick) and followed. When about half-way

through this pass, I shouted: he faced about, and perceived me, in the dim twilight, standing at his side. He started, but the next moment affected an air of indifference. I hurled on him the bitterest reproaches—I overwhelmed him with epithets the most disgraceful, in hopes to rouse his dormant spirit. It was ineffectual: he remained still and silent, and I fancied I could trace an expression of contemptuous triumph curling his lip. This maddened me. I insisted that he should publicly confess his imputation against my honesty to be a slanderous fabrication. I even conjured him, in terms of passionate pathos, to do me this justice; and to explain by what instrumentality he had effected my destruction. All was vain: he turned away, and proceeded. What could I do? my wrongs were crying. I thought of my ruined name and blasted prospects—of my shattered health, and of the beloved girl whom he had snatched from me. A few steps more would bring him into the open road. I drew the sword, sprang forward, and plunged it into his side, repeating the blow until the miserable victim of his own treachery and my unbounded passion, rolled dead against my feet."

Here Florville stopped, his weak frame exhausted by the terrible excitement of his narrative. After a while he added, that, on that fearful night, he had regained his lodging in a state bordering upon frenzy: that he had lain there in complete stupor for weeks, heedless of suspicion attaching to him; but hearing of none, had at length prosecuted his intention of emigrating to England.

I mused on this wretched story with deep emotion. I resolved not to betray the confidence of the young man, particularly as he was evidently fast sinking into the grave; and therefore, as far as was in my power, without affecting to extenuate his crime, quieted and consoled him.

Business, about this time, called me to London. I was absent nearly three weeks. On returning, I found

that Florville had rapidly declined, and was pronounced in a hopeless condition by a physician whose attendance his servant had procured. I learned also that he had been anxious to see me. I hastened to his bedside. He was greatly altered, and the catastrophe seemed fast approaching. After a brief interval, passed in such discourse as the nature of his situation appeared to suggest, he motioned to the domestics to leave us, and then, with a violent effort, said :—

“When I made my sad confession to you, dear friend, I suppressed one fact, one dreadful fact; it came to my own knowledge just after I reached England. Why did not this communication destroy me on the spot? I vowed never to divulge it until my last hour—it has now arrived. You heard me speak of my father having provided for another son—that son was”——

At these words a horrible suspicion possessed my soul. I rose involuntarily, paced across the room, and groaned aloud. The dying man, with desperate force, exclaimed :—“You see it then, you have pierced my secret! But I was not the aggressor. I loved him tenderly; loved him even when I—Oh, God!”

Alarmed by this paroxysm, I returned to the bed-side. He had sunk back on the pillow, and covered his face with his hands. I spoke, in a trembling tone, words of pity and comfort. He answered not. When my voice ceased, the stillness of death was in the chamber. Moved even to tears, I gently put aside his hands, and at one glance perceived the truth: he was dead—that last agony had burst the frail cord which bound him to existence.

Florville had named me his sole executor. The little he left (with one or two exceptions) was bequeathed to his French servant. In his escrutoire I discovered a packet, which, on examination, I found to contain proofs of the relationship between Florville and Leblanc. I was charged to transmit this packet, with other papers, communicating the whole particulars of their story, to certain individuals at Paris. It seems that the Marquis de R——, father of these unfortunate young men, had, from a feeling not difficult to comprehend, wished to keep them separate. He had committed them to the care of guardians unknown to each other, and chance alone threw them together (alas, how unhappily!) at Lyons.

SUPERSTITION.

“The trick of vanity.—Why we all do laugh
At the stage player's antics, nay often deem
He hits to the very hair our neighbour's faults,
When it may chance—(conceit how blind thou art!)
He draws the bow at us.”

OLD COMEDY.

AN inquiry into the the deeper points of superstition—those which are peculiar to kingdoms, or which plunge into the dwellings of the dead, and bring back to scare us, visions and chimeras dire, mantled in winding sheets, and, “grinning horribly a ghastly smile”—it is not my purpose to institute. I only throw a few unpretending glances upon those lighter prejudices of the fanciful, or the weak, which we, in a smaller or lesser degree, every day jostle against

in our struggle to maintain our course upon the ocean, and amidst the environing breakers of life. Have we not many of us stigmatized, as puerile and ridiculous, the ardent little *Miss*, who with a precocious propensity to anticipate, conjures up a wedding-ring in coffee grounds, or sows her hemp-seed at Midsummer? And yet might not some of us have battled for a particular seat at whist, or cut for the cards, with the full assurance that on these depend the

good fortune of the game? The young lady's *superstition*, rely upon it, is not a jot more ridiculous, more at variance with nature, and nature's laws, than ours. You view with astonishment your worthy old grandmother's loudly expressed consternation, when the ominous shroud or winding-sheet in the candle scarfs up its brilliance—you sneer at your fair cousins' blush-tinged trepidation, when they, dreaming on what they wish, convert a superfluous bit of light into a love letter—you pity the eager credulity of your companion, who shudders when he finds that there are thirteen seated at the feast-board, and yet fears to break the spell by rising, lest he be the first victim—and you, the very next day, purchase the lottery ticket, No. 1,001, because it is an odd number; because it gained a capital prize at the last drawing, or because (and confess, dear smiling readers, that here at least you are vulnerable), you dreamed of that very number, or your wife, your child, your relation, dreamed of it last night. I am afraid your *superstition* in this is to the full as fanciful as that of your aged grandmother, your blushing cousins, or your credulous companions. We are told that if we walk beneath an uplifted ladder, we shall never be advanced high in the scale of fortune, never attain a noble station on the ladder of life, and we smile in the diviner's face: but the very next day, perhaps the next minute—oh, what weak creatures we are, with all our boasted wisdom, all our pride!—we decline commencing a journey, because it is *Friday*, and the day “we dread.” Ought we not in *our turns* to be laughed out of countenance? We object to helping our friend to some salt, because it will promote

difference; and we sedulously divert the order of crossed knives, because it is an omen of dread; and yet we grow eloquent on the folly of the seaman, when he nails the horse-shoe to the mast, or the peasant, when he fastens it to his door, without considering that all of us equally sacrifice at the altar of *superstition*.

I will conclude this sketch, for I deem it no more, although the subject it involves is a wide one, with a short tale, apt enough to my purpose, and which, I dare say, has many a parallel both on land and wave.

“A gentleman, coming a passenger in a vessel from the West Indies, finding it more inconvenient to be shaved than to wear his beard, chose the latter—but he was not suffered to have his choice long—it was the unanimous opinion of the sailors, and indeed of the captain as well, that there was not the least probability of a wind as long as this ominous beard was suffered to grow. They petitioned, they remonstrated; and at last prepared to cut the fatal hairs by violence. Now, as there is no operation, to which it is so much the patient's interest to consent as that of the barber—the gentleman quietly submitted; nor could the wind resist the potent spell, which instantly filled all their sails, and wafted them merrily away.”

Kind, my readers, if there be any of ye who feel an inclination of disgust at this beard-hating folly of the “tars,” repress it as you value justice and the “landsmen's consistency;” for be assured, and I hope I have said enough to prove the fact, that although we might conquer *general* superstition, we are still fettered with that which belongs to our particular profession, our individual habits, and our peculiar pursuits.

REALITIES.

I MADE myself a little boat
And launched it on the sea;
And into the wide world went forth
To see what there might be.

I had a power given me
To gaze on every heart,
And from its secret joy or grief
To bid the veil depart.

I entered first a stately hall ;
It shone with light and bloom,
And the air was heavy with the breath
Of music and perfume.

There saw I one, who on his head
Wore a bright crown of gold,
And his purple mantle swept the ground
In many a brodered fold ;

But he had a troubled glance,
And his look was dark with care,
And his thoughts wandered to and fro,
And rest they found no where.

I stood next by a gay lady ;
Rich gems were in her hair ;
There was not one so proud as she,
There was not one so fair :

But I perceived her spirit turned
From the enchanted scene,
With sad and mournful memory,
To days which once had been ;

When her hair was bound with flowers,
And her spirits fresh like them,
Ere she had bartered happiness
For the heartless diadem.

I entered next a mossy bower ;
And there two lovers leant,
As if their destiny were clear
As the moonlit element.

A moment passed, and all was dark,
For the lover's blood was shed ;
And his own mistress lay beside—
Her life with his had fled.

I saw a minstrel's lofty brow,
Green with his laurel crown ;
But I saw, too, that high pale brow
Was bowed in sorrow down :

For blighted hope was at his heart,
And he had found that fame
(The fame he had tho't more than life)
Was nothing but a name.

I saw the sun like glory rise
On the warrior's snow-white plume ;
And stern and stately was his step,
But his lip and eye were gloom :

I saw him look towards the field
He had covered with the slain,—
I knew his soul was on the friends
He should not see again.

I then the crowded city sought—
There was hurrying to and fro ;
I asked if in it might be rest ?
And tumult answered, no.

I called the traveller wind, oh ! where
Peace may the weary crave ?
And the deep voice of death replied—
But only in the grave.

THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN'S TALE.

SOME twelve years ago, I formed a part of a muster of sportsmen who were assembled at the hospitable mansion of one of the heartiest and kindest of men. It was in Wiltshire, and my host and friend was a perfect model of what a country gentleman ought to be. Unfortunately for our field sports the frost set in upon us, during our stay, with such severity, that we could neither use horse nor dog for the purposes of the chase. We therefore employed our mornings in viewing the *lions* of the neighbourhood, and our evenings were cheated of *ennui* by the recital of sporting anecdotes or legends of the field. I shall now give one of these, as it was related by the son of our host, premising that I, Alfred Dominic, will personally vouch for the

identity of the scenes and characters introduced. I shall, with your leave, good readers, call it

THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN'S TALE.

Distant not more than a two hours' ride from hence, commences one of those enormous tracts of land termed a *chace*, from the right of deer feed and hunting attached to it, which in the feudal æra were frequent granted to those barons and gentlemen of repute who had made themselves useful, or of consequence, in the eyes of power. The one of which I speak has recently been curtailed of its any thing but "fair proportions," and the husbandman who had before the misfortune to till lands in the purlicus of this property, can now sow his seed, in the sweat of his brow, with a hope of reaping a bounty from his labours,

and without dreading the inroads of the deer or the sortie of the keepers after them.

It was about four years ago that I was benighted in one of the many intricate and dangerous portions of this particular chase. I had hoped to have mastered its utmost precincts before the day yielded to its dark adversary, and the speed with which I had ridden the first twelve miles of my journey in order to accomplish that object, only accelerated its failure. My horse fell lame ere I had treaded a fourth part of its intricacies. I dreamed not of this when I consented to the opening of another bottle at the hospitable mansion where I had previously dined, or it might have been otherwise. But it is not till tried by peril that we woo prudence, and we rarely learn wisdom but in the school of adversity. It is irksome for a sportsman to pause, but how many of us would be sooner with the quarry were we more frequently to do so.

Well, sirs, I floundered on, over rut, furze, and bury, and with difficulty kept my saddle, from the continual plungings and rearings of my horse, which, of acuter vision than myself, was frequently scared from his route by the sweep of a startled deer. I was obliged to dismount, for my seat became as precarious as a young sailor's in the shrouds, when the sea is angry, and the light skiff, unconscious of its crew's danger, dances upon the heaving waves, and is gay and buoyant in the very jaws of destruction! I began to anathematize your sporting dinners, and to wonder that people were not contented with the fox's *brush*, or the hare's *pad*, unless they were followed by a *burst* at the feast board, and a *trail* of the red wine. Anon, it commenced to rain, and there was a moaning in the air as of troubled spirits, till mine, for I was a very youth then, felt cold and heavy. At that moment, a deep hollow bark of a dog, frightful at another time, came like music on my ear, for I knew man or his dwelling must be nigh. I was not deceived—

guided by the raving of the dog, I soon reached an antiquated, ill-kept building, which, from its whitewashed front, I concluded must be the same which was generally called "the white house of the chase." This gave me little pleasure, for I now recollected a report that went abroad, that old Faulkner, the noted smuggler and poacher, here kept his court. But I had no alternative: "present fears are worse than horrible imaginings," and I assumed a valour I hardly could feel, lifted the ponderous iron handle of the porch door, which served the double purpose of a knocker and a latch, and thundered boisterously upon the knob, which was its anvil. It was in very truth the bluster of a bully, who fears lest the recoil of his own violence, like an overloaded fowling-piece, should prostrate him the victim of his own indiscretion.

In a very few moments my signal was acknowledged, additional lights were discernible, and immediately I was accosted from within in a strain not of the most graceful melody, or cheerful recognition.

"Your business, master, your business; it is a rough night for visits of amusement, and trade has closed its shop since sunset."

"I am benighted—I would claim shelter for awhile, or a guide to the plain."

"You must proceed," rejoined the imperturbable janitor, "we cannot serve you; the keepers will be abroad, you cannot miss them, and if they do not grapple you for a poacher, and take you to old Moses to-night, and the justice to-morrow, it will be because your gold is a more potent protector than your honesty."

I pleaded for some time in vain, till at last I ventured to inquire if the house was not Mr Faulkner's, and to entreat that my name should be given to him. This was complied with, and after a pause of, it may be, five minutes, the messenger returned.

"Thank your stars that you had a father. You may come in, for he

will have it so. Come, give us your horse, you'll have a bill to pay for provender, anon."

I was met in the passage of this old house by Faulkner himself, who not only received me cordially, but kindly, and I was conducted by him to a large old-fashioned room, uncarpeted and with white-washed walls, and hung about with prints of Chevy Chase and the Duke of Marlborough's victories. A cheerful wood fire was blazing on the red-bricked hearth, a couple of wire-haired greyhounds were stretched in lazy comfort before it, and two bettermost sort of yeomen, in riding gear, were seated on either side of its ample corners. Pipes and bottles of spirits were lying on an antique dog-clawed table, and a cold venison pie and a noble ham of bacon were on a sort of side-board somewhat removed. I am thus particular, for after-circumstances impressed the minutest points of that night upon my memory.

Of Richard Faulkner himself I hardly venture upon the portraiture. Setting, as he did, the revenue and the game laws at defiance, he yet performed so many charities and kindnesses to a class of poor people that winked at his captions, that I cannot bring myself to designate him the brigand he was described to be. He was of a bold but furrowed countenance, toil, and not extreme age, for he wanted two or three years of sixty, had fallowed it with his ploughshare. Nearly six feet in stature, and close set withal, his gait was imposing, and great skill with the back-sword and sabre added formidable advantages to his natural athletic powers. He hardly ever sought a quarrel, yet never fled from one—rarely commenced an injury, save in his contraband calling, but always avenged one; and hence the little squires that lived about him rather pretended ignorance of his doings than openly opposed them, and it has been hinted that the gentry, who kept house within the sphere of his influence, were always famous for unadulterated geneva.

"Square round, my boys, square round," 'bout ships messmates," sung out Richard, as he led me to his parlour. "Here is a younker whoso father once did a good turn to Dick Faulkner, and may my brandy kegs be all bilged if he sha'n't dry his coat at as good a fire-side as any in old England, and warm his heart with as thorough proof moonshine as ever the dear lady of our revels shined upon. Come, doff your colours and your helmet, young one—a scarlet coat and a jockey cap may be well enow in the sunshine, but on a night like this are of as much use as a pocket handkerchief on a foremast, or as a bowl dish when the white horses of the sea prance over us."

A few minutes completed my metamorphosis, and entering into the spirit of my host, I joined the circle of the carousers nothing loth, and we sat "hob a nobbing," as they called it, till night was almost at odds with morning; and it was then that I requested "an arm chair and a pillow to slumber a moment, if so Mr Faulkner would permit."

"Thou shalt have a bed, boy, a bed, one fit for a king, and they do say a king slept in it once; but zounds you don't drink—come fill, fill, 'a bowl and a bottle still bears the bell,' fill to my Nancy—'good luck to the Nancy of Christchurch,' and with that he winked to his companions.

At length, however, my entreaties for rest were granted, and I was conducted to my sleeping-room, having even Richard himself for my chamberlain.

"I am fairly glad, Mr Heartly," says he, "that you did have t'other bottle at the squire's yonder, since it gives me a chance of doing a good turn to the child of him who once served Richard Faulkner when debt was upon and a prison before him. I am a strange man, it may be roguish on an occasion, but hang it, sir, my heart's right, my heart's right. And I have seen blither days, too, Mr Heartly, and can remember the time when the scarlet coat and the

velvet cap sat as blithely upon this weather-beaten form and frost-covered brow, as upon the best of you hunters. But there were clouds and crosses came about me, and—yet that's away from my purpose—they who sail upon the bonny green waters must expect to encounter its sharks; and it's ill ripping up old grievances, or abusing the garment that is no longer new."

I shook the old boy heartily by the hand, and expressed a hope that he might yet have quiet and happy days.

"It's wishing success to the crew, boy, after the ship has been scuttled and the cargo thrown overboard; but I thank you for all that, thank you kindly, heartily; for what is it now to you, to any one, that Mr Faulkner of Hill-side once had houses, and lands, and fair flocks, and brave steeds, and bonny children—where are they now? In the lands of strangers, in captivity, in the grave! You only see Richard Faulkner, the smuggler of the chace, alone before his blazing hearth, and laughing over his cheer: but, boy, it is not the fairest tree that has the firmest heart, and the sunniest morning ere noon may be clouded."

I pressed again the proffered hand, and we interchanged "good night" with mutual sincerity; but he had not gone many steps from the door ere he returned, and just opening it again wide enough to admit of his addressing me, said softly,—

"Be not disturbed at what you may hear, no harm will come to you, the men below ride on a perilous errand—good night, and be discreet."

I was not at a loss to understand his meaning: the men were his leaders when he had any particular cargo of spirits to house, and they were to go this night and meet those who were bringing it from the coast.—About an hour after I had retired, I heard them depart; the only portion of the farewell I could gather was, "They will bring it over Martin's-head, and will wait by the Giant's-barrow—old Tom will tell you if Sanderson and his men are out; and

if they be, rather avoid than seek a quarrel, by going a mile or two about by Cromley's barn. Snare neither hare nor bird, but come right onward with the cargo—farewell—speed and caution!"—and the men, there were now three of them, set off at a round trot.

I must have slept soundly for some hours, as the grey of the morning faintly glimmered through the windows as I was aroused by the tramp of a horse at full speed, and presently by a violent knocking at the gateway. In a few minutes all was confusion below, and the voice of one of the men who had left a few hours before, was loud and hurried:—"There is no time for parley, Smith has shot him; why could he not let us pass, and take our words, it was not game we carried. We are all fettered, the steward knows it by this time, and the law will be here anon."

"But why did you fire?" "The keepers came upon us and insisted upon searching us, and swore that we should dismount and uncover our sacks. We refused and disputed their right, one word led to another, till Smith, he had the grog in his head, pushed by the ranger of Handley-walk, who struck him with his whip. This was enough, blows followed blows, till at last Smith fired upon one of them and he dropped. It was the work of a moment, and the consternation it caused in the keepers gave us the opportunity of getting from them. What are we to do?"

I could not hear the answer, but in about five minutes Faulkner came to me much disturbed—his greeting was brief but conclusive.

"Mr Heartly, there is a steed at the door that needs a rider, and there is light enough in the sky for you to sit him securely. You cannot miss the track to Kingston bushes, and you are then landed. I grieve to turn you out, as it seems, thus early, but just now there are safer nests than these of my building. No words, but away; the few thanks you owe me shut up in your mind, that

when I am gone I may have one voice to grace my memory."

"But I hope nothing has occurred that will affect you?" "A trifle, sir, a trifle: the cable must be again cut, the weather-beaten hulk must drift; where next he will find moorings no one can say, perhaps no where, perhaps in the grave. It's ill trusting men with liquor that have business to do, and a wise man should himself lead a project of difficulty. But I am grown old, and foolish, and lazy it seems, or there would have been no bl——. Pshaw, heed me not, Mr Heartly, your friends will be waiting you, and those do thrive little who sow thorns in a father's bosom. Should you again cross the old white house, and find it cold and desolate, it will only depict the fortunes of its ancient tenant. He that

hath been on the seas, my young friend," and he grasped me tightly by the wrist, and I think there was a tear upon his cheek, "hath presages of dark hours, and mine are upon me. I may struggle on for a little time, but there will be no sailing with the wind—there have been violence and bloodshed!"

The old man hurried me to the door, assisted me to mount, again wrung my hand, and shouting out, "Take the last farewell of Richard Faulkner," departed from my view forever.

The next day I was summoned to give evidence of what I knew before a neighbouring magistrate. Smith and Mason were committed, but Faulkner had departed. The white house of the chase still stands, but *Faulkner is no more.*

RUSSIAN LOVE.

THERE are circumstances of distress which throw an interest around those involved in them, far greater than the most lavish gifts of a prosperous fortune could confer. Squalid poverty and pallid disease, even while they awake compassion and open the hand of benevolence, excite an almost involuntary disgust; and having relieved, we gladly pass on, unwilling to contemplate longer than may be absolutely necessary, objects so painful to our feelings, so degrading to our common nature. But the distress which still preserves the propriety of better fortune, the dejection evinced only by the pale cheek, the forced and infrequent smile, and the reserve that is assumed as a shelter from observation, these are attendant circumstances which plead to the susceptibilities of the heart and seize the imagination.

Thus circumstanced was Frederick Wolmar, when the fate of battle had placed him among the number of the unfortunate prisoners of war at Soissons, in 1813. To a countenance and form noble and expressive,

the continual contemplation of his own and his wretched compatriots' misfortunes gave an air of deep melancholy. As he traversed the streets, the abstraction visible in his features plainly indicated that his soul was in his native Russia, and that its pent-up energies burned for freedom and for action. Whether it were that the general ferment in which all Europe was at that period involved indurated the hearts of men, or whether the despotic government of the modern Cæsar were inimical to the existence of the kinder charities of life, certain it is that Frederick found little in Soissons to soothe the rigour of his fate. *Des veritables malheureux*, as the unfortunate prisoners were generally termed, experienced every extreme of wretchedness; and Frederick, whom peculiar circumstances had afforded some little funds, did all in his power to relieve their necessities, while he participated in their sorrows. Thus had passed nearly five months, when he was one day suddenly recognized by Sir Harcourt Aimworth, whom he had known

in Russia, and to whom he had once rendered an essential service. After the first warm expressions of salutation, Sir Harcourt introduced Captain Wolmar to a young Frenchman of distinguished air, his companion. This was the first kindly beam of fortune that had risen upon Frederick since his capture. Sir Harcourt Aimworth was generous and grateful, and sought every means of proving to him how fully he remembered, and how anxious he was to return former benefits; and Frederick soon found his situation meliorated, and his spirits improved, under the influence of friendship. "Wolmar!" cried Sir Harcourt, one evening before they parted, "to-morrow I go to Compiègne. A grand *fête* is to be given in honour of Adolphe Clairville's coming of age—he who was with me the first day I met you here. The chateau is delightfully situated, and the scene will be new and entertaining; you must accompany me."

"Impossible! you forget that I am a prisoner."—"No, I do not; I have sufficient interest to obtain permission for your leaving Soissons for so short a time, and so short a distance."

"A change of scene, I confess," replied Frederick, "would be refreshment to my wearied eyes; but this dress is unsuited to the scene you lead me to expect."

All minor objections were soon overruled, and the following day, somewhat later than Sir Harcourt wished, they set forth for Compiègne. Some delay had occurred in obtaining the Commandant's permission, which at their outset rather clouded the spirits of both; but as the beauties of the country opened upon them, they forgot their chagrin, and, pursuing their way by the banks of the Aisne, Sir Harcourt gradually resumed his accustomed hilarity, and Frederick's heart expanded with feelings of pleasure, less apparent, but infinitely more profound.

Compiègne is distant from Soissons about nine leagues. On entering the town, which is neat and pret-

ty, many objects of interest presented themselves to Wolmar's eyes; among these was the magnificent chateau of the Empress, and its beautiful gardens, of which, before proceeding to Monsieur Clairville's, Frederick persuaded his friend to allow him a hasty view. Money, here as everywhere else, in despite of standing orders to the contrary, threw open the doors, and they traversed many apartments, through which the light steps of Maria Louisa had often passed. The disposition of the grounds afforded them even still more pleasure. From the middle of the garden an expansive plain with a fine sheet of water, appeared; the plain continuing till the eye reached a hill thickly crowned with trees, which, having a passage cut through, allowed the eye to range over an immensity of space. In that space, the sole object that met their view was a marble crucifix of colossal size, apparently touching the heavens. A fine and extensive gravel-walk, covered with mahogany, where in all weathers the Empress could take exercise, also attracted their attention. Having peeped into the wood that terminated the gardens, they hastened to resume their route to the less magnificent chateau of Monsieur Clairville.

The soft twilight of a September evening was stealing over the horizon, and had Wolmar consulted his own feelings, he would have chosen to wander in the open air, rather than seek the illuminated mansion they were approaching. However, he did not long regret the destiny which drew him thither, when, amidst a large family circle to whom he was introduced, he beheld the beautiful Adeline Clairville. Just seventeen, she inherited from her mother who had been a Parisian belle, the airy elegance of mien, the fine and graceful form, the dark and brilliant eye by which a truly beautiful French woman ever is distinguished; while, from her father she derived the Saxon distinction of a complexion exquisitely fine, and a profusion of light hair. Her features, though

delicate, were expressive, and animated by a soul highly susceptible and highly cultivated.

Deeply did Wolmar now regret the hours he had wasted in his progress from Soissons ; for his heart, with an impulse instantaneous and impetuous, kindled with love to Adoline. Rarely is passion so spontaneous, and still more rarely is its object so calculated to excite it as she was. Wolmar, deprived of all presence of mind, gazed upon her with eyes in whose dark orbs the fire of his soul was too apparent ; and he did not utter a word till Adoline left the room. The spell that bound him was then broken, and, reddening at the recollection of his appearance while so absorbed, he endeavoured to ingratiate himself with the family. He had himself been not a little the subject of observation. His uniform pointed him out as an object of interest in a political point of view ; and the gentlemen canvassed him, under the influence of national or party prejudices ; while his elegant and expressive countenance, fine form, and graceful air, interested the ladies in his behalf, although, as yet, nothing more than the general bow on his entrance had acknowledged their presence.

It is allowed that an individual seldom appears to less advantage than while under the dominion of the first impressions of love. Such was the case with Frederick : a stupor appeared to have seized his faculties ; his remarks were common-place and unconnected ; and he occasionally fell into a silence, which might have rendered his possession of consciousness doubtful, only that he never failed to turn his eyes to the door when it opened. One after another the ladies tripped away to their toilette ; some lamenting that the *joli garcon* had not the vivacity of their countrymen, and receiving this specimen of Russian manners as a confirmation of the received opinion of the barbarism of the country ; while others, more acute or more liberal, attributed his abstraction to his mis-

fortunes, justly conceiving that such a countenance could not be allied to an insensible or ill-informed mind.

To soothe the fever that was taking possession of his breast, Frederick strolled into the gardens ; but he found not the solitude he desired—the domestics were busied in the illuminations and decorations, and the incessant sound of the arriving carriages announced the assembling of the guests. The ball-room opened on a splendid balcony, from which wide marble steps led into the garden. Frederick placed himself in a situation that commanded a view of the gay saloon, desirous to gaze on one only out of all the brilliant assembly. It was not long before she appeared ; her gossamer robes were of snowy whiteness, while flowers of the most delicate hue were tastefully enwreathed with her hair. Scarcely breathing, he approached nearer and nearer, till, sheltered under the shadow of a large tree, he stood almost before the steps of the balcony, into which, accompanied by Sir Harcourt Aimworth, Adoline now advanced. A frantic feeling of jealousy instantly seized the soul of Frederick ; he thought he beheld a rival in Sir Harcourt ; though a little reflection might have told him, that their tardy journey from Soissons was very unlike the progress which a favoured lover would have made to such an object. There was a pensive softness in Adoline's air, which convinced him she must feel peculiar interest in listening to her companion ; and there was but one subject that could suggest itself to the heated brain of Frederick, as that on which they were conversing. In a few moments he saw Sir Harcourt bow and descend to the garden ; and Adoline, returning to the room was lost in a group of ladies.

Sir Harcourt passed without perceiving him, and enquired of a domestic if he had seen Captain Wolmar, a Russian officer ! “He is in the garden,” was the reply. Frederick now advanced, and the moment his friend perceived him he

exclaimed—"Where, in the name of wonder, have you been hiding! How unsought and how unmerited do the favours of fortune fall into the cap of some men, who will not give themselves the trouble to hold it out to receive them. Here has the lovely Adoline been in tears at your story, and is willing to accept you as a partner in the next dance." Fervent was the pressure of hand which replied to this welcome news, and, rapid as electric light, Frederick was in the ball-room. Sir Harcourt conducted him to Mademoiselle Clairville, and buoyant with ecstacy he led her to the dance.

The passion that intoxicated him every moment gained new strength; and, without pausing to ask himself what might be the result, he determined to put a period to his suspense, by divulging it to Adoline before he returned to Soissons. Three days formed the utmost limit of his stay, and when might he hope permission to return? A prisoner of war, he had no power to quit the city without the commandant's leave. If, hitherto, his loss of liberty had been oppressive, it was now insupportable, and a thousand wild visions of flying with Adoline Clairville flitted across his mind. Before the evening was half over, the silent but eloquent language of his eyes had imparted to her the secret of his heart; and her gentle blush, her soft and downcast looks, as eloquently replied. Animated by hope, spirits that had long lain dormant mantled into brilliancy, and the severest satirists on his first appearance, were the loudest to declare him as conspicuous for his talent and address, as he was distinguished in person and in air.

At four in the morning, Adoline had quitted the ball-room; and though, from the continual flutter of coxcombs and admirers round her, Frederick had had no opportunity of breathing a connected sentence, she carried with her a conviction of the conquest she had made of his heart, and felt how quickly she was surrendering her own. "Strange,

unfortunate fatality!" she exclaimed, "out of the many suited to my rank and situation, that none should have awakened my heart; while to this stranger, responsive emotions rise spontaneously. But it must not be—he is a Russian—he is a prisoner—my father, my brother never would consent. I must shun his presence, I must banish him from my thoughts."—The effort Adoline felt would be painful; but she knew the sequel of such an ill-sorted attachment could only be fraught with the bitterest miseries, and with a resolution which it would be happy for her sex if they more frequently possessed, she determined to nip it in the bud. She possessed a strength of character beyond her years, and an exemption from the vice of coquetry uncommon to her countrywomen. Unwilling to trifle with the feelings of the unfortunate Wolmar, and fearful that her involuntary admiration had already given him too much encouragement, she forebore to join in the various entertainments prepared for those guests who remained at the chateau, and, under the plea of fatigue, did not make her appearance till the crowded ball-room again demanded her presence, and precluded the possibility of her receiving any particular address. Frederick, however, was not to be avoided: the hours passed since he had last beheld her, had wrought his mind to a pitch of desperation; and, seeing no means unaided of compassing his views, he made a confidant of Sir Harcourt. A weak good nature was the leading characteristic of the baronet's mind: he readily promised Frederick his assistance; and that evening, while the guests were at supper, he managed to detain Adoline in the deserted ball-room. Sedulously had she shunned Captain Wolmar the whole evening, never suffering her eyes to meet his, and always mingling in some group the moment he approached her. Infinite, therefore, was her sorrow to see him advance towards her, and at the same moment Sir Harcourt leave the room. She read

in his impassioned countenance the tumult of his soul, and trembling for her own strength, she sought to pass him with a slight *en passant* salutation; but the mournful and impressive tone with which he exclaimed "Accord me *one* moment, madam!" sank into her heart, and deprived her of all power if not of all wish to fly. The moments were precious; they were few and fleeting, and another opportunity might not be permitted. Frederick, therefore, seized them, as the shipwrecked wretch grasps the last fragment that gives the hope of escaping death. In the impassioned language of an ardent and heated imagination, he pleaded his passion; and in despite of every effort to assume composure, large tears dropped from the beautiful eyes of Adoline as she listened. He interpreted them too favourably: with a strong effort she summoned all her native strength of character, and thus undeceived him.

"Captain Wolmar, you have my esteem, be not offended if I say my pity—but hope—I can give you none. My fate allows me only the alternative of marriage with my father's consent, or a convent. His views with regard to my destiny, are already fixed, and fixed irrevocably!

Thus, we must never meet again! Farewell!" There was a mournful solemnity in her air that carried conviction to the heart of Frederick, and it paralyzed all the energies of a soul so lately burning with passion and elated with hope. When Adoline reached the door, she turned, and again exclaimed—"Farewell!" The pathos of her tone recalled him to himself, and darting towards her, he caught her hand, and with the wildest adoration pressed it to his lips; then, echoing her words, repeated—"Farewell! farewell forever!" and rushed into the garden. Adoline clasped her hands, mentally ejaculating as she hurried to her own room—"Thank heaven! the effort is past! *He* at least is spared misery and humiliation. The proud Clairvilles will never wound him with their scorn. Wolmar I have spared thee that!"

She by this time had gained her window, which overlooked the garden, and she was pressing her hands upon her burning eyes, when the report of a pistol struck like a thunderbolt upon her heart. A horrid apprehension seized her brain, too soon confirmed—the unfortunate, the impetuous Wolmar had fallen by his own hand!

THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA.*

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!
 —We look'd for the Youth of the sunny glance,
 Whose step was the fleetest in chase or dance!
 The light of his eye was a joy to see,
 The path of his arrows a storm to flee;
 But there came a voice from a distant shore—
 —He was call'd—he is found 'midst his tribe no more!
 He is not in his place when the night-fires burn,
 But we look for him still—he will yet return!
 —His brother sat with a drooping brow
 In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough,
 We roused him—we bade him no longer pine,
 For we heard a step—but the step was thine!

"An early traveller mentions a people on the banks of the Mississippi, who burst into tears at the sight of a stranger. The reason of this is, that they fancy their deceased friends and relations to be only gone on a journey, and being in constant expectation of their return, look for them vainly amongst those foreign travellers."—PICART'S *Ceremonies and religious Customs*.

"J'ai passe moi-meme," says Chateaubriand in his *Souvenirs d'Amerique*, "chez une peuplade Indienne qui se prenait a pleurer a la vue d'un Voyageur, parce qu'il lui rappelait des Amis partis pour la contrée des *Ames*, et depuis longtems en voyage."

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept !
We look'd for the Maid of the mournful song ;
Mournful, though sweet—she hath left us long.
We told her the youth of her love was gone,
And she went forth to seek him—she pass'd alone !
We hear not her voice when the woods are still,
From the bower where it sang, like a silvery rill,
The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,
The winter is white on his lonely head,
He hath none by his side when the waste we track,
He hath none when we rest—yet she comes not back !
We look'd for her eye on the feast to shine,
For her breezy step—but the step was thine !

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept ;
We look'd for the Chief who hath left the spear,
And the bow of his battles forgotten here ;
We look'd for the Hunter, whose bride's lament
On the wind of the forest at eve is sent ;
We look'd for the First-born, whose mother's cry,
Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight sky !
—Where are they ?—Thou'rt seeking some distant coast,—
Oh, ask of them, stranger !—send back the lost !
Tell them we mourn by the dark blue streams ;
Tell them our lives but of them are dreams !
Tell, how we sat in the gloom to pine,
And to look for their step—but the step was thine !

THE GHEBER'S ADDRESS TO THE RISING SUN.

Pure emblem bright of God above,
And source of light to all below,
With rapture glowing, fir'd with love,
At thy approach, we prostrate bow.

With reverence holy, hallow'd, deep,
Again we hail thy morning beams,
That tint with gold yon rugged steep,
That chase away unholy dreams.

O, warm our hearts with love to thee,
With love to Him who form'd thee thus ;
Bid every lingering shadow flee,
And bend thy radiant eye on us.

Spread wide abroad thy power divine,
Embrown the valley's waving corn,
Ripen the gem within the mine,
Of Plenty fill, O, fill the horn.

At every season's swift return,
Our offerings on thine altar laid ;
To thee our fires eternal burn,
To thee our vows are early paid.

Yet still oppress'd, on ev'ry side,
Beneath a tyrant's yoke we bow,
O, dart thy vengeful terrors wide,
And lay the haughty Moslem low.

O'er mountain, valley, stream and main,
Through Persia's far-extended lands,
May Gheber war-cries sound again,
Inflame our hearts, and nerve our hands.

And swift, as from thy sacred face,
The shades of night in terror fly,
May Ali's proud and sensual race
Before our banners flee—or die.

So may from every altar blaze
Thy holy fires—from every heart,
And every tongue resound thy praise,
Till death himself shall sheathe his dart.

Pure emblem bright of God above,
And source of light to all below,
With rapture glowing, fir'd with love,
At thy approach, we prostrate bow.

I MUST BELIEVE THEE STILL SINCERE.

I MUST believe thee still sincere,
Tho' all the world should doubt thee ;
For when thou'rt nigh I lose my fear,
There seems such truth about thee.
A passion pure thy glances tell,
And in thy bosom's heaving,
Where heav'n resides, can coldness dwell,
Or aught that is deceiving ?

No—never in a shrine so pure,
Could falsehood fix its dwelling—
Or those angelic lips allure,
By tale deceitful telling :
And I, till death dissolve the spell,
Will joy in thus believing—
For not where heav'n resides can dwell
A thought that is deceiving.

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN.—NO. I.

— *Sera tamen respexit*
Libertas.

IF peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life—thy shining youth—in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holidays, or to remember them but as the prerogatives of childhood; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six and thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing-lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant play-time, and frequently-intervening vacations of school days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours' a-day attendance at a counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to any thing. I gradually became content—doggedly contented, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation.* In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music, and the ballad singers—the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a week-day saunter

through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful—are shut out. No bock-stalls deliciously to idle over—No busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by—the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy countenances—or half-happy at best—of emancipated apprentices and little tradesfolks, with here and there a servant maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour; and lively expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day look any thing but comfortable.

But besides Sunday I had a day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence: and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet, where the promised rest? Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still the prospect of its com-

* Our ancestors, the noble old Puritans of Cromwell's day, could distinguish between a day of religious rest and a day of recreation; and while they exacted a rigorous abstinence from all amusements (even to the walking out of nursery maids with their little charges in the fields) upon the Sabbath: in the lieu of the superstitious observance of the Saints' days, which they abrogated, they humanely gave to the apprentices, and poorer sort of people, every alternate Thursday for a day of entire sport and recreation. A strain of piety and policy to be commended above the profane mockery of the Stuarts and their Book of Sports,

ing threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thralldom.

Independently of the rigours of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my day-light servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were; and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance; but I did not know that it had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when, on the 5th of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L——, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained labouring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my disclosure; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this manner, the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life, when, on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock) I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the for-

midable back parlour. I thought, now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L——, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me,—when, to my utter astonishment, B——, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant upon the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life (how my heart panted!) and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary—a magnificent offer! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home—forever. This noble benefit—gratitude forbids me to conceal their names—I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world—the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy. *Esto Perpetua!*

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastille, suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity—for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could

ever manage. From a poor man, poor in time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue ; I could see no end of my possessions ; I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient ; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home-feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away ; but I do *not* walk all day long, as I used to do in those old transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away, but I do *not* read in that violent measure, with which, having no Time my own but candle-light Time, I used to weary out my head and eyesight in by-gone winters. I walk, read or scribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure ; I let it come to me. I am like the man

— That's born, and has his years come to him,
In some green desert.

"Years !" you will say ; "what is this superannuated simpleton calculating upon ? He has already told us he is past fifty."

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For *that* is the only true Time, which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself ; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's Time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me three-fold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as

long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was, that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners, and the clerks, with whom I had so many years and for so many hours in each day of the year been closely associated—being suddenly removed from them, they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a Tragedy by Sir Robert Howard, speaking of a friend's death :

— 'Twas but just now he went away ;
I have not since had time to shed a tear ;
And yet the distance does the same appear
As if he had been a thousand years from me.

Time takes no measure in Eternity.

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since ; to visit my old desk-fellows—my co-brethren of the quill—that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity, which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk, the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D—I take me, if I did not feel some remorse—beast, if I had not—at quitting my old companions, the faithful partners of my toils for six and thirty years, that smoothed for me with their jokes and their conundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Had it been so rugged then after all ? or was I a coward simply ? Well, it is too late to repent ; and I also know, that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall be

some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell, Ch——, dry, sarcastic, and friendly! Do——, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly! Pl——, officious to do, and to volunteer, good services!—and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old, stately House of Merchants; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-

excluding, pent-up offices, where candles for one half the year supplied the place of the sun's light; unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my "works!" There let them rest, as I do from my labours, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

WOMAN'S PREROGATIVE.

"He will not be commanded."—MACBETH.

TO the discerning and enlightened I humbly address myself, hoping that they will take into consideration the statement of an individual, an individual of the male species, who alarmed at the rising growth of female power and prerogative, petitions to know where man's obeisance ends, and whether we have any claim upon woman's respect—

"The petitioner humbly sheweth—that in the course of common conversation the other day he was flatly contradicted by a young lady, whose reply was again contradicted by the petitioner, who was accused of "*rudeness for daring to contradict a lady*." That when he reverently remonstrated in support of his claims to be heard, he was further told to "*hold his tongue*." The petitioner decidedly objects to this latter piece of eloquence, and disliking unbridled power in more senses than one, he begs to know whether the reply in question be not an unallowable extension of prerogative?"

In truth, I am as obstinate as the armed head in Macbeth; I "will not be commanded" by any one man—"or woman either, Sir." There are certain courtesies due from circumstance to women, which are very generally, I think, paid them by the opposite sex, and frequently they are entitled to such attention; but I fear these petty gallantries are in

many instances carried too far, and are productive of ill. From such continued usage to the honied tones of flattery, they become offended by the honesty of truth.

Women appear to trust to their sex rather than to their merit, and seem to forget, that it is only in proportion to their practice of effeminacy, that our attentions should be proffered more or less. What I would more particularly infer is this: that their being simply of the feminine gender, when there is an absence of its charming accompaniments, is insufficient in itself to entitle them to our extraordinary regard. There is something too, extremely annoying in suffering chastisement from a weapon of our own making and gift. I do not like that determination of exerting to the utmost the power which we put into their hands: "It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant."

What encroachments do some women make upon our department! Effeminacy in a certain class of males balances the evil in some measure, but does not justify it. Of dandies, (despicable race) another time—but a word or two to viragos, patronesses of "the fancy," and blue stockings.

LADIES,

Our obeisance is proffered with a proviso, that you make no unlawful intrusions upon our customs—But if

you will claim the post of a general at the head of his army, you must stand his chance of being shot. If you will assume

“The whip, the cap, the masculine attire, In which you roughen to the sense, And all the winning softness of your sex is lost ;”

If you will persist in “reining the prancing steed,” and such unbecoming feats—In short, if you will share the rougher enjoyments of man, you must subject yourself to many inconveniences, or settle the point (to do the business thoroughly) by sword and pistol. But “do not so :” practise the effeminate virtues, and do not meddle with horses, dogs, Euclid, politics, or the dead languages—

“To rougher man ambition’s task resign,
’Tis theirs in senates and in courts to shine ;

One only care your gentle breasts should move,

The important business of your life is *love*.”

Practise the effeminate virtues—*delicacy* will always insure corresponding behaviour on our part ; your *tenderness* and *feeling* it will be our care never to hurt ; your *timidity* will always procure you our protection, (for you are loveliest in your fears) your *modesty* will ever insure our respect, a combination of these charms, our *love*. Smiles, tears, and entreaties, will never fail, but I will not be otherwise controlled. “What ! upon compulsion ? No, not upon compulsion.”

EARLY RISING.

PERSONS are always most influenced by that, of which they understand the rationale, the how and the wherefore, and it would be well for all parties if this mode of governing were more practised, as it would oblige rulers to understand what they enforce, which would lead to many improvements in legislation.

I am desirous of becoming a ruler, and in order thereto, I propose to raise a large army of early risers from among the slug-a-beds of human kind : but as I have no other means of enforcing my wishes than persuasion, I am happily led to employ the wisest of all means ; as a Frenchman would say, *par felicité de situation*, and I hail the favourable circumstance as an omen of my good success.

It is generally admitted as a fact, that early rising contributes to health, strength and leisure ; yet it is practised by, comparatively, very few, except those persons whose callings are so clamorous as to compel their attendance. Now why is this ? I think it must be because the slug-a-beds are not *conscious* of the *injurious process*, the result of which they cannot deny.

It is that process, then I propose to unveil to them, and if I can fix their attention, I doubt not to have them for faithful lieges to the end of their lives : for observe, the duration of my life is of no consequence ; my dominion depends on quite another thing and is only subject to dissolution by the introduction of the rule of a more potent monarch ; for as long as my influence lasts, “his servants ye are whom ye obey.”

The muscular strength of animals depends on bundles of fibres that admit of expansion and contraction in bulk and length. They are expanded in bulk by the admission of the blood ; on which, be it observed, the mechanical action, as well as the maintenance of their own texture, depends. This bulk is gradually reduced by exercise, until the greatest length is obtained, when it is obvious that a supply of food and of blood is necessary to enable the muscles to repeat the process we have described as consequent upon exercise ; for as that is but the passing of the muscles from the bulky to the lengthened or elongated state they must be restored to the former before they can *again pass* to the latter ; and as exercise

is but the passing, so we are incapable of exercise, but in proportion as we shall have repassed to the bulky state.

Now, rest facilitates this restoration, but it will be obvious that rest alone will not do it; for although the muscles will expand with rest, yet without the blood to fill mechanically the interstices, the muscles will yield on the slightest tension, and fatigue and exhaustion ensue: therefore the presence of the blood is necessary to expand the muscular congeries, and exercise is equally necessary to extend it.

Now we come to the effect of lying a-bed, in health and strength. We have seen that muscular action consists of alternate contraction and dilatation—that these depend on the blood and exercise, and that rest facilitates the accumulation of blood and consequent dilation of the muscles. We also know that overstraining of the muscles causes the most alarming weakness, but we suppose this confined to length, and yet we have seen that strength depends as much on the dilation as on the extension of the muscle; and as the distance from London to York must be the same as from York to London, so the overdilation must be as injurious in its degree as the overextension: the effect of rest being to facilitate the expansion, when that has reached its maximum it must cause an injurious tension in that direction. This being daily repeated must certainly cause weakness, and the worst sort of weakness, that which is habitual; yet this must be the effect of lying in bed one half hour longer than is necessary to the full expansion of the muscles; for exercise then becomes necessary for their relief from the injurious tension in which they are held, in that which is generally (but I think erroneously) considered as their relaxed state: for I contend they must not be considered as threads, but as systems of threads, whose peculiar action consists in being alternately extended in bulk and length. The system, therefore, is

40 ATHENEUM, VOL. 3. 2d series.

subject to tension when at its greatest bulk as well as its greatest length.

And now, I suppose, it is not difficult to understand how lying in bed too long prevents health and strength; but this is done in a higher degree by soft beds and warm clothing, for as these allow of the greater expansion of the muscles without its being caused by the presence of the blood, which alone gives strength; so they prevent the access of that fluid, as they increase by refraction the bulk of the fibres and of the portion of blood they contain; which is obviously inefficacious as a means of strength, for its whole effect is lost in the transition from the warm bed to the temperature of the atmosphere; and as the increase of bulk is limited, whether that increase be caused by heat or the presence of the blood, must determine the quantity of strength to be imparted—to cause it by heat then, must be unfavourable to strength. The same remark applies to the atmosphere of the room in which you sleep, for if that is heated you cannot have muscular refreshment. Why not? Because as fluids expand by heat, when so expanded it is impossible to introduce an equal quantity of blood into the muscles.

The action of the warm bath confirms this theory; for there you get the bulky state of the muscles quickly, and with nourishment you are capable of renewed action; or if you rest, the access of the blood is facilitated, and consequently your exhausted strength is restored. But the warm bath differs from the warm bed, in that its application is temporary and therefore salutary; for it is well understood, that a permanent warm bath would be very codling.

Continuance in bed beyond the time necessary for refreshment tends to cause corpulence, for it is only whilst the muscles are in the bulky form that the fatty matter can be deposited.

This disease, which is easily prevented, but very difficult of cure, obviously prevents the proper elongation and consequently expansion of

the muscles, by the deposit of an unorganized substance in the space that the blood (organized for nourishment and for circulation) should fill. Thus, by shortening the muscles, it lengthens every journey, and makes objects of business and pleasure inaccessible to you, which, as my subjects, you could attain.

It may be easily understood why extreme idleness is so distressingly painful; the muscles are being stretched the wrong way for want of that exercise, which even in excess would be preferable, for it would at least make rest sweet, which is thus embittered.

List, oh ! list, ye listless slaves of sloth, start up for once, and it will be a medicine for you ; take exercise, even to moderate fatigue, and you will know the sweets of rest ; then you are nearly drilled for my service ; enter and your cure is accomplished.

The theory of cramps and growing pains seems to me quite simple in conjunction with this system.

The muscles are elastic, the nerves not. In cases of strong exercise or fatigue, during which cramp usually occurs, the muscles have been fully stretched, and in returning to the bulky form they must depart more or less, from the straight line of the arc they usually describe (as any one may see if they attempt to make a longer thread describe the same arc as a shorter) ; and in so doing they will press upon the nerve they would otherwise have passed, and by its tension cause pain : which, if continued, as in swimming, will paralyze the nerve, prevent the brain's control over the limb, and, as we know, often end fatally.

In other cases, ceasing to exert the limb or doing it vigorously, will generally extricate these near friends, but not always without leaving pain in the nerve.

Growing pains are, I suppose, a milder kind of cramp, arising from the muscles being more easily stretch-

ed, and perhaps habitually too long (to provide for their growth), which occasions this accident to be more frequent but milder, and to ensue particularly after fatigue. Both these inconveniences must be alleviated, at least, by early rising, and as such afford motives to join the peep of day boys.

I recommend to the elite of my corps, to propose to themselves some specific course of action : a language or a science to acquire—French, Italian, geography, music, or a course of reading in natural history, history, political economy, or the science of man : by this means the practice of early rising will be facilitated, because you increase the motive. By rising at such time as to provide for this and a walk before breakfast, thousands, many thousands of commonplace persons in the middle rank of life (who have seldom any claim upon them before breakfast) might become highly accomplished and intelligent persons, and I promise them distinction according to merit.

The effect of warm rooms and exposure to cold, may be easily traced on this theory ; but I confine myself on this occasion to raising a corps of early risers. The bounty I offer to recruits is the song of the lark, the sparkling dew-drop, the glorious-coloured east—and that which may perhaps come on them by surprise, the effect of the morning sun on objects in the west, which amounts sometimes to a creation in landscapes. To the inhabitants of the metropolis I offer an hour or two of smokeless atmosphere, which they must think can be accomplished only by a magician : but no, if they only agree to be my subjects, they shall enjoy it. The permanent pay and allowances are most liberal ; health and strength I have proved that my subjects must attain in a higher degree than others ; and if, as Poor Richard says, "time is money," money they shall receive. Half-pay, in proportion to the length of service.

VARIETIES.

MADAM DE GENLIS.

HER character at the time she was married may be gathered from the following account of honeymoon exploits : " I remained only a few days at Genlis : I was there entertained with pond-fishing. Unluckily, I went with little white embroidered shoes, and when I got to the edge of the pond, I slipped into the mud : my brother-in-law came to my assistance, and remarking my shoes, called me *a fine lady from Paris*, which vexed me extremely : for having been brought up in a country house, I had announced all the pretensions of a person to whom all sorts of rural amusements are familiar. I replied with some warmth to the pleasantries of my brother-in-law ; but hearing all the neighbours assembled at the fishing, repeating that I was *a fine lady from Paris*, my vexation became extreme ; so, stooping down, I picked up a small fish about the length of my finger, and swallowed it alive, saying, ' This is to show that I am a fine lady from Paris.' I have done many other foolish things in my life, but certainly nothing so whimsical as this. Every one was confounded. M. de Genlis scolded me a great deal, and terrified me by saying, that the fish might live and enlarge in my stomach—a fright of which I did not get rid for several months."

She had a girl for a servant named Rose ; " she had naturally a good disposition ; without any other defects than a childishness, which led her to be somewhat obstinate and contradictory. At the same time she took an interest, and with warmth, in every thing in which others were interested, whether it was a serious matter, or a frolic of gaiety. Our reading interested her deeply ; at the same time if I proposed to her a school-girl's frolic, she would join in it with all her heart. There was at Genlis the largest bathing machine I

ever saw, four people could easily have bathed in it. One day I proposed to my sister-in-law, that we should both bathe ourselves in it in milk, and that we should go into the neighbourhood, and buy all the farmers' milk. We dressed ourselves in the disguise of peasant girls, and mounted on asses, led by John the carman, my first riding-master ; we left Genlis at six in the morning, and went to the distance of two leagues all round to bespeak all the milk at the little farm-houses, desiring them to bring it next morning to the chateau of Genlis. In some cottages we were afraid of being recognized, we waited for John at a little distance, and entered into all the others. We took a milk bath, which is the most delightful thing in the world ; we had caused the surface of the bath to be strewed over with rose leaves, and we remained two hours in that charming bath."

* * * * " I was now *enceinte* of Madame de Valence, who was born, (as well as my first child) in the Cul-de-sac St Dominique. After my accouchment, I experienced a real fright. As soon as the infant was examined, I remarked on the features of M. de Genlis, and all the other persons who were in the room, an air of consternation, which led me to fancy that I had brought a deformed child into the world ; at the same time I heard a mysterious whispering, which confirmed my fears. I interrogated every one so anxiously, that they were at last obliged to answer me. M. de Genlis, with a visage of preparation that made me shudder, told me that my poor little girl was in fact born with a *deformity* ; but he advised me to be tranquil, and that next day I should know all. I was by no means disposed to be tranquil ; but burst into tears, crying that I insisted on seeing my infant, to bless it, and *love it all alone*, were it even a carp. M. de Genlis scolded me, for

what he called *my unbridled imaginations*, and at last they brought me the *monster*, which turned out such a charming young woman, and showed me below her chin a strawberry in half relief, very red, and marked with little spots, like that fruit; of the same shape, and exactly resembling a beautiful garden-strawberry. On discovering that this was all, my joy was unbounded." —

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES X.

Lewis XV. was very fond of his grandchildren; but he inherited the tone and manners of his royal predecessor, and displayed such dignity in his behaviour to them as was little calculated to draw forth the sprightly vivacity so natural and so pleasing at their age. The young princes loved their grandfather; but they looked up to him with reverential awe.—One day the Count d'Artois, more bold and lively than his brothers, laid a wager with them, that he would appear before the King with his hat on. The wager was accepted; and the next morning, when his grandchildren were brought to pay their respects to his Majesty, the Count d'Artois, running hastily into the presence chamber, drew his sword, pretending to be captain of the guard, and clapped his hat on his head in the true military style. Upon Lewis XV. expressing surprise at this novel *entree*, the young prince saluted him with the point of his sword, still keeping his hat on, saying, "How do you like me now, grandpapa? they tell me that I look very much like your Majesty." "Very much indeed, my dear boy," answered the King, smiling and kissing him. The Count d'Artois, then taking off his hat and respectfully saluting his grandfather, turned to his brothers and said, "Mind—I've won my wager." —

MR MACREADY.

Mr Macready, whilst performing at a Theatre under the management of the late Mr Mansell, unnecessarily made use of an oath, contrary to the rules of Mr Mansell's establishment, who, much to his credit, oblig-

ed all the performers who used oaths unnecessarily to forfeit the sum of five shillings, which forfeits were appropriated to the relief of sick and indigent actors: when settling with Mr Macready for his stipulated salary, he deducted the required sum for a breach of his rules. Mr Macready, with great cheerfulness, submitted to the deduction, and upon inquiring to what purpose the sum (so obtained) would be appropriated, gave a £10 note towards the furtherance of so excellent a plan, saying, "he wished from his heart all managers would adopt the same system, as nothing tended so much towards the fall of the drama as this offensive custom." —

TO RESIST FROST.

A process for ascertaining the *Power of Building Materials to resist Frost*, has lately occupied a considerable share of the attention of the French philosophers. It consists in causing a fragment of the material, by boiling, to absorb a saturated solution of Glauber's salt, the spontaneous crystallization of which disintegrates the stone, in the same manner as the freezing of water in its pores. If the stone be boiled too long, in the solution, or the saturation be effected at too high a temperature, the force of crystallization exceeds the usual effects of frost; therefore, to avoid error in this respect, a series of instructions are given, for conducting the process. Water is to be saturated with Glauber's salt at the common temperature; the solution is to be boiled, and while boiling freely, the specimens are to be introduced, and the boiling continued for half an hour and not longer. The specimens are then to be withdrawn, and suspended by threads, with a small vessel, containing some of the solution, under each specimen. In about 24 hours, but depending on the state of the atmosphere, the specimens will be found covered with small white crystals; they are then to be plunged, each, into the vessel below it, when the crystals will fall off, and the specimens again to be

suspended as before. This process is to be repeated, every time the crystals form on the specimen. The trial should be concluded at the end of the fifth day, after the appearance of the first crystals; and if the stone, brick, or mortar, under trial, be capable of resisting the frost, the salt will remove nothing from it, neither in grains, nor scales, nor fragments; and the solution which was placed beneath it will remain pure. Where two stones are to be subjected to a comparative trial, the specimens must be weighed before the trial, and the matter separated from each must be collected, washed, dried, and weighed, and the relative loss of weight indicates the proportion which the specimens tried would suffer, by exposure to the weather and frost.

WATER TELESCOPE.

A new instrument, which may be called a *Water Telescope*, has been contrived. It consists of a cone-like tube, of variable length, about one inch in circumference at the *apex*, and ten at the base; with glasses or crystals at the ends. When the large end is plunged to the bottom of the water, and the eye applied to the other, as there is nothing to interrupt the flow of light in the tube, whatever is at the bottom of the water becomes completely visible. That the instrument may be used at night, a lateral lamp is fitted, in a short cylinder, to the large end of the tube, to which also, two other tubes communicate; one for carrying off the smoke, &c., the other for supplying fresh air; and the light being cast upon the ground, makes its surface distinct to the inspector.

MOHAMED ALI PACHA.

Mohamed Ali Pacha, the viceroy, who has done so much for the amelioration of the interior of his states, and organized a part of his army after the European manner, has established a line of telegraphs from Alexandria to Cairo, and relays of horses, at each telegraphic situation, for the greater despatch of couriers from

place to place. He has, also, founded a college, supported by himself, at a short distance from Cairo, in the palace of his son, Ishmael Pacha; it contains one hundred students; and the courses of learning consists of the Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Greek, Latin, Italian and French languages; arithmetic and mathematics; geometry and drawing; physics, chemistry, history, and geography, &c. Some of the students are studying the European languages, for the purpose of translating the works Ali Pacha intends to introduce. He has also established a printing press, and published an Arabian and Italian Dictionary, with some military works, translated from the Italian into the Turkish—the military officers, in general, not understanding the Arabic. It is his intention to build a "*lazar house*," for persons afflicted with the plague; and, by the precautions he prescribes, it is much to be hoped that Egypt will be entirely freed from this distemper. French and Italian physicians are sent all over the country to vaccinate the children—a measure the more extraordinary, as it opposes religious prejudices and is a victory gained over superstition by the simple efforts of humanity.

SWEDEN.

The state of crime in Sweden is less distressing than in most other countries. The whole number of persons committed to prison for offences does not exceed 1500, viz. about 800 convicted of various crimes, and 700 imprisoned for vagrancy and other offences of police. A Royal Commission has been appointed to superintend all the Prisons and Houses of Correction, so as to place their discipline and administration on a common footing. A House of correction is building at Stockholm, in which the prisoners will be allowed part of the gains made by their work, and may lay it up to form a sum against the time of their liberation. Similar measures are also in progress at Christiana, in Norway.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

On the night of the first representation of his *Ayeux Chimeriques*, J. B. Rousseau was seated in the pit, next to a man who continued blowing a whistle during the entire of the first act. As soon as it was over he turned to Rousseau: "Sir," said he, "I am obliged to go out for a moment, may I ask you to take my whistle, and be my substitute in case they shall begin before my return?"—"With the greatest pleasure, Sir," replied Rousseau; and accordingly, the moment the actors appeared, he joined with all his might in damning his own piece. This reminds us of Aristides inscribing his own name on the Vote.

IDOLATRY.

At the last sitting of the Society of Courland, at Mittau, the Pastor Waltson read a memoir entitled, "*Essay on the Mythology of the Lithuanians at the commencement of the 15th Century, under the reign of Witold, the father of Jagelloo.*" Would any one suppose that, at a period so near as the beginning of the 13th century, the inhabitants of Lithuania adored serpents, and the fire, which they took care to keep continually lighted in their temples; and, still more strange to say, a hammer of prodigious size, to which they attributed the deliverance of the sun from its periodical prison? They also revered several forests, as being the residence of their divinities!!!

WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

The Spartan frigate of thirty-eight guns, commanded by Captain (now Sir J.) Brenton, met with a severe loss on the 14th May, off Nice; she had been all day chasing a polacre ship, and at sunset both were becalmed, at the distance of about five miles from each other; the vessel appeared to be an unarmed merchant ship. The boats of the Spartan, with the two senior lieutenants, Weir and Williams, and seventy of the best men, pulled alongside in two divisions, and attempted to board her on the bow and quarter with the usual determi-

nation and valour of British seamen; but the vessel was defended by a numerous and equally gallant crew, with boarding nettings and every other means of resistance. The first discharge from their great guns and musketry laid sixty-three of our brave fellows low, the first and second lieutenants and twenty-six men being killed or mortally wounded; seven men only remained unhurt. The few remaining hands conducted the boat back to the ship. The narrow escape of one of the men was very remarkable. James Bodie, the coxswain of the barge, was missing. The deceased men were all laid out on the main-deck: the wife of Bodie, a beautiful young woman, flew with a lantern from one to the other, in search of her husband, but in vain; all the survivors declared that he had undoubtedly perished; they saw him wounded, and fall between the ship and the boat. The poor woman became delirious, got into the barge on the booms, and taking the place lately occupied by Bodie, could with difficulty be moved from it. A few days, with the soothing kindness of the officers and crew, produced a calm but settled grief. At Malta, a subscription of eighty guineas was made for her, and she was sent to her parents in Ireland. Some weeks elapsed when the Spartan spoke a neutral vessel from Nice, and learnt that a polacre had arrived there, after a severe action with the boats of a frigate; that she had beaten them off, and that when they had left her, a wounded Englishman was discovered holding by the rudder chains; he was instantly taken on board, and after being cured of his wounds, sent off to Verdun. Captain Brenton, concluding this could be no other than his coxswain, wrote to his friends at that depôt, and the fact turned out to be as he had supposed. Mrs Bodie was made acquainted with the miraculous escape of her husband, who remained a prisoner four years. He was at length restored to his family, and now enjoys a birth on board the Royal Charlotte yacht, with his

old captain; his wife is with him, and both are highly and deservedly respected.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

The enormous sum which is paid by the public for the support of this establishment unquestionably entitles England to the finest opera that can be drawn together from the elite of Europe; the receipts have commonly been said to fluctuate from 60,000*l.* to 70,000*l.* per annum; When it is considered that the House is opened not more than from sixty to seventy nights at the utmost, this will seem a tolerably expensive amusement. But when it has been also shown that the best foreign theatres are splendidly appointed for little more than half the sum, *rich* John Bull must be content to hear and see, as *poor* John Bull eats his bread, namely, at double the price of his neighbours on the Continent.

RUSSIAN PROCLAMATION.

The Emperor of Russia has issued a proclamation to assemble the General Diet of Poland on the 13th May, and to close on the 13th June; and the Senators and Deputies are told in truly imperious terms, in what manner they are to behave themselves during their short month of representation. They are reminded that the Diet of 1820 had spent its time in endless disputes, and accordingly, says the proclamation—"This will teach you to avoid the consequences of discord, and the delusions of mistaken self-love." This admonition, one would think, might have been safely relied on; but, nevertheless, another proclamation follows, depriving the assembly of the publicity of debate. There can be no danger but the mute and obsequious Representatives will prove as harmless as the Emperor and his ministers can possibly desire.

SUBSTITUTE FOR GLASS IN LANTERNS.

M. Lariviere, a mechanic at Geneva, has conceived the idea of substituting for glass in lanterns, plates of polished iron, pierced with small

holes, regularly placed, and very close to one another. These plates allow the light to pass through them extremely well, and are much superior to metallic wires, which are easily deranged. The same person is at work on a machine by which he will be enabled to pierce, with regularity and expedition, a number of small holes, so as to perform in a minute the same labor which, according to the existing methods, it would require an hour to execute. This invention will be very serviceable in the construction of sieves and filtering vessels.

PATENT

To THOMAS GETHEN, of Union-street, Southwark, Surrey, Gentleman, for Improvements in the Machinery and Processes of making Metallic Rollers, Pipes, Cylinders, and certain other Articles.

This is an improved mode of casting, which appears to possess several advantages of considerable importance. It consists, first, in causing the mould to move, so that its parts are successively filled with fluid metal from a stationary melting pot, without the metal having to run any distance in the mould; and, secondly, in the application of a porous coating to the core, provided with channels for conducting away the steam and the air from the mould. The progressive motion of the mould is effected by a rack and pinion; and the mould has a wedge-shaped channel extending its whole length. Into this channel the melted metal flows from the pot; and the parts of the mould are filled as they pass the tip of the melting pot, while a stop-plate presses against and closes the channel as the mould advances. The core has one or more small grooves extending its whole length, for conducting the steam and air from the mould; and, in order that the steam and air may pass into the grooves, the surface of the core is coated with paper, or other porous matter. One of the most useful applications of this

mode of casting is, to making leaden pipes; and in forming these pipes, the mould descends vertically as it fills with melted metal. The castings may obviously be made of considerable length, as fifteen, twenty, thirty, or more feet. The fluid metal may be of a low temperature, and, consequently, free from bubbles; and the regular union of its parts will not be interrupted by its having to move in the mould. It may, further, be remarked that, with the exception of the last part, which is formed, of each length, the metal will consolidate under a considerable pressure of semi-fluid metal, a circumstance which is well known to produce compactness or strength.

The patentee intends to apply his process to casting sheets of lead, and various other articles, required in such lengths as to render the application of this improvement desirable. It will scarcely be necessary to point out, to our readers, the advantage of being able to cast lead pipes, in a sound and perfect manner, in long lengths; but it may not be so obvious that pipes cast well are much better than drawn pipe. By drawing a pipe the longitudinal cohesion is increased; but the lateral cohesion, or strength to resist splitting, is diminished; and as the strain on a pipe always tends to split it, it must be evident that drawing tends to weaken a pipe, in that direction in which it is most essential that it should be strong.

PERSEVERING RECLUSE.

Agnes Du Rocheir, a very pretty girl, the only child of a rich tradesman in Paris, had, like many others of her communion, a wish to get to heaven without once going out of her chamber; and accordingly, on October the 5th, 1493, she built herself a little chamber, joining to the wall of a church, wherein was nothing but a little window, from whence the pious (but filthy) solitary heard the offices of the church, and received the necessaries of life. The church celebrated this seclusion with great pomp, for Agnes was

rich. She lived this *holy* life till she reached her ninety-eighth year, and then died.

We know not under what head to place the following EXTRAORDINARY ENTRY, which appears in the parish register of Bermondsey, in 1604.

August—The forme of a solemn vowe made betwixt a man and his wife, the man having been long absent, through which the woman being married to another man, took her again, as followeth:

The Man's Speech.—Elizabeth, my beloved wife, I am right sorie that I have so long absented myself from thee, whereby thou shouldest be occasioned to take another man to thy husband; therefore I do nowe vowe and promise in the sight of God, and of this companie, to take thee againe as mine owne, and not onlie forgive thee, but also dwell with thee, and doe all other duties unto thee as I promised at our marriage.

The Woman's Speech.—Ralph, my beloved husband, I am right sorie that I have in thy absence, taken another man to my husband; but here, before God and this companie, I do renounce and forsake him, and do promise to keep myself onlie unto thee during life, and to perform all the duties which I first promised unto thee on our marriage.

The Prayer.—Almighty God, we beseech thee pardon our offences, and give us grace ever hereafter to live together in thy feare, and to perform the holy duties of marriage one to another according as we are taught in thy holie word; for thy dear son's sake, Jesus. Amen.

The entry concludes thus.—The first day of August, 1604, Ralph Goodchild, of the parish of Barking, in Thames-street, and Elizabeth his wife, weere agreed to live together, and thereupon gave their hands one to another, making either of them a solemn vowe so to doe in the presence of WILLIAM STERE, Parson; EDWARD COKER; and RICHARD EIRE, Clerk.

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A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE IN AMERICA.

THE Americans cultivate by a sort of predilection, our language and our literature; and in this respect their citizens coming from Germany, France, and Holland do the same. In agreeable and polite literature, they yield to England, Germany, France, and Italy. They cultivate, however, with success, all kinds of poetry and romance; and their best works in these two branches, have found translators in Europe. They have also a taste for theatrical performances; and a great English actor has acknowledged to receive more encouragement during his stay in four or five of their principal cities, in the midst of a population of 400,000 inhabitants, than he ever experienced in London. In books of education, history, and politics, they are not inferior to the principal European nations; and it is their own works that they use in their schools and seminaries, and which form their legislatures, jurisconsults, and physicians. Besides their general history of the confederation, they have the histories of the eighteen states of union, composed by national writers, and all of these are veridical and rich in fact; the biography too of their great men, is far from being neglected.

In mathematics and chemistry, they are not on a level with Europe; but in works of botany, metallurgy, ornithology, astronomy, and navigation they can support a competition. Their grammatical enquiries respect-

ing the languages of their country have opened a new field to the philologists of France and Germany. The American maps are copied by the geographers of Europe. The atlas of M. Tanner, displays in this respect, great perfection; they have likewise important treatises upon the hydrography of their states; and their authors have published important maritime discoveries; whilst the learned world is indebted to the encouragement of their congress, for the best and most profound of all the statistical collections extant.

The press of Cambridge and Philadelphia, of the Literary Society of New York, and of the Philosophical Society, as well as that of the Congress and others, bring to light every year very interesting literary productions. One of their papers alone, has lately announced more than 150 American works, all new, and consisting of novels, poems, travels, treatises upon moral philosophy, mineralogy, physical and political geography, history, biography, philology, oratory, chemistry applied to the arts, agriculture, gardening, and mechanics; their official writings upon public affairs, and the reports of their chief secretary of state, are very distinguished works.

The United States are also the firmest supporters of the liberty of the seas, and of agriculture in its relation with commerce. They were the first to prohibit the slave trade,

and declare it a piracy. Their doctrine of government and the finances, has even found followers in some parts of Europe.

Printing with them is carried on after a more extensive scale, and to greater advantage than with us ; and it is in their own editions, that they most generally read foreign works. Our books when imported to their country, are as so much seed for typographical harvests. They expend yearly in publishing, from two to three millions of dollars ; but they want a law to protect this kind of property. They have published, since these last three years, 7,500 copies of Stewart's *Philosophy* ; and a capital of 500,000 dollars is employed for the reprinting Rees's *Encyclopedia*. They have also printed 200,000 copies of the novels by the author of *Waverley*, which make in all 500,000 volumes : and there is always on their public roads, two hundred waggons loaded with books. A single article, the *Life of Washington*, by M. Weems, has had a run of more than 100,000 copies. They print also a great number of journals and literary reviews. The *North American Review* has a sale of 4000 copies, and they reprint an equal number of our *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*. Though they have only ten millions of inhabitants, they have more than one thousand periodical papers, or civil and political journals, each of which has many thousand subscribers. But their great advantage is the liberty of the press, which has been ever indispensable to freedom and prosperity. An American would not take the delights of France and Italy, in exchange for the newspapers that reach him from all parts, bringing him the most useful instruction, and grateful refreshment in his leisure hours. He knows by experience, that the happy fruits of the liberty of the press, not only make amends for its possible abuse, but weakens it effectually. Their licentious papers die away for want of readers ; whilst those that succeed, are conformable to sound reason and

exempt from satire. Each makes his complaint in the journals when he pleases, and as he pleases ; the public do immediate justice to all, after the same manner that the most enlightened and impartial jury might be supposed to proceed in a court-house. Yes, imprisonment, the scaffold and torture, are less efficacious for repressing the abuse of the press, than that liberty which the Americans enjoy. Though you should arm yourself with judiciary labours, for the end of imposing on credulity, or call in the aid of blasphemy and calumny, you only still increase the evil.

The Americans have in exercise, 44,000 commissions for encouraging inventions and improvements in the arts. Neither England nor France has so many ; and their conservatory of models is as richly stocked as that belonging to either of these countries. Their manufactories for the spinning of cotton are productive of more wealth than taxes upon this industry could produce. Their mills too are superior to those of Europe ; and they have invented twenty different kinds of weaving looms, that are moved by steam, water, wind, or animals. Their spinning machines are now so improved, by art, that spinning is with them at a much lower price than with us. It is to the Americans that we are really indebted for the invention of steam boats, which are not less important for maintaining civil and religious liberty, than gunpowder, printing, or the compass.

The United States are also greatly distinguished above other countries, for the construction and equipment of ships of commerce and of war. Their merchant vessels, which have crews so few in number, spare the one-third of the time which the vessels of other nations employ in going the same passage : and it is only those of the British navy that can cope with them for speed. In the art of constructing a plough, a ship, or a house, the Americans can contend with the people of any other

nation, without exception. In no part of the world has there been greater progress made in the rational use of the four elements, and their produce than in the United States; for their inhabitants are better fed, and more comfortably clothed, than those of most other countries. They have but one middling city for a capital, and all their towns together scarcely contain a million of inhabitants; yet their bridges, highways, canals, aqueducts, and facility of communication, excell those of many other countries. In two years time they will have terminated their great canals by an inland navigation of 10,000 miles from the valleys of the west to the waters of the Hudson and the Chesapeake. There is not at present in Europe any undertaking which surpasses that of the canal of New York, and the hydraulical works of Philadelphia.

The instruction of the children of the poor is even attended to with great care, and almost all children frequent the public schools, in which there are at present more than 300,000 students. They reckon 1200 who are educated for physicians, and about 1000 that are given to the study of the law, and there are more than a hundred seminaries, or literary institutions, which are for the most part ecclesiastical. Instruction is in no

part a monopoly or a political instrument; and they know not a congregation which shows a tendency to possess either. There are universities where they confine their studies, as in the colleges of Europe, to Greek, Latin, Logic, and Rhetoric; but in all other parts instruction is directed on a plan better calculated to fortify the mind, and procure useful knowledge. Physics, the mathematics, natural science, and the living languages, are there the objects of a just preference. They teach neither Latin nor Greek in military schools. In those countries where they endeavour to suppress a wise liberty, the seeds of revolution ferment, and sedition and revolt find way into their schools and academies. Nothing of the kind has existed in North America, for the revolution was accomplished there without tumult and massacre. Here even cultivators comprehend the philosophy of politics, better than many monarchs. Poetry, music, and painting, may languish even in Italy, but philosophy and the arts and sciences shall reign in the United States: it is from them that the rulers of the old world can learn what a population is worth who have received, at the public expence, and among ranks of all orders, an instruction always directed towards what is useful.

THE HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN'S LAMENT.

I LEFT my blithe and cozie hame,
My wife and bairnies a':
And I took the sword my father wore,
And sped with haste awa'.

I left my ain—my native hills—
When the heather was in bloom;
And now return to find a' clad
In darkness and in gloom.

I left the happy, freshen'd scene
When summer's breath was there;
But now I turn my steps, and find
The winter bleak and bare.

But still the winter is to me
An emblem of my fate;
A scathed trunk—a wither'd tree—
A scene laid desolate.

My wife was in the bloom of years,
My bairnies blithe and fair,
But soon the bitter, saut, saut tear,
Foretauld a heart of care.

My wife is in her silent grave,
My bairnies by her side,
Houseless and cauld, they couldna' thole*
The winter's stormy tide.

* The excesses to which the Duke of Cumberland's army proceeded, after the decisive battle of Culloden, in order to crush the enterprising spirit of the unfortunate

The cottage on the lone hill-side,
The burnie wimpling by—
Where are they now? bleak wa's are there,
A channel waste and dry.

I left them a'—I tint the best,
For Charlie's kingly right ;
And oh ! that on sae fair a cause,
Should set sae dark a night,

But still I dinna' mourn the cause
'That made me lea' them a' ;
For Charlie's gude ; for Charlie's sake,
I still could blythly fa'.

But now the lift is dim and dark,
That lately shone sae clear,
And I ha'e come to lay my banes,
By wife and bairnies dear.

LOW LIFE.

[SEE PAGE 294.]

THIS world is so chequered, and in its nature so liable to change and variety, that the lowest of mankind may with justice indulge probable hopes of exaltation, and the highest dread a reverse. A king and the sweeper of a crossing are the two ultimate points of human society. The latter has every thing to hope, and the former every thing to fear. One of those accidental circumstances, which make way for the introduction of one person by the abduction of another, at last furnished the poor and solitary Scotch lad with the first opportunity of advancing in life. The porter of an ironmonger, whose shop was situated at a short distance from the station of Sandy, had been sent out with a large and weighty burden. In hurrying across the street, his foot slipped, and being unable to recover himself on account of the great weight which he carried on his shoulders, he fell forward and was run over by a carriage which was rapidly passing. A crowd instantly collected, and among them was Sandy, who knowing the man and the house whence he came, raised him on his left shoulder, and, lifting up the package in his right hand, hastily conveyed him, followed by the multitude, to the ironmonger's shop. Before he arrived there life was extinct, and the emancipated spirit of the porter was rapidly travelling towards those pure

and ethereal regions, where the distinctions of tyrant and slave no longer exist ; where the poor and the unfortunate find recompense for the calamities and oppressions of this life, in the full and perfect enjoyment of that happiness which has been promised to them in the next.

The entrance of Sandy into the shop, with a dead man on one shoulder and a weighty package on the other, attracted the attention of the ironmonger. To behold his porter dead was grievous : to see his package safe was pleasing. A short vibration between grief and pleasure agitated for a moment the heart of the ironmonger, and his feelings then almost instantly returned to that equipoise of sensation which constitutes composure. He surveyed Sandy with attention. The athletic and powerful structure of his body, which could resist the pressure of the dead porter and of the weighty package which had overwhelmed him, was an object extremely interesting to his eyes. He was conscious that by engaging him he should save the expense of a horse ; but he was not conscious, when he addressed him in the following words, that he was concealing interested feelings under the garb of pity and benevolence. " I am so pleased with your conduct upon this occasion, my worthy lad," said he, " that I will take you into

Highlanders, who had joined the standard of Prince Charles, were at once brutal and infamous. The soldiers spread havoc and desolation through a great portion of the Highlands ; burned down the cottages, and turned out the inhabitants amid the severities of winter, leaving them to perish without shelter or subsistence.—*See Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs of the Rebellion in 1745.*

my service in place of the poor man who is dead." Sandy, when he heard these words, stared with astonishment in the face of the ironmonger. He could scarcely trust his ears until he was told to call the next morning and begin his occupation, when he became conscious of the truth of the engagement, and, making a humble bow, retired from the shop.

Nine hundred porters might have died without producing any benefit to Sandy; even the identical porter whom he succeeded might have died without producing any advantage to him. It was the circumstance of being seen by Mr Hardware, the ironmonger, in the act of conveying a dead man and a weighty package into his shop which led to his engagement and future success in life. On such accidental occurrences does the good fortune of mankind depend.

No sooner was the death of the porter and the success of Sandy known at the King's Head, a public-house in the immediate neighbourhood, where Sandy at the close of the day sometimes regaled himself with a slice of bread, an onion, and a pint of porter, than an unusual degree of bustle and conversation occurred. The death of the porter had made a gap in human society which promised a variety of removes among the lower orders of the neighbourhood. The sudden departure of the Marquis of Londonderry and the success of Mr Canning, were not more important matters of discussion, in the sphere of society where they moved, than was the death of the porter and the good fortune of Sandy. Many persons little acquainted with human nature, asserted that there never was so good a porter as the defunct, and that Sandy was by no means equal to him in powers; while the advocates of Sandy asserted that he could carry double the quantity of the deceased porter. Such, we remember, was the kind of conversation we heard at the death of Lord Londonderry. These observations are ridiculous: as well might

a man in passing through a field of turnips pluck one, and, holding it up, assert that nature never could produce such another. What nature has once produced she can produce again: and as long as the world exists, we shall never be deficient in large turnips, able ministers, and strong porters.

My reader may not be aware, that he who sweeps a crossing considers that crossing as his own possession, which he can alienate or retain without molestation. Sandy's long and undisputed holding of the one which he had swept, had given him the justest title to its possession: and as soon as his advancement to the situation of porter was made known at the King's Head, various competitors anxiously awaited his arrival. The station was to be put up at auction, and the perquisites derived from the passengers to be made over to the best bidder. There were three competitors. The first was a decayed and unfortunate author, against whom an ex-officio information had been filed by government for writing the truth. By this process he was ruined, imprisoned, and consigned over to poverty and care. The next was a half-pay officer, who, after a youth of warfare and glorious exertion in favour of his country, was reduced in his old age to subsist on the voluntary contribution of a people whom he had defended by his sword. The last was a patriot, who had spent a noble fortune and exhausted a deep and virtuous mind in attempting to cleanse the nation of its corruptions; but wanting success in his endeavours, and being, from untoward circumstances, reduced to distress, was compelled to undertake the easier labour of cleansing the streets. As soon as Sandy arrived at the public-house, the right of sweeping the crossing was put up at auction. He stated the average of his profits to be half a crown each day, from the commencement of November to the end of February, and eighteen pence from February to May. It was to be sold on the condition of so many days'

purchase. Each competitor bid according to his finances; and the patriot having more interest among the tailors, tinkers, hair dressers, &c. who frequented the King's Head, was able, through small contributions of his friends, to outbid his adversaries, and he was immediately declared the purchaser of the crossing at four days and a half purchase. On the payment of the money he was instantly invested with the insignia of his office, consisting of an old broom covered with mud, and an oil skin hat of a conical form, fit to bear the weight and pressure of large penny pieces within, and the pelting of violent rain without. As soon as the patriot received the broom, holding it up high in the air, and turning his ruddy countenance (which, notwithstanding his misfortunes, was still flushed with erysipelatous pimples, the result of ardent and frequent toasts to the cause of liberty,) towards a notorious house of ill fame in the precincts of ———, he exclaimed, "Would that I could cleanse away thy foulness, and sweep from thy defiled and spotted body those impurities which disgrace thee. Thou cloaca maxima of the empire, in whose foul and filthy sewer are concentrated all the corrupt and evil matter which a vicious and diseased state of society can emit, what instrument can cleanse thee! What mighty broom, were it even formed of ten thousand elms, and moved by the vast arm of a steam engine, could sweep out the deep and dangerous effluvia which ferment in thy abyss?" As soon as the patriot had uttered these words, he hurried out of the room, followed by a cavalcade of shirtless, careworn, waistcoat-wanting, patch-coated, shoeless, breechesless, moneyless vagabonds, such as usually accompany a patriot, and having taken possession of his new office, began to scrub and rub for the benefit of mankind.

Sandy immediately took leave of his public-house companions, whom he resolved in future to avoid as much as possible; for although still a

simple youth, he was not unacquainted with that useful and politic principle which bids a man forget his old and humble friends as soon as good fortune elevates him above them.—Thinking that he foresaw his way to independence, he began to square his conduct according to his interest. He became ambitious in design; careful and prudent in behaviour; loyal in language, and pious in his demeanour. He counted his gains on a Saturday night, and prayed to God on a Sunday to increase them. He starved his body that his pocket might be full; and looked about him for a miserable, awkward, disappointed, decrepid maiden, whom neglect should have rendered desperate, and the constant irritation arising from the consciousness of hopeless virginity, should have prepared to consign herself and portion to the first decent offer. Like a wise youth, he sought not in a bride those regular features, that delicacy of complexion, and that elegance of figure which tempt the heart to neglect the admonitions of reason, and induce the thoughtless and sensitive among mankind to forego the substantial advantages of life for the pleasures of affection. Skin and bone of the coarsest and roughest nature, angular asperities, acid expression of countenance, dingy complexions, and distorted spines, were by no means offensive to his eye. He seemed to be little susceptible to the impressions of beauty, but to be wonderfully struck, like a nobleman whose sanity has been lately called in question, with the attraction of a large and full pocket. He knew that in London there were great numbers of disappointed maidens and declining widows, who possessed small fortunes of two or three hundred pounds, which had been left them by mistresses for long and painful servitude, or by husbands who had drank themselves to death, in consequence of conjugal irritation, and given the little property they possessed to their wives, as a peace offering on their death-beds. He failed not to observe,

that women of this description were numerous and constant in attendance at meetings where the mysterious raptures of a false and enthusiastic superstition are inculcated to the minds of the infirm and ignorant.— He observed, that, in such characters, religion is, for the most part, the child of disappointment; that the tears they shed, the sighs they breathe, the raptures they feel, are only the ardent aspirations of minds, which, in default of attachment in this world, naturally direct their attention to a state where the neglect and slights which they meet with here would be unknown. People who are healthful and happy; on whom fortune has showered titles and riches, can scarcely ever be religious, on account of those numerous pleasures which draw away the mind from the contemplation of eternal life, and the practice of those severer virtues which purchase eternal happiness. And it was probably the observation of the incompatibility of religion and riches which induced the author of Christianity to exclude the rich from heaven by that tremendous anathema which has exercised the sophistry of hypocrites to pervert and evade: an anathema enforced, rendered more awful, and, in its consequences, more certain, by the illustration of a simile which implies an impossibility. Sandy, we say, had observed that the conventicles were much frequented by women of the above description, and he knew enough of human nature to be convinced, that it would be no difficult matter for a young healthful lad, of twenty-two years of age, to withdraw the attention of one of these women from heaven and fix it on himself. Little alteration of manner and habits was necessary to fit him out as the spiritual admirer of a tender and pious widow. The natural gravity of his disposition, which was seldom interrupted by any bursts of gaiety, easily assumed the garb of meekness and devotion. The sobriety and severity of his early days had given a seriousness and hardness to his features, a sallowiness

to his complexion, and a stiffness to his person, which well coincided with those characteristics which are expected in one who devotes his mind to spiritual affairs.

He had not been long an attendant at a conventicle, ere his attention was attracted by the hideous appearance and reputed wealth of one of the congregation. He contrived to sit near her, assisted her to kneel and rise, reached her prayer book or bible, and turned to and pointed out the psalms and chapters of the day. This conduct led to acquaintance, acquaintance to confidence, confidence to love, or what is commonly called love, and love to marriage. Thus the poor Scotchman, after a series of hardships and disasters, became possessed of a wife, and a fortune of sufficient magnitude to set him up in business. They had fifteen hundred pounds in the three per cents, which being sold out, enabled Sandy to leave Mr Hardware and commence trade as an ironmonger. Never were two persons better fitted for business and each other, than Sandy and Sandy's wife. They loved each other well, but money better than each other. Whatever disagreements happened between them, originated in their rivalry in parsimony. The first quarrel which occurred after their marriage arose from a suspicion that Mrs Stuart entertained that her husband had thrown into the fire the end of a farthing candle, and Sandy soon after forgot himself so far as to call his wife an extravagant hussey, because she neglected to drive a hard bargain with a matchwoman, and thoughtlessly gave her her own price for a bundle of matches. In five years after they commenced business they arrived at considerable wealth, and at the end of ten years Sandy was able to establish one of the first banking houses in London. Success and wealth altered not their habits. It was Mrs Sandy Stuart who sold the Westphalia hams to the oilman from whom they had been bought to be sent as a present to her. It was Mrs Sandy Stuart

who divided the snipe and made it serve for two dinners. It was Mrs Sandy Stuart who after purchasing a turbot for a party she intended to give, cruelly deprived them of it, because a neighbor was prodigal enough to offer her a hundred per cent. upon the original purchase.

These prudent and discreet persons, Mr and Mrs Stuart, had one daughter, whose immense wealth tempted the cupidity of the prodigal and profligate Lord Baltimore, and

induced him to offer her his hand. The Countess of Baltimore was left a widow soon after her marriage, having one daughter, the richest heiress of the kingdom, who married the Marquis of Clairfait, and in a few short seasons of extravagant folly, wasted all that had been saved by the parsimony of the Stuarts and her own long minority ; thus proving that poverty is oftentimes the parent of wealth, and wealth the parent of poverty.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

[SEE PAGE 299.]

4. NAVAL BIOGRAPHY. Irving had now grown so popular, in America, that he was consulted with, or pestered about, almost every undertaking of the day, in matters of literature.

The war with us had become serious. The navy had grown popular, with every body. The pride of the people was up ; their passions ; they were almost ready to launch their houses upon the water.—When Hull took the *Guiriere* ; and broke, as they say, there, the charm of our invincibility (they never say *how*, by the way ; or with what *force*)—the whole country broke out, into acclamation. They loaded him down with honour. They lavished upon him, within a few weeks, more testimonials of public favour—than have ever been bestowed upon all the public men of America—from the time of Washington, up to this hour.—The consequence was natural. The commanders of their little navy adventured every where, with a preternatural ardour ; fought nobly, desperately—and were the talk of a whole country. Battle after battle was fought ; victory after victory followed—before the tide was turned, by the capture of their Chesapeake.

The *Analectic Magazine* took fire—with an eye to profit ; hunted up materials : employed Irving to write

a Biography of these naval captains, one after the other ; and gave it out, with portrait after portrait, month after month, to the overheated public.

Some of these papers are bravely done : In general, they are eloquent, simple, clear, and beautiful : Among the *LIVES*, that of poor *PERRY*, the young fresh-water Nelson, who swept Lake Erie of our fleet, in such a gallant, seaman-like style, is quite remarkable—as containing within itself proof, that Irving has the heart of a poet.—We do not say this, lightly—we say it as a fact—we shall prove it.—We had seen him try hard, before, in that paltry, boyish piece of description—the passage through Hell Gate*—which has been so be-praised : we had really dozed over his laboured embellishments—they were affronting to our natural sense of poetry—we had no suspicion of the truth.—It is only a word or two, that we speak of. It is not where he tries, that Irving is poetical : it is only where he is transported, suddenly, by some beautiful thought—carried away, without knowing why—by inward music—his heart beating ; his respiration hurried.—He is never the man to call up the anointed, before him, at will ; to imagine spectacles ; or people the air, earth, and sea—like a wizard—by the waving of his hand.—He has

* Knickerbocker.

only the *heart* of a poet : He has not—he never will have—the *power* of one. It is too late, now. Power comes of perpetual warfare—trial—hardship : He has grown up, in perpetual quiet—sunshine—a sort of genteel repose.—He may continue, therefore, to feel poetry ; to think poetry—to utter poetry, by chance—but he will never be able to *do* poetry, now, as he might have done it, before this, if he had been worthily tempered, year after year, by wind, or fire—rain—or storm. He, who has grown up in the courtly tournament ; He, whose warlike discipline has come only of the tilting-ground—blunted weapons—or silken armour—may have the *heart* of a true knight—may *feel* bravely—may *think* chivalry—but will he be able to *do* chivalry, for more than a little time, together ?

The passage, to which we allude, is *not*, as he might suppose; that, where he goes out of his way, tries, labours to be a poet ; by saying, that—while the dying men lay about, upon deck—their eyes were all turned up to the face of Perry ; no—the passage to which we allude, is unpremeditated—It is not a picture, like *that*, which he, himself, declares to be “above prose—*poetry*”—it is only one thought, happily uttered—said, as none but a poet ever could have said it. He has been talking about Lake Erie—that solitude of waters—where no battle had ever been heard before : over which no warrior ship had ever gone. He speaks of the barbarian—we do not give the words—looking out from the wood—*startled by the “apparition of a sea-fight”* upon the waters of a solitary lake, whereon, till that hour, he had never seen a vessel, perhaps, larger than his own birch canoe.

That, we say, is enough. That very phrase—the *apparition of a sea-fight*, is enough to prove that Irving is, by nature, a great poet.—We shall say more of this, by and by.

5. INTRODUCTION to Mr Campbell's poetry. A well-written article ;

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but Irving was never made for a critic.—He is, to a critic, what a cupper and bleeder is to a resolute surgeon.—If he let out any blood—black, or natural—healthy, or pestilential—it is by coaxing it out of timid, small punctures—not by draining arteries, with a fearless cut, into the very region of the heart, perhaps—if the case require it. One thought, only, do we remember. He charges Mr C. with having been frightened, by the Edinburgh people, during the time of gestation—or delivery :—or, to come nearer what he *says*—he charges Mr C. with having been too much afraid of the Edinburgh critics.—He was right.

6. SKETCH-BOOK. Irving had now come to be regarded as a professional author : to think of his pen for a livelihood. His mercantile speculations were disastrous. We are glad of it. It is all the better for him—his country—our literature—us. But for that lucky misfortune, he would never have been half what he now is : But for his present humiliation, he would never be half what he will *now* be, if we rightly understand his character.

Strange—but so it was. The accidental association—the fortuitous conjunction, of two or three young men, for the purpose of amusing the town, with a few pages a-month, in Salamagundi, led, straightway, to a total change of all their views in life. Two of them, certainly ; perhaps all three, became professional authors, in a country, where only *one* (poor Brown) had *ever* appeared before. Two of them have become greatly distinguished, as writers ; the third (Verplanck) somewhat so, by the little that he has written.

Thus it is. A *single star*, worthy of attention, has hardly ever appeared in the skies of literature. So, in learning : so in science—age after age. It is a constellation—a cluster—a galaxy—or darkness. But for a similar conjunction, we do believe that most of the leading writers in our sturdy old English literature, would never have been greatly dis-

tinguished. A man should have a body of iron—a soul of iron—to outlive a long course of solitary trial.—But for strong rivalry—contention—social criticism—jealousy—fear—perpetual effort, no great man would ever have known a tythe of his own power : Nay, but for such a state of intellectual warfare, he would never have *had* a tythe of that power, which he may have put forth, in his full maturity. Hence, the policy of confederating for mutual improvement, every where—among every class of people. The mass of their knowledge becomes a property in common. Trial, exercise, power, self-assurance come of it.—Every year, a man, who is thus urged onward, will do that, which, a year before, he would have thought impossible : *see* that—as the horizon grows larger about him, at every step of his upward course—which, a year before, he had never *heard* of. He may not be so sensible of his progress, after a time, as he was, when he went up, first, from the level of his companions ; but his progress will be, nevertheless, real. He, who has had an opportunity of measuring himself, thus, day after day, with men *like* himself, will come in a single twelve-month, to look upon that, of which he was proud, with a feeling of shame, astonishment, or sincere sorrow. Not so, if he hold himself aloof, or be held aloof, by circumstances. He may go into his grave, without advantage to himself, or the world ; linger his fourscore years ; or die of old age, with a feeling of complacency toward all the labour of his hands. God help such a man ! God help him, who does not see, whatever he may have done—however proud he may be of it—however *honest*, or, the world say, however *boastful*, he may be of it—God help him, if he do not see, before the fever of his blood is down, that he might have done it much better.—Let a man be proud of his doing ; let him, if he speak at all—speak the truth of his own workmanship—whatever the world may say—but let him never be *satisfied*

with himself or his work—never—never.

The American cities are towns—the largest, *only* towns ; the smallest, villages. *Altogether* they do not contain one half so great a population as that of London.—There was no opportunity for Irving, in America : no chance of association. Therefore, he came here.

THE SKETCH-BOOK was written for America. It was refused here by two or three booksellers—Mr Murray among the number, we believe : was published, on Irving's account, we also *believe*, by Mr Millar.—It met with unexpected favour : Millar was “unfortunate :” wherefore Mr Murray, whose “enterprize,” where there is no sort of risk—we would never question—made a proposal for the SKETCH-BOOK ; following it up, with a “munificent” 1000 guineas for BRACEBRIDGE HALL—and a £1500 for the TALES—(Irving had learnt how to deal, in the meantime.)—These “enterprizing publishers,” by the way, are a pleasant kind of adventurers, to be sure—very desperate—*very*.—They lie by, till a man's reputation is up ; till some less “enterprizing,” wealthy, or extensive publisher has had all the risk—when, making a bow, perhaps, they step in, with a superb, generous air ; overbid all their “less enterprizing brethren ;” *subscribe off* the book, before they publish it ; and pass for liberal, adventurous encouragers of literature.—Let authors treat such people as they deserve : stand by those, who stood by them, in spite of temptation—if they would make themselves or their brethren respectable.—We could point out one of these “patrons”—one of these “enterprizing publishers” who has rejected manuscripts probably, without reading them—certainly without behaving like a gentleman to the authors—and yet, when these very authors came to be known ; he has gone out of his way, to pay them unworthy compliments : to coax and wheedle them—into a new negotiation. We could name one, who, some years ago,

thought proper to refuse the manuscript of a young author—a man of singular talent—with a sort of compassion—pitying—supercilious air—infinately provoking, though not enough so to furnish a plausible excuse for knocking him down.—That author has now become one of our authorities—he is a statesman—has great power, and great reputation.—Lately—not long ago—the publisher was lucky enough to meet him, for a few minutes, in a large company.—He went up to him; spoke to him; said a great many delightful things: reminded him of the time, when he was in such, or such an obscure situation, overlooked of all the world; begging him to believe, by the way, that *he* had not overlooked him; that *he* had seen his talents—of which, bowing, the world had *now* such abundant proof—&c. &c. &c.—“Yes”—was the reply—“Yes, Mr :—so and so—You certainly *did* shew your estimation of my talents—bowing—*once*.”—This very publisher too, refused Hunter’s Narrative. It was published on account of the author. It succeeded. He—the publisher, who had refused it, was cunning enough to give Hunter a hint or two—immediately—concerning his future publications. A curse on such “enterprize!”—

The SKETCH-BOOK—is a timid, beautiful work; with some childish pathos in it; some rich, pure, bold poetry: a little squeamish, puling, lady-like sentimentality: some courageous writing—some wit—and a world of humour, so happy, so natural—so altogether unlike that of any other man—dead or alive, that we would rather have been the writer of it, fifty times over, than of everything else, that he has ever written.

The touches of poetry are every where; but never where one would look for them. Irving has no passion: he fails utterly, in true pathos—cannot speak, as if he were carried away, by any thing. He is always thoughtful; and, save when he tries to be fine, or sentimental, always at home, always natural.—The “*dusty*

splendour” of Westminster Abbey—the “ship *staggering*” over the precipices of the ocean—the shark “*darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters.*”—All these things are poetry—such poetry as never was—never will be surpassed.—We could mention fifty more passages—epithets—words of power, which no mere *prose* writer would have dared, under any circumstances, to use. They are like the “invincible locks” of Milton—revealing the God, in spite of every disguise.—They remind us of Leigh Hunt, who, to do him justice—notwithstanding all his “tricksey” prettinesses, does talk more genuine poetry, in his *epithets*, than any other man, that ever lived. We know well what we say—we except nobody.—We hate his affectation; despise—pity his daintiness, trick and foppery, but cannot refuse to say, that in his delicate, fine, exquisite adaptation of descriptive words, to the things described, in his poetry he has no equal.—The “*loosened silver*” of the fountain; the “*golden ferment*” of the sunshine, upon the wet grass; the large rain-drops, that fall upon the dry leaves, like “twangling pearl”—all these, with a thousand others, are in proof.

The epithets of Hunt are pictures—portraits—likenesses: those of Geoffrey, shadows. Those of the former frequently take off your attention from the principal object: outshine, overtop, that, of which they should be only the auxiliaries: Those of the latter never do this—they only help the chief thought. The associations of Hunt startle us, like Moore’s “unexpected light;” in the cool grass—the trodden velvet of his poetry: those of Irving never startle us; never thrill us; never “go, a-rippling to our finger-ends;” but are always agreeable—affecting us, like the sweet quiet lustre of the stars, or moon. When we come upon the epithets of Hunt, we feel as if we had caught something—a butterfly, or a bug, perhaps, while running with our mouth open; or detected some hidden relationship of things: But

when we come upon the epithets of Geoffrey, we feel as if we had found, accidentally, after we had given up all hope—some part or parcel, which had always been missing (as every body could see, though nobody knew where to look for it), of the very thoughts or words, with which he has now coupled it for ever.—Let us give an illustration.

Who has not felt, as he stood in the solemn, strange light of a great wilderness; of some old, awful ruin a world of shafts and arches about him, like a druidical wood—illuminated by the sunset—a visible bright atmosphere, coming through coloured glass—who has not felt, as if he would give his right hand for a few simple words—the fewer the better—to describe the appearance of the air about him?—Would he call it *splendour*?—It isn't splendour: *dustiness*?—It would be ridiculous.—But what if he say, like Irving, "*dusty splendour*?"—Will he not have said *all* that can be said?—Who ever saw those two words associated before? who would ever wish to see them separated again?

The bravest article that Irving ever wrote, is that about our ENGLISH WRITERS ON AMERICA. There is more manhood: more sincerity: more straight-forward, generous plain-dealing in that one paper, than, perhaps, in all his other works.—He felt what he said; every word of it: had nothing to lose; and, of course, wrote intrepidly.—Did we like him the worse for it? No, indeed. It was that very paper, which made him respectable, in this country.

RIP VAN WINKLE is well done; but we have no patience with such a man, as Washington Irving.—We cannot keep our temper, when we catch him pilfering the materials of other men; working up old stories. We had as lief see him before the public, for some Bow-street offence.

The WIFE is ridiculous, with some beautiful description; but Irving, as we said before, has no idea of true passion—suffering—or deep, desolating fervour.

THE MUTABILITY OF LITERATURE—the art of BOOK MAKING, &c.—are only parts of the same essay; it has no superior in our language.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM, is only worth mentioning, because, we attribute our TRAVELLER'S TALES, entirely to the success which that paper, and the STOUT GENTLEMAN, met with.

VOL. II.—Irving, though he is continually at work, never gives one a good solid notion of the English character. All his pictures want breadth—a sort of bold, bluff humour—without which a man of this country is like the man of every other country. The Stage-Coachman, for example—what is it, as a whole?—parts are fine—touches are fine—but, as a whole, it is any thing but one of our good-natured, lubberly, powerful coachmen: one of those fellows, who fight without losing their temper: who love their horses more heartily than their wives: touch their own hats, or knock off those of other people, with precisely the same good-humoured air: say—"Coach, your honour?"—And—"Go to the devil!" in the same drowsy, hoarse, peculiar voice.

One of the best papers that Irving ever wrote—if not, in reality, the very best, is JOHN BULL. Yet is it, nevertheless—a coloured shadow only—an imaginary portrait; not *our* John Bull—not *he*—the real, down-right John Bull, whom we see every day in the street.

TRAITS OF INDIAN CHARACTER.—Very good—very—so far as they go: Historically true: Irving has done himself immortal honour by twice taking the field in favour of the North American savages. He has made it fashionable.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.—This brings to our mind a piece of poetry—four lines—by Irving, which he left as an impromptu, on his *last* visit, a few months ago, we believe, to Shakspeare's room. They are very good; and being, we have a notion, the only poetry of his, actually counted off, to be found, are worth preserving.

"Of mighty Shakspeare's birth, the room
we see ;
That, where he died, in vain to find we
try ;
Useless the search—for all immortal he—
And those, who are immortal, never
die."

We know not if these *be* his ; but we have good reason to believe them so. At any rate—we shall pass them to his credit, for the present, adding two lines by a countrymen of his, (I mean) which really were impromptu—the only impromptu, that he ever wrote in his life.—They were written after he had forsworn poetry—(on going into the room, where Shakspeare was born)—because, if we are to believe him, "he couldn't help himself."

"The ground is holy, here!—the very
air!—
Ye breathe what Shakspeare breath'd—
rash men, forbear!"

7. BRACEBRIDGE-HALL. STOUT GENTLEMAN—very good: and a pretty fair account of a real occurrence;* STUDENT OF SALAMANCA: beneath contempt: Irving has no idea of genuine romance; or love—or any thing else, we believe, that ever seriously troubles the blood of men:—ROOKERY—struck off in a few hours; contrary to what has been said: Irving does not labour as people suppose—he is too indolent—given, too much, we *know*, to reverie: DOLPH HEYLIGER; THE HAUNTED HOUSE; STORM SHIP—all in the fashion of his early time: perhaps—we are greatly inclined so to believe—perhaps the remains of what was meant for Salamagundi, or Knickerbocker:—the rest of the two volumes quite unworthy of Irving's reputation.

8. TALES OF A TRAVELLER. We hardly know how to speak of this sad affair—when we think of what Irving might have done—without losing our temper. It is bad enough—base enough to steal that, which would make us wealthy for ever: but—like the plundering Arab—to steal

rubbish—any thing—from any body—every body—would indicate a hopeless moral temperament: a standard of self-estimation beneath every thing.—No wonder that people have begun to question his originality—when they find him recoinng the paltry material of newspapers—letters—romances.—In the early part of these two volumes we should never see any merit, knowing as we do, the sources of what he is there serving up, however admirable were his new arrangement of the dishes; however great his improvement.

A part of the book—a few scenes—a few pages—are quite equal to any thing, that he ever wrote. But we cannot agree with any body, concerning those parts. Irving is greatly to blame—quite unpardonable, for two or three droll indecencies, which every body, of course, remembers, in these TALES:—not so much because they are so unpardonable, in themselves—not so much on that account—as because the critics had set him up, in spite of Knickerbocker; in spite of Salamagundi; in spite of the Stout Gentleman—as an immaculate creature for this profligate age.—He knew this. He knew that any book, with his name to it, would be permitted by fathers, husbands, brothers, to pass without examination: that it would be read aloud, in family circles, all over our country.—We shall not readily pardon him, therefore, much as we love him, for having written several passages, which are so equivocal, that no woman could bear to read any one of them aloud—or, to remember that she had—by reason of her great confidence in the author, been upon the point of reading one aloud.—Irving has a good, pure heart. How could he bear to see a woman faltering over a passage of his—at her own fire-side—while she was reading to her husband; her children—daughters, perhaps—or to the newly married? We hate squeam-

* But, oddly enough, there seems to be *another* original account of the same occurrence. Look into the HERMIT IN LONDON. We have a mysterious character, and a rainy day, *there*, too.

ishness. Great mischief comes of it. We love humour, though it be *not* altogether so chaste. But we cannot applaud any body's courage or morals—who under a look of great modesty—with an over-righteous reputation—ventures to smuggle impurity into our dwellings—to cheat our very household gods.

The latter part of these TALES, we firmly believe, were old papers lying by. New cloth has been wrought into old garments—New wine, put into old bottles. 'The money-diggers' have a good foundation. It is literally true, that people are now digging—have been, for years—upon desolate islands, in America, for money, which the traditions of the country declare to have been buried, with formalities, which are terrible enough, to be sure. Irving is *not* indebted, as people suppose, therefore, to a German story-book, for this part of his late work.—The pirate—who goes off in a boat—which one may see rocking, under the land—is decidedly the finest *bit* of Geoffrey, that we know of.—But he is only one of several characters wrought in-

to old, moth-eaten tapestry, the weaving of his youth—which was not worth patching up.

One word of advice to him, before we part—in all probability, *for ever*.—No man gets credit by repeating the story of another: It is like dramatizing a poet. If you succeed, *he* gets all the praise: if you fail, *you* get all the disgrace.—You—Geoffrey Crayon—have great power—original power.—We rejoice in your failure, now, because we believe that it will drive you into a style of original composition, far more worthy of yourself.—Go to work. Lose no time. Your foundations will be the stronger for this uproar. You cannot write a novel; a poem; a love tale; or a tragedy. But you *can* write another SKETCH-BOOK—worth all that you have ever written: if you will draw only from yourself. You have some qualities, that no other living writer has—a bold, quiet humour—a rich beautiful mode of painting, without caricature—a delightful, free, happy spirit: make use of them.—We look to see you all the better for this trouncing. God bless you! Farewell.

FARTHER PORTIONS OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MANSIE WAUCH, TAILOR.

———Of moving accidents by flood and field,
And hair-breadth 'scapes i' the eminent deadly breach.

Othello.

PORTION FIRST.

I HAVE no distinct recollection of the thing myself, yet there is every reason to believe that I was born on the 15th of October, 1765, in that little house, standing by itself, not many yards from the eastmost side of the Flesh-Market-Gate, Dalkeith. My eyes opened on the light about two o'clock in a dark and rainy morning. Long was it spoken about that something great and mysterious would happen on that dreary night; as the cat, after washing her face, gaed mewing about, with her tail sweeping behind her like a ramrod; and a corbie, from the Duke's woods, tumbled down Jamie Elder's lum,

when he had set the little still-a-going, gieing, them a terrible fright, as they first took it for the deevil, and then for an exciseman, and fell with a great cloud of soot, and a loud skraigh, into the empty kail-pot.

The first thing that I have any clear memory of, was my being carried out on my auntie's shoulder, with a leather cap tied under my chin, to see the Fair Race. Oh! but it was a grand sight.—I have read since then the story of Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp, but this beats it all to sticks. There was a long row of tables, covered with carpets of bonny patterns, heaped from one end to the other

with shoes of every kind and size; some with soles, and some glittering with sparribles and cuddy-heels; and little red worsted boots for bairns, with blue and white edgings, hinging like strings of flowers up the posts at each end. And then what a collection of luggies! the whole meal in market-sacks on a Thursday did not seem able to fill them. And horn-spoons, green and black freckled, with shanks clear as amber,—and timber caups,—and eevory egg-cups of every pattern. Have a care of us! all the eggs in Smeaton dairy might have found resting-places for their douns, in a row. As for the gingerbread, I shall not attempt a description. Sixpenny and shilling cakes, in a paper, tied with a skinie, and roundabouts, and snaps, brown and white quality, and parliaments, on stands covered with calendered linen, clean from the fauld. To pass it was just impossible; it set my teeth a-watering, and I skirled like mad, until I had a gilded lady thrust into my little nieve; the which, after admiring for a minute, I applied my teeth to, and of the head I made no bones; so that in less than no time, she had vanished petticoats and all, no trace of her being to the fore, save and except long treacly dauks, extending east and west from ear to ear, and north and south, from cape neb of the nose to the extremity of beardyland.

But what, of all things attracted my attention on that memorable day, was the show of cows, sheep, and horses, mooing, baaing, and neighing, and the race—that was best. Od, what a sight!—we were jammed in the crowd of auld wives, with their toys and shining ribsons; and carter lads, with their blue bonnets; and young wenches, carrying hame their fairs in napkins, as muckle as wad haud their teeth going for a month: there scarcely could be muckle for love, when there was so much for the stomach; and men, with wooden legs, and brass virls at the end of them, playing on the fiddle,—and a bear that roared and danced on its hind

legs, with a muzzled mouth,—and Punch and Polly,—and poppy-shows, and mair than I can tell, when up came the horses to the starting post. I shall never forget their bonny dresses of the riders. Ane had a napkin tied round his head, with the flaps fleeing behint him; and his coat-tails were curled up into a big bump behind; it was so tight buttoned, ye wadna thought he could have breathed. His corduroy trowsers (sic like as I have often since made to growing callants) were tied round his ankles with a string; and he had a rusty spur on one shoe, which I saw a man tak aff to lend him. Save us! how he pulled the beast's head by the bridle, and flappit up and down on the saddle when he tried a canter! —The second ane had on a black velvet hunting-cap, and his coat striped. I wonder he was na feared of cauld; his shirt being like a riddle, and his nether nankeens but thin for such weather, but he was a brave lad; and sorry were the folks for him, when he fell aff in taking ower sharp a turn, by which auld Pullen the bell-ringer, wha was hauling the post, was made to coup the creels, and got a bluidy nose.—And but the last was a wearyful ane! He was all life, and as gleg as an eel. Up and down he went, and up and down gaed the beast on its hind legs and its fore-legs, finking like mad; yet though he was na about thirteen, or fourteen at maist, he did not cry out for help more than five or six times; but grippit at the mane with ae hand, and at the back of the saddle with the other, till daft Robie, the hostler at the stables, claught hold of the beast by the head, and off they set. The young birkie had neither hat nor shoon, but he did na spare the stick; round and round they flew like daft. Ye wad have thought their een wad have loupn out; and loudly all the crowd were hurraing when young hatless came up foremost, standing in the stirrups, the lang stick between his teeth, and his white hair fleeing behint him in the wind like streamers in a frosty night.

PORTION SECOND.

The long and the short is that I was sent to school, where I learned to read and spell, making great progress in the Single's and Mother's Carritch. Na, what is mair, few could fickle me in the Bible, being mostly able to spell it all ower, save the second of Ezra and the seventh of Nehemiah, which the dominie himself could never read through twice in the same way.

My father, to whom I was born, like Isaac to Abraham, in his old age, was an elder in the relief Kirk, respected by all for his canny and dounce behaviour, and a weaver to his trade. The cot and the kail-yard was his ain, and had been auld grandfather's, wha was out in the forty-five; but still he had to ply the shuttle from Monday to Saturday, to keep all right and tight. The thrums were a perquisite of my ain, which I niffered with the gundie-wife for Gibraltar rock, cut-throat, gib, or bulls-eyes.

Having come into the world before my time, and being of a pale-face and delicate make, Nature never could have intended me for the naval or military line, or for any robustious trade or profession whatsoever. No, no, I never likit fighting in my life; peace was aye in my thoughts. When there was any riot in the streets, I fled, and scougged myself at the chumley lug as quickly as I dowed; and, rather than double a nieve to a school-fellow, I pocketed many shabby epithets, got my paiks, and took the coucher's blow from laddies that could hardly reach up to my waist-band.

Just before I was putten to my 'prenticeship, having made free choice of the tailoring trade, I had a terrible stound of calf-love. Never shall I forget it. I was growing up, lang and lank as a willow-wand; brawns to my legs there were nane, as my trowsers of other years too visibly effected to show. The lang yellow hair hung down, like a flax-wig, the length of my lanthern jaws,

which looked, notwithstanding my yapness and stiff appetite, as if eating and they had broken up acquaintanceship. My blue jacket seemed in the sleeves to have picked a quarrel with the wrists, and had retreated to a tait below the elbows. The haunch-buttons, on the contrary, appeared to have taken a strong liking to the shoulders, a little below which they showed their tarnished brightness. At the middle of the back the tails terminated; leaving the well-worn rear of my corduroys, like a full moon, seen through a dark haze. Oh! but I must have been a bonny lad.

My first flame was the minister's lassie, Jess—a buxom and forward quean, twa or three years older than myself. I used to sit looking at her in the kirk, and felt a droll confusion when our een met. It dirl'd through my heart like a dart, and I looked down at my psalm-book sheepish and blushing. Fain would I have spoken to her, but it would na do; my courage aye failed me at the pinch, though she whiles gied me a smile when she passed me. She used to go to the well every night with her twa stoups, to draw water after the manner of the Israelites, at gloaming, so I thought of watching to gie her the twa apples, which I had carried in my pouch for more than a week, for that purpose. How she laughed when I stappit them into her hand, and brushed bye without speaking! I stood at the bottom of the close listening, and heard her laughing till she was like to split. My heart flap-flappit in my breast like a pair of fanners. It was a moment of heavenly hope; but I saw Jamie Coom the blacksmith, who I aye jealoused was my rival coming down to the well. I saw her gie him ane of the apples, and hearing him say “Where is the tailor?” with a loud gaffaw, I took to my heels, and never stoppit till I found myself on the little stool by the fire side, and the hamely sound of my mother's wheel bum-bumming in my lug, like a gentle lullaby.

Every noise I heard flustered me, but I calmed in time, though I gae'd to my bed without my supper. When I was driving out the gaislings to the grass on the next morn, whae was it my ill fate to meet but the blacksmith. "Ou, Mansie," said Jamie Coom, "are ye gae'd to take me for your best man? I hear ye are to be cried in the kirk on Sunday?"

"Me!" answered I, shaking and staring.

"Yes!" said he, "Jess the minister's maid told me last night that you had been gi'ing up your name at the manse. Ay it's ower true—for she showed me the apples ye gied her in a present. This is a bonny story, Mansie, my man, and you only at your 'prenticeship yet."

Terror and despair had struck me dumb. I stood as still and as stiff as a web of buckram. My tongue was tied, and I couldna contradict him. Jamie faulded his arms, and gae'd

away whistling, turning every now and then his sooty face over his shoulder, and mostly sticking in his tune, as he couldna keep his mouth screwed for laughing. What would I not have given to have laughed too.

There was no time to be lost, this was the Saturday. The next rising sun would shine on the Sabbath. Ay, what a case I was in! I could maistly hae drowned myself, had I no been frightened. What could I do? my love had vanished like lightning; but oh, I was in a terrible gliff! Instead of gundie, I sold my thrums to Mrs Walnut for a peuny, with which I bought at the counter a sheet of paper and a pen, so that in the afternoon I wrote out a letter to the minister, telling him what I had been given to hear, and begging him, for the sake of mercy, not to believe Jess's word, as I wasna able to keep a wife, and as she was a leeing gipsy,

(To be continued.)

TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY.

WHEN Love away had flash'd, and fled
To leave life clouded, cold, and cheerless.
And Fancy not a halo shed
Around one form to make it peerless;
When quench'd Youth's glowing lamp of mirth,
By cares oppress'd, by ease forsaken,
I deem'd no power again on earth
The smother'd flame could more awaken.

Untouch'd my heart hath lain through years,
A weary weight, a dreary number,
Till now thy heavenly face appears
Like sunshine calling it from slumber;
Thy voice is music from the skies
To melt the hearts of men, and win them,
Young Peri, and thy glancing eyes
Have Heaven's own radiant light within them.

Oh! could once more kind Time restore
To me the glow of boyhood's brightness,*
And, clambering all their shadows o'er,
My thoughts regain their vanish'd lightness;
Oh! could I be as I have been,
My heart would melt to thee in duty,
And Hope illume life's future scene
With the bright sunbow of thy beauty.

It cannot be—too late—too late
 For me thy opening glory shineth ;
 Past hath the noontide of my fate ;
 Down western skies my sun declineth ;
 And, when the twilight hues of Time
 Around me lower in Age's sadness,
 Thou, in thy cloudless summer prime,
 Wilt tread the sunny earth in gladness.

Most lovely star-gem ! may no cloud
 Of sorrows ever gloom before thee ;
 And mayst thou walk amid Earth's crowd,
 With Purity's white mantle o'er thee ;
 From spot, from blemish ever free,
 May Virtue's guardian arm protect thee,
 And Vice itself, admiring thee,
 Blush for her frailties, and respect thee.

Before thee may its opening flowers
 Spring proffer in unbounded measure,
 Bright be thy lot, may all Life's hours
 Be calm'd to peace, or charm'd to pleasure.
 Late be the day that calls thee hence,
 Brilliant thine years as eastern story,
 And may thy pure soul's recompence,
 Be change of earth for endless glory !

MY FIRST QUADRILLE.

MR EDITOR :—

I MUST apologize for trespassing on your attention, which I am induced to do in the hope that my epistle, through your medium, may appear before the eyes of those into whose hands the sovereignty of fashion is confided, and incline the beautiful despots of Almack's mercifully to issue an edict to the following effect :—

“Whereas, it hath been represented to us, that many of our liege subjects and devoted admirers, of and above the age of thirty, do find grievous inconvenience in acquiring and practising the art of quadrilling ; we therefore, taking the complaint into our most gracious consideration, do most compassionately promulgate this our order—that, for the future, no gentleman of, and above the age aforesaid, shall be required to dance quadrilles ; and we do furthermore license the performance of country-

dances for the especial use of the individuals in question.

“*Given at our Court, holden in King Street, St James's, in the month of May, A. D. 1825.*”

In entering on a recapitulation of the miseries, which, as a middle-aged quadriller, I have encountered, I doubt not some of your readers in that situation may recognize in them a similarity to what they have endured. I have recently arrived from India, where I had been stationary fifteen years. I was twenty when I went out ; therefore my age is easily determinable, without recourse to the aid of Cocker. Having brought with me a dilapidated liver, I hastened as soon as I conveniently could to Cheltenham, in the hope of promoting its restoration. All was gaiety and amusement. Concerts and balls gave equal opportunities to the lovers of song, and the lovers of dance, to gratify their taste. My own had al-

ways been for the latter. In the servants' hall in my father's mansion, in the country, or on the green sward in the neighbouring village, I had ever been foremost in the train of Terpsichore. Nor had my predilection abated with years. I therefore availed myself of the first opportunity to attend the assembly-rooms, for the purpose of indulging in my favourite recreation. My surprise was great at finding, on entering the room, a considerable portion of the company engaged in *cotillions*, as I then erroneously fancied the quadrilles to be. I inquired of Colonel S., who accompanied me, how long these ancient and by-gone dances had been resuscitated into fashion? He softly whispered, "My dear fellow, do not betray yourself; they are not *cotillions*—they are called quadrilles."

"And do they not dance country-dances at all?"

"Not here, certainly: at Margate, perhaps."

"And will they figure away in these things all the evening?"

"Perchance they may diversify them by a Spanish dance."

"By a what?"

"A kind of waltz."

Here, too, I was at fault; and, fearing that the manifestation of such ignorance might implicate Colonel S.'s taste in the choice of his companions, I resolved against interrogating him farther, and requested him to accompany me for a few minutes to the Plough, that I might be initiated into the names and technicalities of the present reigning dances. This was soon accomplished; and, on returning to the assembly, while gazing on the elegant movements of the dancers, I determined on endeavouring to emulate them, and placing myself under the tuition of the ablest professor that London could afford. This design I carried into effect, and, on my arrival in the metropolis, became for six months the indefatigable disciple of Signor V——. It never entered into my imagination that youth is the only season for acquir-

ing the accomplishment, and that neither application nor perseverance can compensate for the elastic step and ease of deportment so essential to its effect, which is scarcely attainable in mature years. Great and incessant were the efforts I made to qualify myself for a situation in the Lancers and Cuirassiers, and, when not practising with my master, I enlisted the chairs of my drawing-room into my service, as substitutes for pupils. I had declined several invitations to quadrille parties, which I received during the period of tuition; but when a ticket came from Lady Fortescue's for one at her house on the 14th instant, the recollection of her beautiful daughter Marian, and the possibility it gave me of waltzing with her, resolved me to acceptance. The evening at length came, and, while waiting for my carriage, I employed the time in making my last effort with my rose-wood auxiliaries; and I then executed every movement and every step with undeviating precision. The chariot was at my door—I leaped into it—and, while rolling along, passed a mental eulogium on McAdam for the facilities he afforded me for gaining an early *entree* at Lady Fortescue's. Behold me, then, in her splendid saloon, almost overcome with the blaze of light and beauty that flashed around me, and half overpowered with the union of the various perfumes, artificial and natural, that saluted my senses. Lady Fortescue immediately introduced me to the partner I much desired, in the person of her eldest daughter; and when I felt the lovely Marian leaning on my arm, I forgot, in the pleasure, the very circumstance that had consigned her to my temporary care. Who could look on her and remember any thing else! I was aroused to recollection by her gentle voice modulating my name—"Mr Simple, it is time for us to take our places." I was then on the eve of my first public quadrille; and the idea communicated to me a sensation of pain, far too strong for a man to experience on so trifling an occasion.

"Where would you like to stand?" I falteringly inquired.

"O! I always take the top; one is quite lost at the side," she replied.

So much the worse, I thought: but, assuming an air of courage and pleasure, I led her to the top of the room. The orchestra commenced Weber's spirited air, "Bless'd by Bacchus, Rosy Wine;" and, with the first movement of the music, I made mine; that is to say, eight bars before my time. I felt I was wrong, that no corresponding action was taking place, and I fell back in nervousness and confusion. Determined on not again falling into the error, I ran in to the contrary extreme, and was so late in beginning, that I had fairly to run after my partner in *Chaine Anglaise*, and after all, only caught her in time to *Balancez*. I perpetrated the rest of the figure as vilely as I could wish *not* to have done. I need scarcely tell you, that in the space allowed for conversation, I made no allusion to any subject likely to recal the recollection of my unskilfulness; therefore plunged at once into the Diorama, Water-Colour Exhibition, Belzoni's Tomb, and Catalani's concerts. By the way, there seems to be but one set of subjects for quadrillers at present, differing only in the order of their introduction; for I could hear, that just as we had dismissed Catalani from our service, our neighbours were taking her into theirs. Just as the signal for recommencing was about to be given, Miss Fortescue whispered—"Now, this is a very easy figure, and it is my favourite—*L'Ete* affords more opportunity for grace than any in the set."

Then the opportunity will be lost by me, I thought to myself. Plain and simple as the figure is, I contrived to spoil it. As the demon of contrariety would have it, whenever I should have done the *chassez* to the right side, I did it to the left, and *vice versa*; therefore, instead of retreating from my partner, I invariably pursued her. I heard a half-smothered laugh at my expense, and the voice of an exquisite drawling out

to his companion, "He is fairly hunting the lady down!" when I once more found myself licensed to stand still. During this cessation, I employed the period, not in the bewildering exercise of talking, but in retracing the ensuing figure. Memory assisted me, and I executed *La Poule* in unerring accordance with established custom, as far as the evolutions were concerned; I speak not of steps—of these I vainly endeavoured to remember any. On observing that Miss F. banished from her use the regular ones, and introduced a waltz-step instead, I fancied I could do the same: but beyond the act of rising on my feet one moment, and sinking the next, my waltz-step bore no resemblance to the graceful original. Fearing that my incorrigible stupidity must have lowered me in Marian's opinion, I sought to restore the balance of favour by throwing flattery into the scale. I had often noticed with admiration the beauty of her hair, which, true to taste, and not to fashion, was not *crepes* and *bowed* into stiffness and unbecomingness, but fell, or to speak literally, was made to fall into a thousand dark shining poetical ringlets; each of which was worthy of a poem as incomparable as Pope's on Mrs Arabella Fermor's rifled lock. I therefore, without any infraction of even Mrs Opie's strict definition of truth, offered a respectful eulogium on her exquisite tresses. She smiled in apparent pleasure at the compliments, and kindly inquired if I quite remembered *Pastorelle*, and playfully added, "Now I shall have an admirable opportunity of judging of my partner; for you know I am a spectator, while you are to gratify us with a display alone." I had not forgotten this, nor how I had pitied the luckless wights whom I had beheld crimsoned with confusion, while figuring to be laughed at. I will not attempt to describe how I executed my part in this quadrille; it would not have disgraced a Vauxhall dancer! Can I say more? However, but for the horror I suffered during

my operation, I might look back to *Pastorelle* as the pleasantest portion of the dance ; for I committed neither trespass nor error in it. I was absolutely becoming not only serene, but cheerful ; when my peace was invaded, and my mind transformed into a chaos of confusion. *L'Ete* was represented for the last figure, with the addition of the *Grande Chaine*. I had fulfilled my task to my own satisfaction, and apparently to Miss Fortescue's ; when, urged by the fatal wish of atoning by spirit and agility, in the eyes of the assembly, for the unfortunate errors I had committed, I ventured, in the concluding link, on a fanciful twirl : not with my feet—that would have involved only myself : but my partner's co-operation was essential to the display, and I wished to waltz ; her hands were in mine, and I gracefully turned them over her head, when—oh ! fatal mischance—my arm touched her flowers (somewhat roughly, I confess) and myself being rather short, and the pyramid of roses being somewhat high, I dislodged them from her head ! But, alas ! not them alone—combs were entangled with them, curls were attached to them ! Yes, Mr Editor, “at one fell swoop” I brought all to

the ground ! The tresses, whose gloss and luxuriance I had so fondly prized, lay separated from the head, where I had fancied they had grown, at my feet ! and Maria Fortescue appeared a crop ! Never shall I forget the shame, almost amounting to agony, depicted in her countenance. What could I do, what reparation offer, for such a public mortification ? None.—I attempted apologies, but my voice was so choked, they were inaudible. The set was broken up ; the room was in an uproar ; and I availed myself of the confusion to rush from the house, solemnly protesting never to enter it again, anathematizing quadrilles and false hair alternately. Arrived at my chambers in Albany, the only relief I could think of was to make you a party to my misfortunes ; with the hope that though my own are beyond remedy—for can I ever hope to retrieve myself in Miss Fortescue's esteem ?—the publication of them may prevent others from falling into the same. With many regrets for intruding on your notice,

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

HARRY SIMPLE.

LE MORT A TUE LES VIVANS ;*

A TALE BY HENRY SLINGSBY.

A STRANGER, on his way to Chamouni, stops at a cottage, where he sees a female object of attraction, and hears, from the clergyman of the neighbourhood, the following history of her family.

“This cottage was built by Pierre Boisset, a peasant of the neighbouring valley. He was at that period about forty years of age, and bore the character of one of the most honest and good tempered men of his district. He had been married early ; but his wife had died, leaving to him

one son, who, after vexing his father with all the wickedness of a wayward boy, had quitted his home ; and, no tidings having been heard of him for some years, it was supposed he was dead. Pierre, after living unmarried for a considerable time, was captivated by the charms of the youthful daughter of a peasant of Balme ; and although his age was no recommendation to his suit, yet his reputation for a kind and manly disposition gave his pretensions the advantage over wooers of greater personal at-

* The dead man has killed the living.

tractions; and notwithstanding the disparity between eighteen and forty, he made the blooming Catherine his wife.

"Immediately before his marriage, having obtained a grant of the land upon which this dwelling is situated, he built it for the reception of his bride. After the performance of the nuptial ceremony he conveyed her hither; and here he dwelt in a state of tranquil happiness which is equally beyond the reach and the comprehension of the rich and proud. One daughter was the only fruit of this marriage; and the beauty of her person and the amiability of her temper rendered her the pride of her parents, and more than counterbalanced the pain which the misconduct of his son had occasioned to Pierre.

"Time rolled on unmarked by any other occurrences than the change of the seasons, and the progression of the lovely Marie to blooming womanhood. She was now nearly eighteen years old; and, although the place of her abode was so remote, she was celebrated for beauty and goodness throughout the valley. Those bad passions, which flourish so luxuriantly in the rank soil of cities, find no place, or at least no encouragement, in these simple regions. Of the fair peasants who frequented the church, Marie was the most beautiful; and I believe that, notwithstanding all the common-place sayings about female envy, not one of them could have been found to dispute her title to that distinction.

"Her hand had been sought by Jaques the son of the richest man in the commune: you may smile when I tell you that he was the Cæsar of the neighbourhood, because he possessed a comfortable cottage, and half a score of cows. In point of wealth, Marie, too, was by no means a contemptible match. The heiress of old Pierre, who although he had no cows, had an extensive stock of goats—and whose cottage, though not remarkable for the facility of its access, was sheltered and substantial—might, without any great advantage

of person, have looked among the best of her neighbours for a husband. The attachment of the lovers was approved by the parents, and they waited only for the arrival of the spring to consummate their happiness.

"During the winter, however, Pierre, who had enjoyed that uninterrupted health which is ever the consequence of temperance, happened, in descending the mountain, to slip and fracture one of his legs. This accident, though by no means so serious in itself as to have endangered his life, yet, from the difficulty of obtaining chirurgical assistance, soon put on alarming appearances; and, on the arrival of the medical practitioner, three days afterwards, he pronounced his patient to be in considerable danger.

"My services (continued the good priest) were then required; and I was summoned to administer these consolations which are most eagerly sought when human remedies appear to fail. I was now surprised by a visit from a soldier in the uniform of the Austrian service. He was in a state of considerable intoxication; but he informed me, as intelligibly as he could, that he was the son of Pierre Boisset, and that, having obtained leave of absence from his regiment, he had come hither to see his father. I was grieved for the afflicting intelligence I had to impart, and still more to see the condition into which this young man's excesses had reduced him. He received the news of his father's danger with the most perfect apathy, proposing, however, to accompany me on my visit. On our way, I found, from his narrative, that, since he had quitted the valley, his life had been passed in riot and bloodshed, and all those vices which, though not necessarily the consequences of the military profession, are too often its accompaniments. Those irregularities, which in a boy might have been amended, I saw had now ripened into serious and irreclaimable vices.

“Upon my arrival at the cottage, I had become tired and disgusted with my companion, and could not help entertaining a suspicion that his visit to his father had some interested motive. I found old Pierre in such a state as convinced me that he had a very short time to live; and, having discharged the duties of my sacred calling by administering the last ceremonies of religion, I informed him of his son’s arrival. The good old man, who was aware that his dissolution was about to take place, signified a wish that he should approach. He reached out his hands to give him his blessing, which the son received with an air of stupid insensibility.—“You return in a sad hour, my son,” said the expiring parent; “and yet it is a consolation to me to see you once more before I die. I trust that time and experience have eradicated those faults which were the cause of your misery and of mine; and while my last prayer is, that your death-bed, though far distant, may be as tranquil as mine, remember that integrity and piety alone can make you happy in this world, and in that to which I am hastening.” He sank upon his pillow as he finished speaking, and his strength gradually declining, his eyes at length closed, and he died without the precise moment of his dissolution being perceived. His wife and daughter were overcome with their emotions, and remained kneeling by the bedside. The soldier alone stood unmoved, and, muttering something about his having arrived only just in time, he coolly lighted his pipe at a lamp which hung in the room, and sat down amongst us. When the females were in some degree recovered, I intimated to the son that it would be better for him to retire. He grumbled, and seemed reluctant; but at length arose, and without taking the slightest notice of his mother and sister-in-law, he walked out.

“After offering such consolation as was in my power to the widow and her daughter, and leaving them in the care of some humane neighbours, I

prepared to return home. I soon overtook the son of the deceased Pierre, whom I found complaining of the difficulty of the descent, interlarding his speech with the most vulgar imprecations. With the exception of this occasional blasphemy, he preserved a sullen silence, and on arriving at the turning which led to my dwelling, he quitted me abruptly.

“It is the custom in this country to bury the dead very shortly after their decease, and I learned that the next day but one was fixed for the interment of the remains of old Pierre. I attended as was my duty, to accompany the corpse, and found the cottage filled with the neighbours and friends of the family. The coffin lay in the midst, and the mourners were seated round it. The disconsolate widow sat overwhelmed with grief; and her daughter beside her, endeavouring to comfort her looked like an angel. The saddened tone of her features, and the tears which dimmed the brightness without diminishing the beauty of her eyes, rendered her still more engaging. They waited, as I understood, for the son, who had intimated his intention of bearing his father’s coffin to the grave. At length he arrived, bringing with him a companion, of notoriously bad character, who had proposed himself as a suitor to the fair Marie, but had been indignantly rejected.

“The son soon manifested symptoms of drunkenness; and, looking round him with a rude stare, he at length went up to the widow and, accosting her, said, “I am come to bury my father; but, before we set out, you must know that you cannot return to this house. It is mine; that is to say, it was; and I have sold it to my honest friend here,” pointing to his companion. The widow looked up, but seemed incapable of speaking. At length she said, “you will not, surely, have the cruelty to turn me out of my house?” “*Your house!*” he replied with a sneer; “I tell you it is *mine!* It was my father’s: he died, and I am his heir. As to turning you out, that is not my affair; if

you can persuade this gentleman," pointing again to the man who stood beside him, "to let you stay, I'm sure I have no objection."

"At this moment I thought proper to interfere. "Young man," I said, "I charge you, by the respect which you owe to the memory of him whose mortal remains lie before you, and whose spirit is at this moment witnessing your deeds, to forbear your wicked purpose. If you are entitled, as you say, and as I fear is true, to this house, at least postpone your claim until your father's widow and his daughter have some other dwelling. Would you turn them upon the desolate mountain, homeless, and without the means of sustenance, at this season when the very beasts of the field cannot abide the inclemency of the weather?"

"I tell you again," said the apathetic ruffian, whom drunkenness had made still more brutal, "that I have no voice in the business: the house was mine, and I have sold it with all that belongs to it. You should try to persuade the man who has bought it."

"The person to whom he alluded stepped forward as he spoke. He was about fifty years old; thin, with a hooked nose and small eyes, and of a most forbidding aspect. The people in the neighbourhood said he was a Jew, and I believe they were right in their conjecture. He approached the distressed widow: "Madam," said he, "there is a very ready method by which you may retain possession of your dwelling: if the offer which I made to Marie, your fair daughter, and which I now repeat, shall be received with less scorn——The gentle Marie, who, on ordinary occasions had seemed of so mild a temper that the slightest exertion was foreign to her nature, started from her seat, her eyes glancing with indignation:—"Monster!" she cried, "you shall find that the base and cruel plan you have laid shall be defeated. Not for worlds would I marry you; begging and absolute want would be happiness compared to the disgrace of being united

to a shameless and unmanly wretch, who has thus sought to increase the load of a widow's affliction in her most trying agony." She flung her arms around her mother's neck—"We may be poor and desolate, my dear mother; but we shall, at least, have the satisfaction of not deserving our misfortunes."

"The hardened villain shrank back, abashed at the rebuke of the young mountaineer. The by-standers murmured, and proposed to put him out by force; but I checked them. "My friends," said I, "do not let any violence on your part add to the outrage which has this day been offered to the dead. It is only for a time that the wicked appear to prosper; their own guilt shall one day bear them down, and bitterly shall they repent the daring impiety which they have now committed. In the mean time remember that they carry with them the contempt of every honest man; and, successful as they appear to be in their wicked designs, which of you would not rather be this houseless and bereaved widow and orphan than the men who stand before you?"

"They were calmed: some of the elder villagers who had known the son, had now gathered round him, and were endeavouring to persuade him to undo the disgraceful contract he had made. It was in vain; he listened at first indifferently, and at length impatiently, to their representations, till, with a volley of imprecations, he asked why they did not proceed with the funeral. Finding that all remonstrance was useless, they at length set out by a mountainous road to the churchyard. The alleged purchaser of the cottage went on some yards before; and the son and three of the deceased's relatives bore the coffin. The widow, leaning on her daughter's arm, and accompanied by some friends and neighbours, followed at some distance. It was in the middle of winter, and the difficulties of the road were increased by the lodgments of ice in various parts of the rocky path. The worst

parts of the rocky path. The worst part of the road had been passed, and the procession had reached a turn in the rock, when the son, with a movement of levity, and because he thought all danger was over, took a long step: his foot slipped, he fell upon his face, and the coffin was loosened from the hold of the other bearers by the violence of the shock:—it fell upon his head, and the blow produced instant death! The impulse thus given to the coffin, was so great that it turned over on one side, and continued to roll towards the intruder who had preceded the company, and who had now gained a lower portion of the rock. He saw it coming, and earnestly, but vainly, tried to escape; the coffin struck him on the legs, and he was hurled over into the deep abyss, when the trunk of a pine tree prevented the farther descent of the corpse. A cry of surprise and horror burst from the following mourners. The body of the

son was picked up totally lifeless; but that of the other man was not found until the next day—so mutilated and disfigured that it would have been impossible to have recognized it but by its dress.

“When the consternation caused by this event had in some measure subsided, the coffin was recovered, and was borne without further accident to the churchyard, where it was quietly interred. There being now no person to dispute the right of the widow and Marie to their cottage, they returned thither; and, having addressed the assembled villagers upon the fearfully-mysterious event which had just happened, I retired to my own home to meditate upon the awful and righteous dispensations of Providence. The female whom you have just seen is the Marie of my tale, and the mountain path is still pointed out, and the remarkable effect of the loaded coffin referred to, by the words *Le Mort a tue les Vivans.*”

HEAVEN.

WEEP, mourner, for the joys that fade,
Like evening lights, away—
For hopes, that, like the stars decay'd,
Have left thy mortal clay;
Yet clouds of sorrow will dispart,
And brilliant skies be giv'n,
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
Amid the bowers of heav'n;
Where songs of praise are ever sung,
To angel-harp, by angel-tongue.

Weep, mourner, for the friends that pass
Into the lonesome grave,
As breezes sweep the wither'd grass
Along the whelming wave;
Yet though thy pleasure may depart,
And darksome days be giv'n
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoin in heav'n;
Where streams of joy glide ever on,
Around the Lord's eternal throne.

JEWISH EVENING.

THE sun is set, and yet his light
Is lingering in the crimson sky,
Like memory beautiful and bright
Of holy men that die.

O'er Tabor's hill, o'er Baca's dale,
The shades of evening softly creep,
Softly as mother draws the veil
To wrap her infant's sleep.

The dew falls gently on the flower,
Their freshening influence to impart,
As Pity's tears of soothing power
Revive the drooping heart.

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The twilight star from Hermon's peak
Comes mildly o'er the glistening earth;
And weary hirelings joy to seek
Their dear domestic hearth.

Who sends the sun to ocean's bed?
Who brings the nightshade from the west?
Who bids the balmy dew be shed?
Who gives the weary rest?

Even He, who, at the season due,
Sends forth the sun's returning light,
Whose mercies every morn are new,
Whose faithfulness each night.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN FARMER TO A FRIEND IN EDINBURGH.

MY DEAR SIR,

*Banks of the Delaware,
February, 1826.*

I FEEL truly sorry for having so long delayed answering your kind and friendly letter, introducing Mr ——. I had often intended writing to you long before then, but I am too dilatory at all times in any thing which requires writing, and am in arrears with all my friends. I purchased my farm — years ago; and although it has constantly occupied my time since then, except when I had to go many hundred miles for a wife, and suffered nineteen attacks of the ague, I might certainly have found time to tell you, that I had not forgotten your kindness during my residence in Scotland. Having been brought up, and lived in the fields, almost all my life, it has unfortunately become too irksome to me to sit down and begin a letter. This, however, is the second letter I have commenced to you. I am afraid all this is a very bad apology; but does not Swift say, "He that is good at an excuse is good at nothing else?"— This letter I will finish.

I was sorry to hear such an account of the state of your health, and of your domestic loss. I can truly sympathize with you in both; for I have been a wretched martyr to disease myself, and am now the father of a little, fat, rosy, turbulent girl, full of health, with an excess of animal spirits. I hope she will long remain so. Mr — staid a few days with me; he seems to be a generous, warm-hearted fellow, and an honest, enthusiastic republican; and, as Judge Cooper says, if a man is not so when he is twenty, what sort of a wretch will he be when he is fifty? Mr — is settled in the state of New-York. I hope he will succeed, and I do not see why he should not. I am comfortably fixed here, upon a farm of — acres, — miles from Philadelphia, for which I paid at the rate of seven dollars an acre. It was

much out of order, and miserably exhausted by bad farming. The Americans have much to learn in this profession; they farm pretty much as they used to do in England and Scotland fifty years ago; but they are improving. In a few years I think I shall do the "old country" some credit; I wish it were as free from tithes, taxes, game-laws, and other obstructions to improvement and happiness, as this is.

You have heard and read much of the *republicanism*, rudeness, familiarity, inquisitiveness, *equalit system*, &c. &c. of the American labourers and servants;—a greater libel never was made upon any nation. I have no hesitation in saying, and I should have no hesitation in telling any Englishman who said he met with all this rudeness, insolence, familiarity, &c. that in 99 times in 100 that he met with it, he brought it upon himself; that he deserved it, and a good castigation besides. I have seen Englishmen here, and Americans too, who have richly merited a good flogging. I have always found the labourers civil, willing, obliging, and extremely well-behaved in their language, manners, and general deportment; particularly before and to women, rich or poor; this is a proof of a high degree of civilization in any country. I have seen the men run to assist a woman when carrying a bucket of water or piece of wood, with the greatest gallantry. I can truly say of the Americans, (I speak of them in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, and other large towns,) as an honest Irishman, just come from Hayti, said of the blacks: "they are a thousand times more civil and better-behaved than my own countrymen, God bless them." Of course, as you go west, civilization diminishes. In the back woods they are often, but not always, inquisitive; so

they are in the Highlands of Scotland, and in every country of the world, when placed in the same circumstances. Some of the foolish travels in, and letters about this country, published in England, say there is no distinction of ranks here, and that all classes associate together; there is no country where the distinctions of rank are more strongly marked, observed, and kept up: I think a great deal too much so: there is no country in the world where there is a greater aristocracy of wealth than in this. But to refute all the falsehoods and disgusting trash written about America, would fill a volume. Lieutenant Hall is the only *gentleman* who has travelled in it, but he staid too short a time to judge correctly. Miss Wright wrote too hastily likewise, and she was too young and enthusiastic; fifteen years hence she would write a better book. Mr Birkbeck scampered through the country as he wrote: the sooner all the rest are burnt the better. Birkbeck is now Secretary of State in Missouri. The great fault the Americans have is their love of money, and they might often be more honourable in their dealings. There is no want of good society here; we have plenty of opulent merchants, and retired men of fortune; one of my neighbours, a most respectable man, is a brother of Mr — in Edinburgh. We have English, Scotch, Irish, German, French, and all sorts. I sold a cow the other day to one of Bonaparte's Waterloo officers. We are thus a strange mixture.

I am sorry to see the writers in the Edinburgh Review so ignorant of the state and government of this country. In one article, the Wabash is made a tributary to the Mississippi; a state is sometimes called a province,—two very different things. When they speak of the expenses of the government, they do not add those of the 24 states and two territories, which are considerable. The expenses of the general government are levied upon the imports and sale of public lands, &c.; those of the state gov-

ernment chiefly by direct taxation, &c. A late writer in the Review says, "we have stage-coaches without springs, and no poor-rates." I wish the writer was correct with regard to the latter point. With regard to the former, I can say that I never was in a coach yet without springs, and I never saw one without them, although our coaches are certainly not so good as those in England. My poor-rates last year amounted to ten dollars, although this township and the adjoining one have a *workhouse* with a farm of 200 acres and more, for the employment and support of the paupers. This, considering the high rate of wages, the cheapness of food, and full employment for every one, is more in proportion than any poor rates in England. There are sometimes from 12 to 1500 persons in the workhouse in Philadelphia, and as many in that of New-York. They cost in Philadelphia above 100,000 dollars per annum, and the whole system is miserably conducted. My road, state, and poor-taxes, amount to about 30 dollars per annum. Being in the county of Philadelphia, I have to pay many of the city expenses; in other counties, the taxes are about six or eight dollars, and sometimes ten, per 100 acres altogether.

I prefer this country to England. I like the climate much better, and it is more pleasant to farm in. When it rains, we know when we shall have done with it; but still it is hard to be driven away from old friends and relations, and many good things, by taxation, tithes, and game-laws. I could never think of living in England again, while those things remain to their present extent. I have met with several good friends here. The Americans are perhaps not so hospitable, warm, and open, as the Scotch and English; but they improve wonderfully when they know you. They are very shy and reserved, particularly at first, and apparently very indifferent about you, and even one another; but they are kind and generous when there is occasion for it,

and willing to assist their neighbours. I have known many instances of this. I shall mention one :—Soon after I came here, I was obliged to borrow a sum of money upon mortgage : a gentleman near me, with whom I had no intercourse, and who could then know little of me, lent it to me in the handsomest manner ; I had afterwards to make an apology to him for being in arrear with the interest, owing to the fall in the price of produce, and my property in England being still locked up ; he smiled, and said, “ I knew you would not be able to pay me when I lent you the money,” and then talked about something else. This anecdote, I think, speaks volumes.

Manufactures are increasing rapidly, and public improvements are going on with great spirit. This country will be independent of Europe in spite of every thing. The President is chosen to-morrow. I am sorry to see Jackson so near gaining the election. Remember me kindly to Mr ——. With my best wishes for the restoration of your health, and my best thanks for your former kindness and hospitality, believe me to be, in grateful remembrance of them, with great regard and esteem, yours, &c. &c.

Thank God, I saw La Fayette's entrance into Philadelphia ; such scenes do the heart good.

May I hope to hear from you ?

THE EXCEPTION.

IF the relation of the following fact, which is unhappily too true, should give pain to the admirers of the fair sex—amongst whom I have been proud to rank myself since my fourteenth year—they must console themselves with the reflection that it is merely an *exception*, and that the finest fruits are not all spared by the canker-worm.

Roderigo, a gallant Spaniard, united himself for love with a poor but beautiful maid named Bianca. He flattered himself that she loved him in return, and all his friends believed it, as they were daily witnesses of their tenderness ; they themselves believed it too ; for a woman always loves, but does not always know *what*, and therefore imagines that she loves the nearest object.

After a lapse of time an estate in Naples devolved to the Spaniard, and it was necessary that he should repair thither to take possession of it. Should Bianca accompany him ? It seemed as impossible to her as to himself to separate. They accordingly embarked together, but had been only a few days at sea, when they had the misfortune to be captured by an Algerine pirate. The only

consolation which remained to them in slavery, was, that they were not separated, but sold to one master ; who, observing their mutual tenderness, restrained himself from all attempts on Bianca's conjugal virtue, not from any honourable feelings, but from avarice, thinking to extort a higher ransom from the rich Spaniard.

Roderigo wrote letter after letter to his nearest relatives, entreating them to dispose of all his possessions, and remit him the money, that he might ransom his beloved wife. Being the heirs to his property, they were in no hurry to execute his commission, but would rather have seen him perish in slavery. The honest Roderigo suspected nothing of this. While waiting with the most anxious impatience for pecuniary supplies, he became acquainted with a French renegade, a handsome and agreeable man, who showed them many little attentions, that helped to lighten the burthen of their chains. He was the first to open the Spaniard's eyes to the conduct of his relatives, and to advise him to return and manage his affairs himself, and then bring the money to redeem his greatest treas-

ure. Roderigo represented the affair to his master, who, confiding in the honesty and love of his prisoner, granted him permission to go to Spain, while he retained Bianca in pledge.

The loving pair separated amid streams of tears. Roderigo hastened home, converted every thing that he possessed into money, and in a few months returned to Algiers with the cheerful prospect of ransoming his Bianca, and then living with her, impoverished indeed, but still rich in possessing her in his native land. It was evening when he arrived with a chest containing all that he possessed. Bianca received him with an appearance of strong affection. He wished to go and pay her ransom upon the

spot; but she persuaded him to postpone it till the morning, and now to seek repose in her arms. Sweetly slumbered the tired traveller, sweetly he awoke; and his first thought was his Bianca's freedom. But in vain he looked around for her. She had fled in the night with the renegade, and taken his chest with her!

Roderigo remained a slave, but Heaven had compassion on him. The base conduct of his ungrateful wife, not the ignominy of bondage, nor the cruelty of an enraged and disappointed task-master, speedily broke his spirits and his constitution, and brought him in the bloom of manhood to an early grave.

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN.—NO. II.

A Clerk I was in London gay.—O'KEEFE.

A FORTNIGHT has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond-street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a book-stall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish-street Hill? Where is Fenchurch-street? Stones of old Mincing-lane

which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six and thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days; in its distance from, or propinquity to, the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, &c. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sate as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed that Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself—that unfortunate failure of a holyday as it too often proved,

what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and over-care to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it—is melted down into a week day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge candle, which it used to seem to cut off the holyday. I have Time for every thing. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May-morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round—and what is it all for? I recite those verses of Cowley, which mightily agree with my constitution.

Business! the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts to shake off innocence :
Business! the grave impertinence :
Business! the thing which I of all things
hate :
Business! the contradiction of my fate.

Or I repeat my own lines, written
in my Clerk state :

Who first invented work—and bound the
free
And holyday-rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting impurity
Of business, in the green fields, and the
town—
To plough, loom, anvil, spade—and oh !
most sad,
To this dry drudgery of the desk's dead
wood ?
Who but the being unblest, alien from
good,
Sabbathless Satan ! he who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,

That round and round incalculably reel—
For wrath divine hath made him like a
wheel—

In that red realm from whence are no re-
turnings ;

Where toiling and turmoiling, ever and
aye

He, and his thoughts, keep pensive worky
day !

O this divine Leisure ! A man
can never have too much Time to
himself, nor too little to do. Had I
a little son, I would christen him No-
thing-to-do ; he should do nothing.
Man, I verily believe, is out of his
element as long as he is operative.
I am altogether for the life contem-
plative. Will no kindly earthquake
come and swallow up those accursed
cotton mills ? Take me that lumber
of a desk there, and bowl it down

As low as to the fiends.

I am no longer J——s D——n,
Clerk to the Firm of, &c. I am
Retired Leisure. I am to be met
with in trim gardens. I am already
come to be known by my vacant face
and careless gesture, perambulating
at no fixed pace, nor with any settled
purpose. I walk about ; not to and
from. They tell me, a certain *cum*
dignitate air, that has been buried so
long with my other good parts, has
begun to shoot forth in my person.
I grow into gentility perceptibly.—
When I take up a newspaper, it is
to read the state of the opera. *Opus*
operatum est. I have done all that
I came into this world to do. I have
worked task work, and have the rest
of the day to myself. J. D.

THE DUELLIST—A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

IT was not very late when Sidney
returned home, and Clara had not
retired to rest. The pale and hag-
gard looks of her husband alarmed
her—but he said he felt fatigue and
wanted rest, and that after he had
written a letter, which was necessary,
he should go to bed ; but he entreat-
ed her to leave him, and seek that

repose of which he felt assured she
was so much in need. His manner
to her was particularly kind and ten-
der, and several times he was on the
point of soliciting her forgiveness for
the unmerited treatment she had re-
ceived from him, but was withheld
by the dread of alarming her, as he
thought she would suspect he had
some motive for his unusual conde-

scension. When she had left the apartment, Sidney had leisure to reconsider the events which had passed that evening. He blamed his own precipitation, and deplored the excess of passion into which he had allowed himself to be transported. The sudden death which perhaps awaited him, in a few short hours, and the overwhelming agony of Clara on being formed of it, presented itself to his imagination. To dwell on it, however, was useless : he had given his word, which he could not retract without being branded with the name of coward, and by the laws of honour he was bound to fulfil his engagement. He cast his eyes round the apartment, and sighed as he beheld various little articles of Clara's taste and skill in drawing. He had never before viewed them with so much interest, but now—perhaps he gazed on them for the last time. Opposite to the chair where he sat hung the portrait of Clara. He took the light to examine it—it had been taken by the express desire of her father, in the days of their happiness, before he felt any symptom of the disease that had terminated his existence, and Clara was there represented in the first freshness and innocence of her maiden beauty. "She is indeed sadly changed," said he ; "all is gone save the whiteness of her brow, and the same gentle and sweet expression which renders her countenance so interesting and attractive. Oh, that we had never met ! At least, that it had never been our fate to marry. She might then have bloomed on, the same fair and fragrant flower, and I have been at liberty to gaze on her loveliness without my present bitter pang of self reproach." Sidney put down the light, and walked in a perturbed manner up and down the apartment ; but his eye fell on an elegant workbox of Clara's, which he had himself given her. He could not, in his present mood, resist the temptation he felt to view its contents, for even the most minute articles belonging to *her* he was about to part from, now possessed a double value. The

contents were all arranged with the utmost neatness ; there was a small parcel wrapped in paper, and tied round with a blue ribbon, lying in one corner, which soon attracted his attention. He undid the covering, and perceived the parcel to consist of a quantity of his own notes and letters to Clara previously to their marriage. "And does Clara still think these trifles worth preserving so carefully ?" said Sidney, as he replaced them. "I may not look at them, for, alas ! how ill have I fulfilled the promises and protestations with which I won her gentle heart, and which in these letters are so lavishly poured forth." Sidney sat down ; for this proof of the affection which Clara entertained for him overpowered him with remorse. The fatal meeting that must take place on the morrow sounded in his ear as the death-knell that would for ever separate him from Clara and from happiness. Not without deep emotion did he think of the world of disembodied spirits which he might soon join, and of the little concern and consideration he had given to eternal subjects, which now he felt were indeed of all all others the most important, and that to face death with true tranquillity of heart and resignation of spirit, it is necessary to have an humble confidence and belief in the supporting power of an Almighty yet merciful God.

He sat some time absorbed in reflection, when he remembered that his long absence would perhaps alarm Clara ; and though he felt it impossible to sleep, he resolved to appear to do so, as he much wished that she might not observe his departure, fearful that her questions would occasion the betrayal of his agitation, which he wished to hide from her observation. The morning broke, at length, and Sidney watched the gradually increasing light with intense interest. He was extremely solicitous to avoid disturbing Clara, who appeared sunk in a deep and refreshing sleep. Gently slipping on his cloths, he dared scarcely to breathe lest he should

awaken her. He stole on tiptoe to the side of the bed where she lay, to take, as he thought, perhaps a last look at her. As he stood gazing, Clara smiled in her dream, and Sidney's anguish almost overcame him, when he thought how soon her smile would be changed to tears, when made acquainted with the cause of

his absence. He longed to imprint one kiss on her fair cheek, but he refrained—for her sake. His eyes filled with tears—he dared not trust himself to look any longer on the beloved being before him, but rushed from the room in agony. * * *

STANZAS FROM THE ITALIAN.

Love, through a crowd of guards one day,
Gaily pressed to the bower of Beauty ;
Reason and Prudence he charmed away,
And cast a veil o'er the eyes of Duty ;
But *one* potent rival still remained,
More firm, more watchful than all beside ;
And when Love had a glance from Beauty gain'd,
She was quickly checked by the frown of Pride.

Love with a smile his arrows hurled,
Pride scowling bade her to surrender :
Love talked of a sweet and sunny world,
And Pride of a world of state and splendor,
At length Love wove a rosy band,
And woo'd the maid to its flowery fold,
While Pride by his side, in stern command,
Held a brilliant chain of burnished gold.

Beauty in praise of Love's roses spoke,
But Pride waved his chain in the sun's bright ray,
She bent her neck to the glittering yoke,
And Love spread his wings, and flew away.—
Now she widely strove her chain to sever,
She called him back, she wept, she sighed,
But all in vain—Love has fled forever,
And she pines in the tyrant grasp of Pride !

ON HORSE DEALING.

THE mysteries of this noble science are so interesting, and some of them so entertaining, that I have no doubt a detail of them will be highly acceptable to your readers. The worthies who take up this honourable profession may be divided into two classes—the regular and the irregular. The first consists of those who are brought up in it by way of a livelihood ; the latter, of those who pursue the sports of the field, and who style themselves gentlemen.

Which of these two parties are the greatest proficient in their calling, it would be no easy matter to decide ;

but the skill and dexterity manifested by both is undoubtedly a subject for admiration. The regular dealer, whose interest it is to buy and sell sound horses if he can, seldom takes any other advantage than what he can derive from demanding an extraordinary profit. He buys a horse to-day, and sells him to-morrow ; and is obliged to warrant him sound, of which fact he has no other means of judging than by putting the animal to the usual tests ; but he can know little of the horse's qualities in so short a length of time, and consequently is not so responsible on that head, as

the gentleman-dealer who sells a horse that he has had in his possession a twelvemonth, and with whose defects he must of course be well acquainted : and this he will not scruple to do even to his best friend.

If the regular dealer shews a horse for sale, he avails himself of the customary aids of ginger, whipcord, and one or two other little expedients, such as pushing up the front of the bridle as high as it will go, in order to hide the lower part of the ears, and thereby make them appear smaller than they really are. The horse is then placed by the side of a wall, with his fore legs on a spot of raised ground, perhaps half a foot higher than that upon which the spectator stands, so that the horse appears to be nearly a hand higher than he really is. He is then run up and down the ride, with his head held as high as possible ; and the whip at his haunches, producing such a state of agitation, as completely to disguise his natural bad action, and even to conceal any tenderness in his legs and feet. The next proceeding is for the dealer's man to mount him, and here the same skill and dexterity are brought into play. As soon as he is mounted, the rider holds his hands as low as he can, so that the reins may intersect a part of the withers—thus increasing the apparent length of the neck. During the progress of these operations the dealer is not idle, but runs over the whole catalogue of perfections that a horse is capable of possessing ; and this with such perseverance, as frequently to make the purchaser believe that the animal is a perfect nonpareil. Thus, if the horse has any particular bad point about him, the dealer takes care to praise it, well knowing that the good points will speak for themselves. I remember some years ago, seeing an old dealer who was paralytic, and with one leg in the grave, shewing a horse to a greenhorn ; when the animal happening to stumble and nearly fall in being run up the ride, the old fellow (with his head and hands shaking like a Chinese fig-

ure) immediately exclaimed, "Playful rogue ! playful rogue !" thus proving true to his calling to the last hour of his existence. The branch of horse dealing which is most worthy of attention, is that of horses advertised for sale. These, in the slang phrase, are called "*plants* ;" that is, the horse is placed at some private stable for the purpose of sale. He is then advertised, and all his wonderful properties detailed ; and generally concluding with stating, that he would suit any elderly or timid gentleman, or carry a lady, although he would infallibly break their necks the first time they mounted him. Should any person be caught by the advertisement, and apply for an inspection of the horse, the first person he sees is a fellow drest up for the occasion in a groom's jacket, who is appointed to shew the animal. But before he brings him out of the stable, another hero, drest up in the same way, enters, and commences the following dialogue :— "Why, Tom, how happens your master to part with this horse ; he is the best he has in his stud." "Ah," replies Tom, "I wonder at it ! I have often told him he is the best he has got, but master's whimsical, and is fond of chopping and changing."—The inexperienced purchaser swallows all this as gospel, buys the horse on a warranty which the seller makes no scruple to give, and most probably discovers, on the very next day, that he has been most egregiously cheated. The unfortunate dupe goes to the seller to return the horse, and generally finds that he has marched off in the night without beat of drum, or else (if he has the impudence to stand his ground) he offers to take the horse back, and gives the buyer a promissory note, or some other security of equal value, so that the purchaser may generally take leave both of his horse and his money ; and this is a true description of the advertising system in nine instances out of ten.

One of the best devised plans of this sort was carried into effect some

time ago, at one of the great Repositories in London. At these places it is the rule to allow but three days for returning a horse as unsound. A horse, not thoroughly sound, was sent there for sale, warranted sound, and sold at the regular auction. The seller went to the person who bought him, as a stranger, and pretending to lament that he had not been in time to buy the horse for his master, asked him if he would sell him; upon which the other replied that he had no objection, if he got a profit. The first party then said he would buy him, but he must first write to his master who lived at some distance in the country, and that he could not have an answer in less than three days, but if he would keep him for that length of time he would be sure to take him. In consequence of this representation, the horse was kept in the stable until the three days (the period allowed for returning) expired, when the unfortunate purchaser discovered that he had been cheated, when it was too late to obtain the remedy; the successful knave bidding him defiance, and laughing at him for his credulity.

Before I quit the subject of Repositories, I shall take occasion to notice a practice which is become very prevalent at these places.—About half a dozen or more second-rate dealers, when a horse is brought up to the desk, immediately surround him (if they think he is worth the buying), and completely shut out the rest of the bystanders from either seeing or examining him. One of them then addresses the auctioneer, by asking, what is the price of the *screw*, meaning a lame one, or the *bull*, meaning a roarer. One or two questions of this sort effectually deters any of the spectators from bidding, under the idea that the animal is really affected in the way which these worthies insinuate; and the consequence is, that the latter buy him at their own price, and afterwards divide the spoil. The only way to obviate this unfair mode of proceeding, is to give in the lowest

price to the auctioneer, with directions not to let the horse go for less.

The practice of attempting to make an aged horse appear younger than he is, and which is called “bishing,” is performed in the following manner:—an artificial cavity is made in the lower corner tooth, with an engraving tool; a hot iron is then applied to make it black in imitation of the mark which is seen at seven years old; but an experienced person will readily discover the difference between this and the natural mark, by the yellow edge which surrounds the black mark, and which is occasioned by the hot iron drawing the oil of the tooth to the surface. There is also a manifest difference in the form and appearance of the best of the teeth, which become more horizontal; the upper teeth projecting beyond the under teeth, and the hinder part of the upper corner tooth forming an angle over the tooth immediately under it. These are characteristics of age, which all the skill and dexterity of these worthy artists can neither alter nor remove. The ridges of the palate also become smother as the horse grows older. The foregoing are the tricks of the regular second-rate dealers, and it is but fair to state that the gentlemen dealers seldom descend to the same practice. They however contrive to escape responsibility when they sell a doubtful horse, by saying it is not their custom to warrant a horse sound, from fear of being involved in disputes. It is true this in some degree reduces the price of the horse if sold to a person who has not much confidence in patrician honesty, but there are always young sportsmen enough to be found, who seldom consider the result, provided they can show off with a new nag. There are several of the *non-warranting* gentlemen who are hangers on to every Hunt in the kingdom, and who contrive to pick up a tolerable livelihood by accommodating young Nimrods with seasoned hunters, and by setting their necks, every time they go out, against a hundred guineas. I

remember a gelding that was sold in the Warwickshire Hunt for 700 guineas : he was eleven or twelve years old, and had been much worked.—The purchaser had about three days' hunting out of him, and sold him back again to the original owner for 130 guineas ; and this, extraordinary as it may appear, is by no means a singular instance of the kind. Before I conclude this article, I shall present you with the vocabulary of the dealers for the edification and

and amusement of your readers :—*A Horse dealer*, a coper ; *a Gunner*, a horse blind of one eye ; *a Woodman*, a crib biter ; *a Bull*, a roarer ; *a Piper*, broken winded ; *a Screw*, lame ; *Snitch*, the glanders ; *a Roman*, hurt in the back ; *a Jack*, a spavin.

By the help of this vocabulary these worthies can carry on a conversation amongst themselves, as unintelligible to the bye-standers as Greek or Hebrew.

A SACRIFICE OF LOVE TO A SENSE OF RELIGIOUS DUTY.

A LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER LOVER.

To the most generous and noble of men ;

SUCH has my heart long thought you, and never so much as in this cruel moment, when the most painful sense of duty forces me to forego all that my heart can wish or value. If there is indecorum, or impropriety of any kind in confessing this, surely it may be forgiven after what has so recently passed, and as a poor relief to the sorrow which dictates what I am about to write—if I can write. The secret of my inmost bosom you possess, and scarcely do I regret that it has been unveiled. I will never retract it, never disguise the effect which accomplishments, goodness, and delicate kindness, have had upon the friend you have been pleased to distinguish ! Ah ! that you had not been so generous, that you were less candid, less good, less noble ! How much of this bitterness would then be spared me ! How comparatively easy the struggle that seems to burst a heart, which feels (alas ! that I should use such language) that it cannot be yours and God's at the same time.

Oh ! that your mind, so admirable in all honourable principle, so alive to tenderness, and all that a woman can love, would open itself to religious truth ! That it will, that it must, is my persuasion, my conviction as well as my wish. But till it does so, forgive a poor struggling girl (who is

miserable in either alternative), if she has acquired force of mind enough to sacrifice her fondest, softest wishes, to what she conceives to be her duty.

Oh ! Mr Tremain, think not this resolve has been made without effort, without even pain and sorrow, which, on my knees I have prayed fervently of that God to whom I have made this sacrifice, may be spared to *you*. I, who alone am doomed to afflict you, ought alone to be the sufferer—and ah ! believe that I do suffer. The tears which flow while I write, Heaven will, I hope, forgive, though the feeling that prompts them seems to rebel against that Heaven while they do flow. I trust that strength will be given me to control the weakness (shall I call it so ?) that makes me falter. Yet if you should mistake or misjudge me ; if the man who, I have confessed, is the master of my heart, and who has given me the rich gift of his own, should suppose that I am capricious or unsettled in my knowledge of myself—that my affection is lightly won, or easily parted with—sacrificed in short to any thing but my God—dearly and terribly will my misery be enhanced. But Mr Tremain is too just to do this. It is my wretchedness to think that he cannot perhaps appreciate the extent and urgency of the duty

which governs me, even to the seeming extinction of my happiness. But he will at least allow for my principles; he will think me sincere, and not look down upon me as a wavering woman.

Hear then the result of my pure, my sacred, and, as far as human influence is concerned, my unassisted resolve.

Loving, reverencing and fearing God as I do, adoring him in his providence, and humbling myself before him with trembling resignation, it revolts me to think that he who could absorb my earthly love, my fondest attachment, my whole reverence and esteem, should think little of all these sacred feelings;—that he should disparage my mind's most ardent devotion; should, instead of participating in it, seem by his conduct to resist all that my soul holds most awful and dear;—all this terrifies me to think of. What would it do if the thought were daily and hourly worked up into every act of my future life? What would be the effect of this vital difference practically showing itself, where all ought to be union without alloy?

Forgive me, oh! forgive me, if I feel sure that it could not come to good; that to you I could not be *your* Georgina, the Georgina you have fancied; and that to *me* you could not be that unerring, that infallible guide, to whom I would on all occasions commit my spirit to be directed, as my lord, my governor, and king.

It is true you made an offer that penetrated my heart, and shook my resolution; but how, and in what moment? Ah! let your own heart

answer, and say what place there then was for reason or resolution, when the sudden surprise of tenderness displaying itself for the first time came upon me: I am sure this will not be fixed upon me, by the most generous of men, to my disadvantage. The prayers I afterwards poured out to the Ruler of all things were heard; and God has given me strength to address you as I ought. It is he who tells you (and not I) that your proposal, generous as it is, would of necessity be abortive—that my unhappiness at your doubts would not be the less, because they were concealed, and that you would not the less lament my supposed weakness, because you had kindly consented, as you thought, never to probe it. It is the voice of God, and not mine, that tells you this. How weak mine alone would be, my throbbing heart indeed too fatally convinces me. Listen then to this powerful voice, that implores you, for your own sake, to seek him with fervor and sincerity; seek and you shall find him; and when you *have* found him, need I say that you have found me? But till then, though shattered, unnerved, torn with contending emotions, and weighed to the ground with distress, my way is yet clear before me, pointed out by Heaven itself; nor dare I swerve from it. Alas! that I should have to say it leads me from *you*. I can scarcely write the words; my kind father will tell you the rest, and it is my weakness (throwing itself upon *you* for support) that bids me add the necessity there is, until a happier time shall dawn, that we should meet no more.

SONG.

I HAVE a summer gift,
A sunny gift for thee;
See this white vase, where blooms
A beautiful rose tree.

And on its crimson leaves
Your heart must moralize,

For love a lesson takes
From every leaf that dies.

First you will prize the gift
In all its scented pride;
Its newness then will pass,
And 't will be flung aside.

Then autumn rains will stain
 Its bloom with a dark token ;
 The plant will perish then,
 And the white vase be broken.

Will not Love's tale be told
 In the fate of the rose tree ?
 Such was at first your love,
 Then your neglect of me.

VARIETIES.

THE GREY MARE THE BETTER HORSE.

THIS well known proverbial saying originated from the following circumstance. A gentleman of a certain county in England, having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and at the same time possessed of many other charms, he found, not long after marriage, that she was of a high domineering temper, and always contending to be mistress both of him and his family, therefore he formed the resolution of parting with her. Accordingly, he waited upon her father, and told him, that he found his daughter of such a temper, that he was heartily tired of her, and if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman, having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and, consequently, no more than he might have expected when he entered into the married state. The young gentleman desired to be excused if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion ; that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled, and most certainly no man who had a sense of right and wrong could ever submit to be governed by his wife. " Son," said the old man, " you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all, indeed, by the same method ; however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said upon this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable : you shall har-

ness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing an hundred eggs, and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and one egg only where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune.

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected. Our young married man therefore set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and of his wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry : at the next he met with something of the same kind, and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county. He knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlour. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to be seated, and said, if his business was urgent, she would wake her husband, but had much rather not disturb him. " Why, really Madam," said he, " my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband,

if you will be ingenuous with me; you will, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question, but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, Madam, my desire to be informed, whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you." "Indeed, Sir," replied the lady, this question is somewhat odd, but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say, that I am always proud to obey my husband in all things, but if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that time entering the room, and after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favour, upon which he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most, but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle: her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them, but madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. "What," said she, "and will you not take her then? But I say you shall, for I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse." "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so,—" "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live happy with my wife."

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INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

The dispute whether animals be guided by instinct or by a reasoning faculty, although, perhaps, an unprofitable one, seems to me to be by no

means decided. However, in addressing you, I am far from wishing to revive that controversy, and still further, to make your valuable pages the vehicle of it; my object is only to furnish you one or two *facts*, which may be of service to the philosopher, while they will amuse the general reader.

I do not know whether the practice pursued by the lower orders, in the vicinity of Smyrna, by the way of amusement, in depriving the brooding stork of her eggs, and substituting hens' eggs for them, is generally known. The following, however, is the curious result related of it.

"As soon as the chickens are hatched, and the male stork discovers the pollution of his nest by the appearance of those bastard birds, he raises a tremendous cry, with which he collects all his neighbor storks, who, on beholding what they must consider as the *corpus delicti*, instantly fall on the innocent mother, and peck her to death; while the deceived male, standing at some distance, seems to bewail his misfortune by a loud and melancholy clapping of his beak."

I read this anecdote some time since in a respectable German author; but should hardly have given credit to the circumstance, had I not been in possession of one of a similar kind, which was related to me several years ago by a farmer, who had been an eye-witness to the transaction.

"A great many storks used to meet every autumn on a large meadow near Oggersheim, on the Rhine, there to keep council, as the country people termed it, previous to their emigration to distant climes. About twenty years ago, when they had again assembled in their usual place of rendezvous, to the number of about fifty, without being disturbed by the people, who were watching them within a short distance, they suddenly formed a ring round one individual, whose appearance bespoke great alarm. One of the party then seemed to address the conclave by clap-

ping, for about five minutes. This was either the party aggrieved, or the *diabolus regis* in person; he was followed by another, by a third, and a fourth, in regular succession, each speaking or clapping alone without any interruption, not even that of "*hear him!*" At last, however, they all joined in a chorus, and falling on the poor culprit or victim in the middle, despatched him in a few seconds. This act of justice or tyranny performed (for I could not learn whether the defendant was allowed to defend himself, either in person or by counsel), they rose up in a body, and, one taking the lead, took their slight towards the south."

ANECDOTE.

The lady of Marshal de Mirepoix, who died at Brussels in 1792, at a very advanced age, retained to her last moments all her wit and gaiety of disposition. On the day of her death, after receiving the last sacrament, her having observed to her that he found her considerably changed for the better, she replied: "This is bad news you announce to me, now that every thing is prepared for the journey, I would much rather set out."

IRISH NAIVETE.

A sporting friend of mine, well known on the turf, and living a short distance from that centre of attraction, Newmarket, while one day going over his paddocks detected a poor young Irish hay-maker poking about his premises, apparently with no good design, and *viewed* him:—"Halloo! my lad, where do you come from?"—"From county Mayo, your Honour!"—"And pray what the devil brought you all the way into my premises?"—"Beg your Honour's pardon, I was *ounly* looking for a bit of work to give me a morsel of bread, and *divil* a friend in the world have I! and sure I can handle a pitchfork or a spade pretty, your Honour!"—"What! such a hearty fellow as you get no work! Then go and enlist—they want such lads as you."—"Sure, and that I would,

your Honour, but I'll not be *long* enough for them."—"Well, but you'll grow, you're young."—"Grow, did you say? Och! by J——, I don't know how I'm to grow, except it 'll be thinner that I'll grow, walking about day and night, and divil a copper to comfort me!"

THE ISLAND OF DAGO.

Some years back the prepietor of this island, Baron ——, built a house on an elevated situation, crowning it with an octangular tower, in which large mirrors of plated glass were disposed to reflect the light, so as to resemble the lighthouse; this room he occasionally caused to be illuminated, while the proper lighthouse was kept in darkness; deluded by the artifice, many vessels were wrecked on the coast, with the loss of many of their crews; the cargoes were then seized by this monster, and appropriated to the gratification of his infamous cupidity. At length the Captain of a vessel, who had been a sufferer in consequence, ventured to wait upon the Baron, intending to upbraid him with his treachery; it happened that a person who had officiated in the family as a tutor, had experienced a fit, and was supposed to have died, so that his corpse had been laid out in one of the apartments of the castle. Into this room the Baron conducted his victim, and there, dreading a disclosure of his villanies, murdered him with an axe. At this junction the supposed corpse recovered its sensibility, and witnessed the cruel scene; but had the prudence to continue motionless until the inhuman monster had left the apartment, when he availed himself of the opportunity to escape to Riga, and gave that information which terminated in the wretch's perpetual banishment amid the savage wilds of Siberia; there, a prey to conscience and remorse, he dragged out the miserable remnant of an existence, already too near its close to allow time to expiate a life of such dreadful depravity.

ITALIAN MARBLE.

At Carrara, the value of a cubic foot of marble varies according to the size of the block. A block of the finest white statuary marble of an hundred cubic Italian palms, equal to four tons English, would be twenty francs a palm, while a smaller block, of twenty or thirty cubic palms, would not exceed ten francs a palm. A block of four tons would be worth about £80 sterling at the quarry. $6\frac{1}{2}$ palms of Carrara, superficial measure, are equal to five feet one inch English. Twenty-five cubic palms are equal to $13\frac{1}{3}$ cubic English feet, or one ton.

THE BLIND HORSE.

A young Nobleman was lately boasting of the superior abilities of a famous blood horse he had recently purchased, and offered to back him at leaping against any horse in the county. An *ould one* ridiculed the idea, and said he had a blind hunter that should *leap over what the other would not*. A wager to no inconsiderable amount was the consequence, and day and place appointed. The time having arrived, both parties appeared on the ground with their nags; when laying down a straw at some distance, the *ould one* put his horse forward, and at the word "over," the blind hunter made a famous leap; while neither whip nor spur could induce the other to rise at all. The wager was consequently lost by the boaster, who learnt to his cost, that in some instances a blind horse may do more than a young one in his prime.

ANECDOTE.

A Highlandman had enlisted raw from his native hills, and who, I believe had never seen any thing of the kind before. When he came for his allowance of the coffee, which was now nearly done, the cook was skimming it off the top very carefully, to avoid stirring up the grounds. Donald, who thought this a scheme to keep all the good part to himself, exclaimed, "Tam your plood! will you'll no gie some o' the sik as well as the sin?" "Oh, certainly," said

the cook, (who was a bit of a wag;) and, stirring the grounds well up, he gave him a double portion. Donald came in, chuckling with satisfaction at having detected the knavery of the cook, saying, "If she'll socht to sheat a Highlandman, she'll be far mistook." And, seeing the rest of his comrades breaking bread in their coffee, he did the same: by this time the eye of every one in the tent was on him, scarcely able to refrain from laughing. Donald began to sip it with his spoon; but after taking two or three spoonfuls, grinding the coffee between his teeth, and making wry faces, he threw the tin, contents and all, out of the tent door, "Tam their coffee! you might as weel chow heather, and drink pog water as that teevil's stuff. Gie Donald a cog o' brochan before any o' your tea or coffees either."

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A gardener in Germany, much disposed to doubt of his wife's affection for him, having been to church one Sunday morning in the winter, returned home almost frozen with cold. His wife having stepped out, he threw himself upon his face, and stretching himself at length appeared on her return as if really dead. Finding him in this situation, she first lifted up one arm, then the other, and then a leg; all of which dropping as it were insensibly, she concluded he was really dead; but it being dinner time, and she very hungry, she was at a loss whether to have her dinner, or to call in the neighbors first. However, as she thought there would be time enough for lamentation after dinner, she cut two slices of bacon off a side that hung up, broiled them, and finished her repast with as much haste as she could. But just as she was taking a pot to go for something to drink, a neighbour coming to the door, she concealed the pot, and began to cry, "Ah, my poor husband! my dear husband! what shall I do now?" "*Do now*," said her husband, (raising himself up,) "why, go and get some beer to your bacon! what would ye do?"

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RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF A SOUTH-AMERICAN SEAMAN,
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO——

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

March 1825.

I HAVE just received your letter, requesting me to send you a regular account of my voyages and rambling excursions on the coast of South America, during the last three years that I have spent on that station, on board H. M. ship D——. What I have witnessed, I would relate to you with regularity and exactness, if it were in my power, but I am sorry to say it is not. Had I kept a journal of daily occurrences, I should have been fully able to comply with your request, but no journal have I kept. It is true, I began one with the laudable intention of filling it with the wonders of the world, and my own wise remarks upon them; and many wonderful things I did insert, so long as they continued to be wonderful; but I soon became so familiarized with the wonders of foreign countries and tropical climates, that my journal became irksome, and in a fit of disgust I one day threw it overboard on the coast of Brazil, where I suppose it now rests, with other precious things, in the bottom of the deep. I have no doubt that it sunk like lead on the bottom of the mighty waters, for both the writing, and the reading, and the number of volumes, made it in good truth, most remarkably *heavy*. It is a great consolation, however, that, although so valuable a treasure is lost to the

public, the volumes of Mrs Graham and Captain Hall richly fill up the blank. I do not remember any thing in my journal, precious as it was, that could either have improved or contradicted any thing they have said, although I was on that station at the same time with them, and had an opportunity of witnessing the floating spirit of public information concerning the principal occurrences which both of these writers have related.

Yet my dear friend, though I cannot pretend to give you any additional information concerning the principal public events that have occurred in Brazil, Chili, and Peru, during our stay on the coasts of these countries, still there is a mass of feelings and impressions produced on the mind by visiting them, which if I could make *visible*, might be amusing to the eye of friendship. The feelings awakened in the mind of a landsman by sea-life at first, if he has come to the age of reflection, are strange of themselves; and there is no feeling so strange, so interesting, and sometimes so painful, as that which accompanies our return to the scenes of our boyhood, after a long absence in foreign lands.

It is difficult for any one to conceive, save those who have felt it, the sensation of loneliness and distance, and something akin to everlasting se-

paration from country, home, friendship, and all its endearments, in the green vales of Chili and Peru, after leaving the heathery hills and snow-storms of the north, where youth and its sunny days have fled away for ever,—after embarking on the blue waters, leaving the planets and the stars behind us,—running across the burning climates of the world, into the 60th degree of southern latitude, doubling Cape Horn, and running down again the western side of the South-American continent, towards the Equinoctial line. After all this, what a strange feeling, to think of home, when it is 15,000 miles behind us! When we take into account the possibilities of danger and destruction, before we can return to it again, we feel as if we had crossed the gulph of death, and were looking back to it from another world! It is then that we think of the streams and the glens of our childhood with the feelings of an exile. When we would raise our eyes to look towards them in fancy, it is vain to look to the east or to the west, to the north or to the south, but we must fancy them far away on the other side of the world, in some slanting direction below our feet. The vision turns more distinct as the eye of fancy continues fixed on it, and we imagine we see those who are dear to us moving like shadows in another hemisphere. Although the seasons with the seaman be changed, and neither spring nor summer brings flowers nor leaves to the face of the deep, yet we delight to calculate the months, and think now is the time when the sower is scattering his seed in the furrows, when the lambs are on the mountains of Scotland, and the mavis building its nest among the hazel bushes. When we are exposed to the burning rays of a torrid sun at noon-day, we delight to look on the chronometer, and say to ourselves, Now the sun is setting at home,—now it is dark,—now the little family-circle is assembling around the supper-table, or circulating the social glass to the health of

friends that are far away. The fancy of the father flies home to the partner of his affections, and he caresses in imagination, his smiling offspring. The fancy of the son flies home to the embraces of his parents, and he thinks of the mother who wept when she bade him farewell. The fancy of the lover is with his mistress, among the sacred haunts where she first owned to him her affection; and he calculates the hour of night-fall, when she will be walking the rounds his early companionship made dear to her; and he steals to his cabin, turns the lock that no one may intrude,—takes from his desk her love-letters, presses to his lips the ringlet of her silken hair,—drops a tear, to think of the devotedness of her affection, and resigns her to the care and the keeping of his God.

Placed in circumstances such as these, where the very best and warmest feelings of the heart are kindled to intensity by absence and time, it is one of the severest privations a seaman is doomed to endure, that distance precludes the possibility of receiving letters. It is nothing to live in a foreign land, or on a foreign sea, where a packet every succeeding month brings an epistle from home, to tell how all went there four weeks ago. But when the Torrid Zone, and the Andes, and Cape Horn, are between, and a twelvemonth elapses and not a syllable is heard from your native land, the heart turns sick with anxiety, and the frightened imagination begins to brood over the possibilities of misfortune or death, that may have occurred in the long interval, uncheered by an epistle from one that is dear. There are few scenes which can be more interesting to the imagination than that of a ship's company on the west side of the Andes, when another man-of-war brings round the Horn, the mail from England, perhaps eight months old. In that space of time, every one imagines that there must have been many letters collecting for him on the coast of Brazil, all waiting for an opportunity of being sent round

the Cape, and he fancies that they must be all come together. The first or second cutter is generally the boat sent to bring the news and the letters; and as soon as the boat goes along-side the newly arrived ship, you may see on board the old one the whole range of the quarter-deck hammock-nettings covered with spy-glasses, all fixed on the boat, to see whether any thing in the shape of a parcel be sent down the ship's side into it or not. The common-seamen, who have no glasses, you may see crowding and squeezing with breathless anxiety, to have a peep through the gun-ports, to perceive, if possible, any thing in the shape of a letter-bag; and as soon as the boat leaves the ship to return, there is an anxious pacing up and down the decks, fore and aft, every one apparently too much occupied with his own reflections, to have either leisure or patience to talk to his neighbour. Some you may see, who out of a principal of singularity, and affected callousness to all the softer emotions, pretend to turn their companions' anxiety into ridicule, and d—n the idea of home and every thing connected with it; while, at the same time, you can perceive that they have the same warm and anxious feelings about it as their messmates, while they vainly attempt to disguise them. It is also very curious to contemplate the variety of characters and their different sources of anxiety. Here you may see the little midshipman, who has never been at sea before, eagerly expecting a letter from his dear mamma, which, after it arrives, will most likely afford his messmates materials for a twelve-month's quizzing at the expense of mamma and her dear Fred. Here you may also see the mid. who is a little more knowing, look out with less anxiety about mamma than about papa's permission to allow him to draw an additional bill of £20 on his banker, for the payment of some gambling debts due to his messmates. And another again, an old stager, anxious about nothing but the *parch-*

ment the dear *parchment*, that bears the signs and the seal of his commission to be lieutenant R. N. See how he trembles with anxious expectation, for, on the back of his letter is marked "*On his Majesty's service.*" This, without doubt, contains the parchment—it bears evident marks of an official letter. See how his hand trembles as he breaks open the seal of the Admiralty. Alas! "Promotion cometh neither from the east nor from the west, from the north nor from the south;" and as he tears the cold, and polite, and laconic epistle to fragments, he exclaims, "D—n Lord Melville, and all the Lords in the Admiralty. I have been mate of the lower deck for the last ten years. Some of those who passed with me at College are made Post-Captains, while I am doomed to serve his Majesty till my hairs be gray, with the *curse* of *God* upon my collar, and all for 2s 7d. D—n the service!" Behold a mid. of a different cast,—an Adonis,—a love-sick youth, whose whiskers look most killingly genteel. He too receives a letter; doubtless it is from some great heiress—some exquisite beauty, for he has always been telling his messmates of the conquests he has made, and how many ladies kill him with the kind things they say to him in their epistles. Alas! it is only from brown Sal of Portsmouth.

Here is an epistle for the assistant-surgeon, also impressed with the seal of the Admiralty. How his eyes brighten with hope and expectation! doubtless this is the appointment to be full surgeon of a Brig, thinks he to himself, and across his mind flashes the dream of deliverance from a midshipman's birth. His hammock is no longer doomed to swing in the cock-pit, but his cabin is in the gun-room; and already he has an elegant cot and red curtains, and book-shelves tastefully arranged, and a nice table for his writing desk, and he is a member of the gun-room mess, and he has a vote at the gun-room table, and he ranks with the Lieutenants.

and his delicate stomach is no longer to be tried with the accursed cookery of a midshipman's mess; no longer beef, and pork, and pease-soup to-day; and pork, and beef, and pease-soup tomorrow; and pease-soup, and beef and pork next day—all by the way of *variety*; but he is to have a glorious *blow-out* every day at two o'clock, of hams and turkeys, and ducks, and vegetables—of potatoes, though they should cost a penny a-piece—and he is to have his walnuts, and his bottle of port or claret every day after dinner—and after his claret is discussed, he is to have his coffee served up in bright clean cups, made with clean water and fresh milk; not like the mids', where he has been obliged to pick rat's-wool and rat's-tails out of his tea-cup, and slay his dozen of mag-gots, and his hundred of weavils, every time he sat down to his dinner. What a glorious fabric, all this, to be built on a letter from the Admiralty! but, alas! the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, flit away like the baseless fabric of a vision, on breaking up the seal, when he finds that John Wilson Croker, in the name of the Lords of the Admiralty, gives him a "*rap over the knuckles*" for neglecting to keep a regular account of the thermometer going round Cape-Horn! The fairy visions of being a member of the gun-room mess have faded away; and when the boatswain's silver whistle pipes to dinner at the vulgar and unfashionable hour of twelve o'clock at noon, the assistant surgeon is discovered, with a fainting heart, sitting down among those scampish devils, the mids. of the larboard deck, to discuss his pease and pork, and d—n the steward of the mess for bringing him a dirty knife and fork, and putting down by his plate a broken tea-cup to drink his grog, instead of a tumbler. But having spun out this yarn, as the seamen say, to rather an unreasonable length, I shall beg leave to cut the thread for the present, and subscribe myself, yours, &c.

P. S. It looking back on this rigmarede epistle, I find it will be impossible, in writing you a series of recollections and reflections, to *confine* myself to the description of any particular class of impressions. I shall just write when the humour strikes me, and you must expect nothing regular.

"For how the subject's theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

Perhaps I may write you a description of a man of ton—perhaps a description of the slave-market—perhaps a description of the rejoicings at the birth of the Brazilian princess, and perhaps some recollections of the siege of Bahia—perhaps a description of Lord Cochrane's reception in the theatre of Rio-Janeiro before it was burnt, and perhaps a description of my own reception at his country seat of Quintero, in Chili. All these things are within the limits of possibility; but, in the meantime, I will task myself to nothing. With South America I have many delightful and very dear recollections; and if I get into the humour of making them visible, I shall have the happiness of living over again, in imagination, those hours that I have spent in the society of some far distant friends, whose remembrance will ever be dear to me. However, as I said before, I will task my pen to no particular subject; and whether my next letter may be filled with moral or with pastoral recollections—with foreign descriptions or moral reflections, time will tell. This is the age of criticism. Perhaps I may take into my head to sit down and write a critique on somebody's poetry, or, it may be, to write poetry, and give somebody an opportunity of writing a critique on mine. I think everybody that pretends to criticise poetry ought also to write poetry—just as one who teaches watch-making ought to be able to make a watch himself.

SONNET, WRITTEN AT A CONCERT.

LET him, who deems that woman's lovely form
 Is void of soul, come, gaze upon her here ;
 While down her cheek there steals the tender tear,
 As music sheds it's wild, resistless charm ;
 And the deep passions of her bosom warm,
 And the soft soul-beams melting in her eye,
 And her heart sends responsive harmony,
 As the glad flute is heard, or trumpet's wild alarm.

What reck's the graceless Moslem's boasted creed ?^{*}
 Out on their maids, in paradise that dwell,
 Their dream-born houris on ambrosia fed ;
 'Tis betier here to mark each bosom swell
 With those soft thoughts, which music bids arise,
 Than taste the thousand joys of Paynim paradise.

A LADY'S ALBUM.

IN this age of reviews, when every author who puts forth his book, and every painter who exhibits his picture, is sure of the gratification of reading his character wherever he goes, it appears peculiarly hard that a very important description of work, which unites the beauties of them both, should be altogether neglected. I mean those excellent establishments for the encouragement of literature and the fine arts called Ladies' Albums, the rapid increase of which has done such visible wonders for the benefit of polite society. How many of the choice geniuses of the age are here indebted for their first inspiration ! How many, but for this, had been compelled to remain on their perch for want of a fair field to try their wings, and how greedily will posterity scramble after gilt-edged books with golden clasps to trace the germ of the great works which have descended to them !—Alas ! had our grandmothers—but it cannot be helped, and every happy undertaking, like the invention of Albums, may cause us to lament that the world has gone on so long without it. All that we can do is to perpetuate our blessings for our children, and with this view I can do no

less than encourage my fair friends in their new pursuit by reviewing all the Albums which fall in my way. I do this with the greater satisfaction as it is partly in payment of a debt of gratitude, seeing that it was in them that I myself commenced fluttering my wings, and I feel that, like the lark, whatever height I may soar I shall still look with an eye of affection to the nest from which I sprang. Most fortunately does it happen, that I have not soared too far to describe it with becoming exactness, for, if the truth must be confessed, the secret of my ability was only communicated to me last week, and the admiring reader is now gazing on my first adventurous flight.

My nest—blessings on it ! It was the prettiest nest that ever was made, and the bird that fostered me was a bird of Paradise. Its eyes were as blue as the heavens, and its voice was sweet as any within them.—“Dear Mr —,” it sung, “I am sure you are a poet, and therefore you must write in my Album.” Alas, how could I doubt ? Had such a voice assured that I was Apollo himself, I should have believed it. To drop the metaphor, which is not convenient, I took the book which was

^{*} It is a part of the Moslem creed, that women are destitute of souls.

locked, as well it might where there was so much to steal, and began seriously to be daunted by its costly appearance of red morocco and emblazoned Cupids. I felt that it was only meant to receive first-rate treasures, and submitted that it was hard to expose my first attempt to such a dangerous comparison. The appeal, however, was in vain. My beauty assured me that I need fear no comparison there, and gave me, as a reward for my labours, the enviable privilege of turning over as many leaves as I pleased. I will not deny that this examination gave me a good heart, for I thought it was not impossible, after all, that I might maintain my credit respectably enough; not that the articles were indifferent, but rather that the perusal of them lighted me up with unwonted fire.

It would be difficult when staring upon the noonday to say which ray is the most beautiful or the most dazzling; and if I instance a few of my brother-contributors I must not be understood as doing it with any view of settling their claims to superiority. I merely go upon the judgment of my pretty friend, who seemed anxious to direct my attention to the lubrications of a young gentleman who screened himself from fame under the pathetic name of Alphonso. I rather suspect he was her lover, for she described him very affectionately as a melancholy youth, who had an opinion that geniuses were not long-lived, and had made his will the moment after he had composed his first stanzas. I do not wonder that the piece made him low-spirited. It ran as follows:

When I am dead and wafted o'er the billow,
To wail thine absence as the death-watch ticks,
I'll plant the spirit of a weeping willow
To shade my ghost, and kiss the limpid Styx.

There will I strike my visionary chord,
In tones of pity if they may but sound,
And mourn my body was not placed on board
To sink the bark and let my soul be drowned.

Poor Alphonso! I doubt very much if his plan would have succeeded, for his mistress hinted that he had been so long and so deeply in love that he was not much more substantial than a ghost as it was. To complete the interesting picture, she gave me to understand that she was sure he was a genius and wrote well, for it was generally suspected that he was a little beside himself. Indeed, what I afterwards saw seemed to bear her out in this surmise, for his sentiments were occasionally inclining to be watery, just as though they had slipped through the crack in his head, and his numbers were apt to ramble with a true maniac unsteadiness: but, as he wrote upon nothing that was not either dying or dead, the latter circumstance was considered a great merit, as he imitated the last kick to perfection.

In the next page to Alphonso and the ghost of the willow-tree, my ad-

miration was excited by a remarkably fine splashy dashy drawing, so boldly touched that I had some difficulty in penetrating the mystery of what it meant. I was told, however, by my pretty companion, that it was an assemblage of desolate rocks and rolling clouds, with the ocean far beneath and a rude grave in the foreground, bearing the initials of the artist, and intended as an illustration of some suicidal stanzas by the same hand. This star it appeared had likewise been shining a little too near the moon, though it was affected in a different manner. Alphonso was a gentle being, and was satisfied to fade away like a dying daisy, but the suicide man was a determined misanthrope of the Byron school, and kept his friends in a turmoil lest he should wring his own neck—a blood that would have laughed Charon's boat to scorn, and swam the Styx as lief as look at it. He had met with

two or three disappointments in love, and had been choused out of happiness till he very properly learnt to despise it. Every thing he drew or wrote had a smack of bitterness, and was particularly fine for a bold indication of what is called free-thinking, but making designs for his grave, which were usually in cross roads, and his numerous epitaphs, of which I counted about twenty, were, out of sight, his most congenial occupation. Most willingly would I treat the reader with some of the former, but I have not yet been long enough apprenticed to my new avocation to be much of a hand at engraving, and the suicide's style is very difficult to copy. I will give him one of the epitaphs, however, and welcome.

Ay, call me back to life again,
And wash with tears my peaceful
tomb—
I cannot hear the hateful strain,
And, if I could, I would not come.

There is something very striking in this obstinate determination expressed in such sullen brevity, and I could perceive a pensive irresolution in the eye of my young friend, as to which of her two heroes should be sacrificed. It no doubt requires much deliberation, and I hope and trust that she will not decide hastily. I inquired after the suicide yesterday, and found that he was still living.

It was quite a relief to turn from this intense study to a series of flower-drawings by a gentle young lady who had not been prevailed upon to exhibit without great solicitation. She was, however, one of my favourite's long string of bosom friends and confidants. The sweetest sympathizer in all her cares, and unhappily attached to Alphonso, who had doomed her, like himself, to a Stygian willow wreath. There was no doing without such a dear contributor as this, and, indeed, her performances were interesting to a degree. It was pleasingly melancholy to behold them. Her roses were as pale as if they had been in love themselves, and the butterflies which fluttered about them, were one and all, dying of consump-

tions. There was no positive colouring or touching—softness was her peculiar characteristic, and any appearance of vigour would have been rejected as absolutely indelicate. I was told that the bouquets were for the most part fashioned for the indication of some tender sentiment, or the exhibition of some beloved face which was formed by the outline of the flowers; and, after a diligent search, I found Alphonso peeping through a broken heart's-case, and the fair artist, hard by, in a flower of-love-lies-bleeding. There was an affecting simplicity in these conceits which perfectly atoned for the projectress's want of poetical talent. She had no particular knack at originality, though she was thought to select with great taste. She had copied all the performances of Hafiz and the Princess Olive from the Morning Post, and several privately circulated pieces, which were supposed to be the production of Lord Byron himself. I ventured to differ upon some of these, but my young friend satisfied me of their genuineness, by assuring me that they had been transcribed from an Album somewhere near Mont Blanc.

After this, I was introduced to some witty conceits by a middle aged rubicund *roue*, who cocked his hat and his eye, and set up for a wag. He practised chiefly in the Anacreontic line, and would have been excellent had he not sometimes been "a little too bad." His rhymes likewise were apt, occasionally, to be faulty, and he was in the habit of taking great poetical licenses to bring them to bear. His style, therefore, was pronounced to be ungraceful, and my lady of the Album wished the odious creature would leave her book alone. Before I had time to become better acquainted with him, she laughed and blushed, and slapped it together, with a vow that I should not proceed unless I promised to pass him over. I regret that this circumstance prevents me from favouring the public with more than one stanza.

Sweet maiden, when I you behold,
I care not *that* for all the world;
Then why should hearts like ours sever?
Forbid it love! O, never, never!

Now here it may be alleged that the inversion of the first line is not elegant, and the necessity of snapping your fingers at the word "*that*," in the second, is decidedly in bad taste. "Ours," in the third line, is strained, with great poetical violence, into a dissyllable; the sense of the fourth is not quite apparent, and the rhyme of "world" and "behold" is unusual. Altogether, this stanza is a very fair specimen of the faults and beauties of its author.

From hence I wandered through a great many pages of excellent riddles, with which I shall not treat my reader lest he should stop to puzzle them out. Numerous copies of Madonnas and children, of which the only defect was a trifling inclination to squint, it being very difficult to make the eyes match. Wonderous landscapes, by little persons of four years old, who never learnt to draw. Autographs of John Brown and W. Williams, and many other celebrated gentlemen whom I did not know, but of whose families I had often heard talk. Fac-similes of the hand-writing of Bonaparte, imitated from spe-

cimens from recollection. Striking likenesses of notorious characters, cut out in coloured paper from imagination. In short, my progress was like a ramble through some newly discovered country, where every thing is rare and rivetting, and thrown together in the graceful confusion in which nature delights.

When I had come to a close, my pretty friend resumed her coaxing look, and besought me to take up my pen, for she was quite sure that I should not be eclipsed; and, moreover, that I should not be severely criticised. Her friends had the keenest eyes in the world for talent, and could spy it in every thing they saw; and, if her father chose to call them madmen and fools, it was a comfort to think that no one agreed with him. The command, therefore, was cheerfully obeyed, and I joined the throng of geniuses, by filling the title-page with the following appropriate dedication.

This little book, with all the prize
Its varied page imparts;
I dedicate to gentle eyes
And sympathizing hearts:
Then all who bring their smile or tear
May fearless drop the gem,
For common sense shall ne'er come here
To praise them or condemn.

FARTHER PORTIONS OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MANSIE WAUCH.

PORTION THIRD.

[SEE PAGE 342.]

BUT, losh me, I have come on bower far already, before mentioning a wonderful thing that happened to me when I was only seven year auld. Few things in my eventful life have made a deeper impression on me, than what I am going to relate.

It was the custom, in those times, for the different schools to have cock-fighting on Fastern's E'en, and the victor, as he was called, treated the other scholars to a football. Many a dust have I seen rise out of that business—broken skins, and broken

heads—sair banes, and sound duckings, but this was nane of these.

Our next neighbour was a flesher; and right before the window was a large stone, on which auld wives with their weans would sometimes take a rest; so what does I, when I saw the whole hobbleshaw coming fleeing down the street, with the Kickba' at their noses, but up I speeds upon the stane, (I was a wee chap with a daid-ley, a ruffled shirt, and leather cap, edged with rabbit fur,) that I might see all the fun. This ane fell, and that ane fell, and a third was knock-

ed ower, and a fourth got a bluidy nose, and so on; and there was such a noise and din, as would have deaved the workmen of Babel, when, lo! and behold, the ball played bounce mostly to my feet, and the whole mob after it. I thought I should have been dung to pieces, so I pressed myself back with all my might, and through went my elbow into Cursecowl's kitchen. It didna stick long there. Before ye could say Jack Robison, out flew the flesher in his killing-claiths; his face was as red as fire, and he had his ponch full of bluidy knives buckled to his side. I skreighed out in his face when I looked at him, but he didna stop a moment for that. Wi' a girn that was like to rive his mouth, he twisted his nieve in the back of my hair, and aff wi' me hinging by the cuff of the neck, like a kidling. My een were like to loup out of my head, but I had nae breath to cry. I heard him thraw the key, for I couldna look down, the skin of my face was pulled so tight; and in he flang me like a pair of old boots into his booth, where I landed on my knees upon a raw bluidy calf's skin. I thought I wad hae gaen out of my wits, when I heard the door lockit upon me, and lookit round me in sic an unyearthly place. It had only ane unsparred window; and there was a garden behind; but how was I to get out? I danced round and round about, stamping my heels on the floor, and rubbing my begritten face with my coat-sleeve. To make matters waur, it was wearing to the darkening. The floor was all covered with lappard bluid, and sheep and calf skins. The calves and the sheep themselves, with their cuttit throats, and glazed een, and ghastrly gurning faces, were hang-

ing about on pins, heels uppermost. Losh me! I thought on Bluebeard and his wives in the bluidy chamber! And all the time it was growing darker and darker, and more dreary; and a' was quiet as death itself; it looked, by all the world, like a grave, and me buried alive within it; till the rottans came out of their holes to lick the bluid, and whisked about like wee evil speerits. I thought on my father, and my mother, and how I should never see them mair; for I was sure that Cursecowl would come in the dark, and tie my hands together, and lay me across the killing-stool. I grew mair and mair frightened, and it grew mair and mair dark. I thought a' the sheep heads were looking at ane anither, and then girn-girning at me. At last I grew desperate; and my hair was as stiff as wire, though it was as wet as muck. I began to bite through the wooden spars wi' my teeth, and ruggit at them wi' my nails, till they were like to come aff—but no, it wadna do. Till, at length, when I had greeted myself mostly blind, and cried till I was as hoarse as a corbie, I saw auld Janet Hogg taking in her bit claiths frae the bushes, and I reeled and screamed till she heard me.—It was like being transported into heaven; for, in less than no time, my mither, with her apron at her een, was at the door; and Cursecowl, with a candle in the front of his hat, had scarcely thrawn the key, when out I flew, and she lifted up her fit, (I dare say it was the first and last time in her life, for she was a douce woman,) and gaed him sic a kick and a push, that he played bleach ower, head foremost; and, as we ran down the close, we heard him cursing and swearing, in the dark, like a deevil incarnate.

PORTION FOURTH.

[The reader may observe, that *Mansie* does not *stitch* on regularly, and that he is a little partial to *vandikes*; but we cannot *twist* him, and allow him to resume the *threads* of his discourse, at his good will and pleasure.]

It would be curious if I passed over a remarkable incident, which at this time fell out.—Being but new beginners it the world, the wife and I put

our heads constantly together to contrive for our forward advancement, as it is the bounden duty of all to do. So our housie being rather large, (two

rooms and a kitchen, not speaking of a coal-cellar, and a hen-house,) and having as yet only the expectation of a family, we thought we couldna do better than get John Varnish the painter, to do off a small ticket, with "A Furnished Room to Let" on it, which we nailed out at the window; having collected into it the choicest of our furniture, that it might fit a genteeler lodger and produce a better rent—And a lodger soon we got.

Dog on it! I think I see him yet. He was a black-a-vised Englishman, with curled whiskers and a powdered pow, stout round the waist-band, and fond of good eating, let alone drinking, as we faund to our cost. Well, he was our first lodger. We sought a good price, that we might, on bargaining, have the merit of coming down a tait; but no, no—gae away wi'e; it was dog-cheap to him. The half-guinea a week was judged perfectly moderate; but if all his debts were—yet I mauny cut before the cloth.

Hang expenses! was the order of the day. Ham and eggs for breakfast, let alone our currant-gelly.—Roasted mutton cauld, and strong ale, at twelve, by way of chack, to keep away wind from the stomach. Smoking roast-beef, with scraped horse-radishes, at four preecesely; and toasted cheese, punch, and porter, for supper. It would have been less, had all the things been within ourselves; naething had we but the cauler new-laid eggs; then, there was Deacon Ileukbane's butcher's account; and John Cony's speerit account; and William Burling's bap account; and deevil kens how mony mair accounts, that came all in upon us afterwards. But the crowning of all came in at the end. It was nae farce at the time, and kept our heads down at the water for mony a day. I was just driving the hot goose along the seams of a Sunday jacket I was finishing for Thomas Clod the ploughman, when the Englisher came in at the shop door, whistling "Robin Adair," and "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and whiles, may be,

churning to himsell like a young blackbird—but I havena patience to go through wi't. The long and the short of the matter, however, was, that, after ruminaging amang my twa-three webs of broad-cloth on the shelf, he pitched on a Manchester blue, five quarters wide, marked CXD. XF, which is to say, three-and-twenty shillings the yard. I telled him it was impossible to make a pair of pantaloons to him in twa hours; but he insisted upon having them, alive or dead, as he had to gang down the same afternoon to dine with my lord duke, nae less. I convinced him, that if I was to sit up a' night, he could get them by five next morning, if that would do, as I would also keep my laddie, Tammy Bodkin, out of his bed; but na—I thought he would have loupn out of his seven senses. "Just look," he said, turning up the inside seam of the leg—"just see—can any gentleman make a visit in such things as these?—they are as full of holes as a coal-sieve. I wonder the devil why my baggage has not come forward. Can I get a horse and boy to ride express to Edinburgh for a ready-make article?"

A thought struck me; for I had heard of wonderful advancement in the world, for those wha had been sae lucky as to help the great at a pinch. "If ye'll no take it amiss, sir," said I, making my obedience, "a notion has just struck me."

"Well, what is it?" said he, briskly.

"Well, sir, I have a pair of knee-breeches, of most famous velveteen, double tweel, which have been only ance on my legs, and that nae farther gane than last Sabbath. I'm pretty sure they would fit ye in the meantime; and I would just take a pleasure in ca'ing the needle all night to get your own ready."

"A clever thought," said the Englisher. "Do you think they would fit me?—Devilish clever thought indeed."

"To a hair," I answered; and cried to Nanse to bring the velveteens.

I dinna think he was ten minutes, when lo ! and behold, out at the door he went, and away past the shop-window, like a lamp-lighter. The buttons on the velveteens were glittering like gold at the knees. Alas ! it was like the flash of the setting sun. I never beheld them more. He was to have been back in twa or three hours, but the laddie, with the box on his shoulder, was going through the street crying "Hot penny-pies" for supper, and neither word nor wittens of him. I began to be a thought uneasy, and fidgeted on the board like a hen on a hot girdle. No man should do any thing when he is vexed, but I couldna help gieing Tammy Bodkin, who was sewing away at the lining of the new pantaloons, a terrible whisk in the lug, for singing to himsell. I say I was vexed for it afterwards ; especially as the laddie did not mean to give offence ; and as I saw the blue marks of my four fingers along his chaf-blade.

The wife had been bothering me for a new gown, on strength of the payment of our grand bill ; and in came she, at this blessed moment of time, with about twenty swatches from Simeon Calicee's, prinned on a screed of paper.

"Which of thae do you think bonniest?" said Nanse, in a flattering way ; "I ken, Mansie, you have a good taste."

"Cut nae before the cloth," answered I, "gudewife," with a wise shake of my head. "It'll be time enough, I dare say, to make ye're choice to-morrow."

Nanse gaed out, as if her nose had been bluiding. I could thole it no longer ; so, buttoning my breech-knees, I threw my cowl into a corner, clappit my hat on my head, and away down in full birr to the Duke's gate.

I spiered at the porter, gif the gentleman with the velveteen breeches and powdered hair, that was dining with the Duke, had come up the avenue yet ?

"Velveteen breeches and powdered hair !" said auld Paul, laughing,

and taking the pipe out of his cheek.

"Whase butler is't that ye're after?"

"Weel," said I to him, "I see it all as plain as a pikestaff. He is aff bodily ; but may the meat and the drink he has taken aff us, be like drogs to his inside ; and may the velveteens play crack, and cast the steeks at every stap he takes !" It was nae Christian wish ; and Paul leugh till he was like to burst, at my expense. "Gang ye're ways hame, Mansie," said he to me, clapping me on the shoulder, as if I had been a wean, "and gie ower setting traps, for ye see you have caught a Tartar."

This was too much ; first to be cheated by a swindling loon, and syne made game of by a flunky ; and, in my desperation, I determined to do some awful thing.

Nanse followed me in from the door, and spiered what news ?—I was ower big, and ower vexed to hear her ; so, never letting on, I gaed to the little looking-glass on the drawer's head, and set it down on the table. Then I lookit myself in it for a moment, and made a gruesome face. Syne I pulled out the little drawer, and got the sharpening strap, the which I fastened to my button. Syne I took my razor from the box, and gaed it five or six turns, along first ae side, and then the other, with great precision. Syne I tried the edge of it along the flat of my hand. Syne I loosed my neckcloth, and laid it ower the back of the chair ; and syne I took out the button of my shirt-neck, and faulded it back. Nanse, who was, all the time, standing behind, looking what I was after, asked me, "if I was gaen to shave without het water ?" when I said to her in a fierce and brave manner, (which was very cruel, considering the way she was in,) "I'll let you see that presently." The razors looked desperate sharp ; and I never likit the sight of blood ; but oh, I was in a terrible flurry and fermentation. A kind of cauld trembling gaed through me, and I thought it best to tell Nanse what I was gaen to do, that she might be something

prepared for it. "Fare ye well, my dear!" said I to her, "you will be a widow in five minutes, for here goes." I did not think she could have mustered so much courage, but she sprang at me like a tiger; and, throwing the razor into the ash-hole, took me round the neck, and cried like a bairn. First she was seized with a fit of the hyricksticks, and then wi' her pains. It was a serious time for us baith, and nae joke; for my heart smote me for my sin and cruelty. But I did my best to make up for it. I ran up and down like mad, for the Howdie, and at last brought her trotting alang wi' me by the lug. I couldna stand it. I shut myself up in the shop, with Tammy Bodkin, like Daniel in the lion's den; and every

now and then opened the door to spier what news. Oh, but my heart was like to break wi' anxiety. I paced up and down, and to and fro, with my Kilmarnock on my head, and my hands in my breech-pouches, like a man out of Bedlam. I thought it wad never be ower; but, at the second hour of the morning, I heard a wee squeel, and knew that I was a father; and sae proud was I, that, notwithstanding our loss, Lucky Bring-thereout and me whanged away at the cheese and bread, and drank so briskly at the whisky and foot-yill, that, when she tried to rise and gang away, she couldna stir a fit; so Tammy and I had to oter her out between us, and deliver her safe in at her ain door.

STANZAS TO ———.

THE sound is mute, the echo gone,
Which bids us part to meet no more;
And leaves me joyless, dark, alone,
Stranded on life's bleak desert shore.

And yet the blood is trickling still
Within my veins, though cold despair
Hath mingled poison with the rill,
And chill'd the current flowing there.

Back to thy fount, thou crimson tide,
And stagnate! Why, oh! why should
beat
This heart, now Maud is Malcolm's bride!
And I must not his name repeat!

Not breathe his name? then let my own,
Which once with his was fondly twin'd,
Depart, and be the funeral-stone
Its only record left behind.

Oh! is it sin to wish and pray,
That soon the dreary galling chain
Of life may sever and decay,
When peace is fled and hope is vain?

'Tis not—I feel my prayer is heard,
That love and life are ebbing fast;
"Malcolm"—again that hallowed word,
I speak—I bless—it is my last.

THE PROJECTOR.

STEAM COACHES AND STEAM HORSES—HINTS FOR A JOINT-STOCK HORSE-MANUFACTORY COMPANY.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, and urge the rapid car.

DARWIN, *Zoonomia*.

AN ingenious friend of mine, lately dead, who was a universal speculator, and almost as ambitious a genius as the Laputan philosophers, celebrated by Gulliver, has left behind him a digest of wonderful discoveries, phenomena and projects—some the result of other people's brains, and some of his own—in or-

der to establish, beyond dispute, his favourite theory of the Perfectibility of Man. Many of the papers necessary for this purpose have fallen into our hands: and we think the courteous reader will not be disoblighd to us, for occasionally laying before him fragments of a demonstration so flattering to human self-love.

One of his most sanguine speculations is derived from the indefinite applicability of steam: he proposes that it should no longer be confined, as now, to the impulse of manufacturing machinery, or the propulsion of steam-vessels; but that every species of wheel-carriage should, for the future, be set in motion by means of it. What brilliant, or resounding catastrophes does this sublime preordium in the great melo-drama of social improvement promise! What gas-illuminated vistas! What more than magic change of metropolitan and provincial scenery! The medium of conveyance being changed from cattle to coals, and from "good ones" to prime Wallsends, the revolution will, of course, extend itself to the proprietors of the stage and mail-coaches,—and the coach-offices will shift all their interesting localities of pickpockets, beggars, porters, Jew-boys, news-boys and barkers, with the agreeable appendages of stale oranges and stale newspapers, pen-knives guiltless of edge, and black-lead pencils without a grain of black-lead in their veins—not to mention the mob of eye-thrusting umbrellas, and the crowd of toe-crushing port-manteaus!

Only conceive the instantaneous effect of one stroke of the harlequin-wand of speculation! Instead of "the Comet," "the Dart," or "Fly," starting from the Whitehorse-cellar or the Black Bear, the Bolt-in-Tun, or the Swan-with-two-Necks, they will, from the specified moment of the new era, commence their various journeys from the leading coal-wharfs,—the Irongate, or Old Bargehouse, the Adelphi, or Scotland-yard! Time will be preserved quite as punctiliously as now, although it may not be requisite for coachee's whip to come in contact with the ear of the off-leader, precisely as the minute-hand of the neighbouring dial indicates the stroke of six.

The change on the road will be equally amusing and advantageous. Instead of the annoyance of waiting a quarter of an hour, at every post-

town, for *fresh horses*, it will be only necessary to lose a minute or two in calling for a *fresh scuttle of coals!* A steep ascent, which often compels a gouty old gentleman, or asthmatic old lady, to walk against their will, or puts the proprietor to the expense of an *additional pair of horses*, might then be met by an *additional pair of bellows!* The smoke proceeding from the top of the vehicle by day, may by night be converted into gas, so as to direct and enlighten, at the same time that it impels. Some little prejudice may, it is true, be entertained by anti-perfectible people against the heat of the fire, more especially during the dog-days. But this disadvantage (if, indeed, it ought to be called one, which, without the aid and expense of medicine, may reduce troublesome obesity to an alert and convenient leanness) would, at all events, be counterbalanced by the advantages which outside passengers—(particularly during the winter months) would derive from it: and valetudinarians might save so much expense in night-caps, travelling-caps, belchers, under-coats and upper-coats, as considerably to diminish their average yearly expenses of travelling. The coachman, indeed, could no longer with propriety or economy wear "lily toppers," and "white upper toggery;" but the change will not be amiss from a dress which is glaringly painful to the eyesight, especially when the snow is on the ground, to that "customary suit of solemn black," which adorns the members of another profession, equally conversant with the various advantages of coke and smoke,—*vide licet* the chimney-sweepers. The change, indeed, would not only be consistent with that sober gravity becoming men of "true science," as coachmen uniformly are, but contribute greatly to the picturesque effect produced by the locomotion of public vehicles on the main road. Novelty being allowed to be a constituent element of the picturesque, nothing more novel can well be conceived than the image of a Jehu

adroitly fingering the valve-cords of his machine, instead of "the ribands;" and brandishing a huge poker,—instead of his present long whip. The guard, also, will exhibit a similar improvement of characteristic to the eye of genuine taste, by substituting a brace of water-buckets for his pistol-holsters, and using a wet mop instead of a blunderbuss.

As to the probability of an occasional *blow-up*, this can scarcely be a matter of reasonable objection on the part of the travellers, who unscrupulously trust their limbs and lives in the hands of the racing and opposition coachmen, and are accustomed to the regular *blow-up* between the rival parties, at various incidental points of the road. Besides, any Joint-Stock Life-Insurance Company, already started, or to be started, would, doubtless, for a reasonable addition of premium, assure the lives of the steam-coach passengers; and the scale of remuneration might be managed in somewhat the following manner:—

Loss of an arm, by explosion - - -	£2
Loss of a leg ditto - - - - -	4
Do. attended by a flight <i>a la voltigeuse</i>	5
Do. spread-eagle over a quickset hedge	6
Blowing off the head (to be paid to the executors) - - - - -	8

In fine, the great discovery of steam might yet be infinitely extended in its application; but further speculation, on its applicability to aëros-tation, is reserved for a future disquisition on that particular head. But, in the mean while, we consider the proof to be made out, that the expensive employment of horses in stage-coaches is no longer necessary.

But, talking of horses, why, indeed, should we confine the advantages of the application of steam to carriages? Why should we not have new *clarilenos*,* with pegs for guiding them, and valves for abating, or diminishing their mettle, at pleasure? This

period, which may be named the "Copper Age," will certainly arrive. Sundry clerks, in Rotten-row, will no longer, from financial necessity, but choice, sport nags of neither *bone* nor *blood*; and the braziers may, at one and the same time, supply our dandies with their spurs and their "copper fillies." A farrier may turn his hand to *making* horses, instead of *shoeing* them: and a blacksmith's shop may supersede the mews and the horse-mart. Instead of a "horse eating *his head off*," as now, the horse, without any imputation on his good qualities, may be as *deficient in head* as his rider in the ring; and the riders, who are now too liable to be *smoked* themselves, may then be in a capacity to *smoke* every body else. Such horses, besides being entirely free from vice, will be as pre-eminent in *metal* as in *fire*. The divine horses, celebrated by Homer and the romance-writers, could not with more strict propriety be said to have a "breath of *flame*." They will, besides, eat nothing, drink nothing, and want very little grooming; docking and flogging will become obsolete; and *breaking*, which is now so important a ceremony, will, in the new case, be, as much as possible, to be deprecated. A great saving in saddlery will ensue, as a matter of course; and no Cockney, in future, will be reduced to the disagreeable dilemma of deciding, when on the point of being unhorsed by his Pegasus, between the advantages of grasping the tail, the mane, or the reins.

Other advantages, resulting from this speculation, are too numerous to be recapitulated. Millions of acres, now sown with oats, may then be devoted to the growth of wheat and barley; so that the abundance of the first may induce the cheap bakers to desist from making their bread of *ground Devonshire stone*, alum, potatoes, &c. &c.; and the mere cheap-

* In a provincial paper, some two, or three, or perhaps more years ago, there was an account of a gentleman crossing from Holyhead in a *steam* packet, to join a friend at a hunt in the "Emerald Isle;" and, when in the course of conversation, this *rapoury* excursion was mentioned, the Irishman exclaimed, in true country phrase,—“By St Patrick, we shall soon go *a-hunting* on our tea-kettles!”—EDIT.

ness of malt tempt the "genuine malt-and-hop brewers" to make their beer of it instead of their present favourite materials,—quassia, henbane, indicus, coculus, foxglove, and deadly nightshade.—The "Ill-treatment of Animals Bill" may be rendered a dead letter by the invention of steam jack-asses, which may be thumped and bruised *ad libitum*. The nose will no longer be poisoned, nor the ear stunned, with the respective cries and exhalations of "Dog's Meat!" and "Cat's Meat!"—Office-clerks may occasionally dine upon sausages

in ——— lane, without fearing a nightmare-vision of the unfortunate animal they have embowelled.—No patrician need over-exert himself, for the future, in learning at college the single art and science of coachmanship: the nobler animals on the race-courses and in the mail-coaches, may be spared the costly exploit of "running against time;" and apothecaries and dancing-masters, who now keep a carriage with one horse, may then be enabled to keep one with no horse at all!

THE WEDDING.

I DO not know when I have been better pleased than at being invited last week to be present at the wedding of a friend's daughter. I like to make one at these ceremonies, which to us old people give back our youth in a manner, and restore our gayest season in the remembrance of our own success, or the regrets, scarcely less tender, of our own youthful disappointments, in this point of settlement. On these occasions I am sure to be in good humour for a week or two after, and enjoy a reflected honey-moon. Being without a family, I am flattered with these temporary adoptions into a friend's family, I feel a sort of cousinhood, or uncleship, for the season; I am inducted into degrees of affinity; and, in the participated socialities of the little community, I lay down for a brief while my solitary bachelorship. I carry this humour so far, that I take it unkindly to be left out, even when a funeral is going on in the house of a dear friend. But to my subject.—

The union itself had been long settled, but its celebration had been hitherto deferred, to an almost unreasonable state of suspense in the lovers, by some invincible prejudices which the bride's father had unhappily contracted upon the subject of the too early marriages of females.

He has been lecturing any time these five years—for to that length the courtship has been protracted—upon the propriety of putting off the solemnity, till the lady should have completed her five and twentieth year. We all began to be afraid that a suit, which as yet had abated of none of its ardour, might at last be lingered on, till passion had time to cool, and love go out in the experiment. But a little wheedling on the part of his wife, who was by no means a party to these overstrained notions, joined to some serious expostulations on that of his friends, who, from the growing infirmities of the old gentleman, could not promise ourselves many years' enjoyment of his company, and were anxious to bring matters to a conclusion during his life time, at length prevailed; and on Monday last the daughter of my old friend, Admiral ———, having attained the *womanly* age of nineteen, was conducted to the church by her pleasant cousin J——, who told some few years older.

Before the youthful part of my female readers express their indignation at the abominable loss of time occasioned to the lovers by the preposterous notions of my old friend, they will do well to consider the reluctance which a fond parent naturally feels at parting with his child.

To this unwillingness, I believe, in most cases may be traced the difference of opinion on this point between child and parent, whatever pretences of interest or prudence may be held out to cover it. The hard-heartedness of fathers is a fine theme for romance-writers, a sure and moving topic; but is there not something untender, to say no more of it, in the hurry which a beloved child is sometimes in to tear herself from the parental stock, and commit herself to strange graftings? The case is heightened where the lady, as in the present instance, happens to be an only child. I do not understand these matters experimentally, but I can make a shrewd guess at the wounded pride of a parent upon these occasions. It is no new observation, I believe, that a lover in most cases has no rival so much to be feared as the father. Certainly there is a jealousy in *unparallel subjects*, which is little less heart-rending than the passion which we more strictly christen by that name. Mother's scruples are more easily got over; for this reason, I suppose, that the protection transferred to a husband is less a derogation and a loss to their authority than to the paternal. Mothers, besides, have a trembling foresight, which paints the inconveniences (impossible to be conceived in the same degree by the other parent) of a life of forlorn celibacy, which the refusal of a tolerable match may entail upon their child. Mothers' instinct is a surer guide here than the cold reasonings of a father on such a topic. To this instinct may be imputed, and by it alone may be excused, the unbecoming artifices, by which some wives push on the matrimonial projects of their daughters, which the husband, however approving shall entertain with comparative indifference. A little shamelessness on this head is pardonable. With this explanation, forwardness becomes a grace, and maternal importunity receives the name of a virtue. But the parson stays, while I preposterously assume his office; I

am preaching while the bride is on the threshold.

Nor let any of my female readers suppose that the sage reflections which have just escaped me have the oblique tendency of application to the young lady, who, it will be seen, is about to venture upon a change in her condition, at a *mature and competent age*, and not without the fullest approbation of both parents. I only deprecate *very hasty marriages*.

It had been fixed that the ceremony should be gone through at an early hour, to give time to a little *dejeune* afterwards to which a select party of friends had been invited. We were in church a little before the clock struck eight.

Nothing could be more judicious or graceful than the dress of the bridesmaids—the three charming Miss Foresters—on this morning. To give the bride an opportunity of shining singly, they had come habited all in green. I am ill at describing female apparel; but, while *she* stood at the altar in vestments white and candid as her thoughts, a sacrificial whiteness, *they* assisted in robes, such as might have become Diana's nymphs Foresters indeed—as such who had not yet come to the resolution of putting off cold virginity. These young maids, not being so blest as to have a mother living, I am told, keep single for their father's sake, and live all together so happy with their remaining parent, that the hearts of their lovers are even broken with the prospect (so inauspicious to their hopes) of such uninterrupted and provoking home comfort. Gallant girls! each a victim worthy of Iphigenia!

I do not know what business I have to be present in solemn places. I cannot divest me of an unseasonable disposition to levity upon the most awful occasions. I was never cut out for a public functionary. Ceremony and I have long shaken hands; but I could not resist the importunities of the young lady's father, whose gout unhappily confined him at home, to act as parent on this occasion, and

give away the bride. Something ludicrous occurred to me at this most serious of all moments—a sense of my unfitness to have the disposal, even in imagination, of the sweet young creature beside me. I fear I was betrayed to some lightness, for the awful eye of the parson was upon me in an instant, souring my incipient jest to the tristful severities of a funeral.

This was the only misbehaviour which I can plead to upon this solemn occasion, unless what was objected to me after the ceremony by one of the handsome Miss Turners, be accounted a solecism. She was pleased to say that she had never seen a gentleman before me give away a bride in black. Now black has been my ordinary apparel so long—indeed I take it to be the proper costume of an author—the stage sanctions it—that to have appeared in some lighter colours—a pea-green coat, for instance, like the bridegroom's—would have raised more mirth at my expence, than the anomaly had created censure. But I could perceive that the bride's mother, and some elderly ladies present (God bless them!) would have been well content, if I had come in any other colour than that. But I got over the omen by a lucky apologue, which I remembered out of Pilpay, or some Indian author, of all the birds being invited to the linnet's wedding, at which, when all the rest came in their gayest feathers, the raven alone apologised for his cloak, because "he had no other." This tolerably reconciled the elders. But with the young people all was merriment, and shakings of hands, and congratulations, and kissing away the bride's tears, and kissings from her in turn, till a young lady, who assumed some experience in these matters, having worn the nuptial bands some four or five weeks longer than her friend, rescued her, archly observing with half an eye upon the bridegroom, that at this rate she would have "none left."

My friend the Admiral was in fine wig and buckle on this occasion—a

striking contrast to his usual neglect of personal appearance. He did not once shove up his borrowed locks (his custom ever at his morning studies) to betray the few grey stragglers of his own beneath them. He wore an aspect of thoughtful satisfaction. I trembled for the hour, which at length approached, when after a protracted *breakfast* of three hours—if stores of cold fowls, tongues, hams, botargoes, dried fruits, wines, cordials, &c. can deserve so meagre an appellation—the coach was announced, which was come to carry off the bride and bridegroom for a season, as custom has sensibly ordained, into the country; upon which design, wishing them a felicitous journey, let us return to the assembled guests.

As when a well-graced actor leaves the
stage,
The eyes of men
Are idly bent on him that enters next;

So idly did we bend our eyes upon one another, when the chief performers in the morning's pageant had vanished. None told his tale. None sipt her glass. The poor Admiral made an effort—it was not much. I had anticipated so far. Even the infinity of full satisfaction, that had betrayed itself through the prim looks and quiet deportment of his lady, began to wane into something of misgiving. No one knew whether to take their leaves or stay. We seemed assembled upon a silly occasion. In this crisis, betwixt tarry and departure, I must do justice to a foolish talent of mine, which had otherwise like to have brought me into disgrace in the fore-part of the day; I mean, a power, in any emergency, of thinking and giving vent to all manner of strange nonsense. In this awkward dilemma I found it sovereign. I rattled off some of my most excellent absurdities. All were willing to be relieved, at any expence of reason, from the pressure of the intolerable vacuum which had succeeded to the morning bustle. By this means I was fortunate in keeping together the better part of the

company to a late hour; and a rubber of whist (the Admiral's favourite game) with some rare strokes of chance as well as skill, which came opportunely on his side—lengthened out till midnight—dismissed the old gentleman at last to his bed with comparatively easy spirits.

I have been at my old friend's various times since. I do not know a visiting place where every guest is so perfectly at his ease; no where, where harmony is so strangely the result of confusion. Every body is at cross purposes, yet the effect is so much better than uniformity. Contradictory orders; servants pulling one way; master and mistress driving the other, yet both diverse; visitors huddled up in corners; chairs unsymmetrised; candles disposed by chance; meals at odd hours, tea and supper at once, or the latter preceding the former; the host and the guest conferring, yet each upon a different topic, each understanding himself and neither trying to understand or hear the other; draughts and politics, chess and political economy, cards and conversation on nautical

matters, going on at once, without the hope, or indeed the wish, of distinguishing them, make it altogether the most perfect *concordia discors* you shall meet with. Yet somehow the old house is not quite what it should be. The Admiral still enjoys his pipe, but he has no Miss Emily to fill it for him. The instrument stands where it stood, but she is gone, whose delicate touch could sometimes for a short minute appease the warring elements. He has learnt, as Marvel expresses it, to "make his destiny his choice." He bears bravely up, but he does not come out with his flashes of wild wit so thick as formerly. His sea songs seldomer escape him. His wife, too, looks as if she wanted some younger body to scold and set to rights. We all miss a junior presence. It is wonderful how one young maiden freshens up, and keeps green, the paternal roof. Old and young seem to have an interest in her, so long as she is not absolutely disposed of. The youthfulness of the house is flown. Emily is married.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

[SEE PAGE 342.]

JAY—JUDGE. One of the men who wrote the *FEDERALIST*. See *HAMILTON*: p. 265; a Judge of whom Lord Mansfield spoke, like a brother—(while Judge Jay was minister to St James's)—after having had a consultation with him. His correspondence with our cabinet was able, and sharp. It may be found in the *AMERICAN STATE-PAPERS*.

JEFFERSON—THOMAS. Late President of the United States: now upwards of 80; the ablest man, we believe in America: author of many celebrated *STATE-PAPERS*: of the *NOTES ON VIRGINIA*, a small duodecimo volume of no remarkable merit, written while he was young.

The famous *DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE*—the American *MAGNA CHARTA* very nearly as it now stands, was the production of Mr J. He was one of the committee appointed by congress, for drafting it. After a consultation, they separated—agreeing that each one should bring his own ideas complete, in regular form, on a certain day. They met—each with his own 'Declaration' ready to produce. Mr J. was called upon (as the youngest man, we believe) to read first. He submitted—his paper was immediately accepted by his associates they would not even read those which they had brought, after hearing *his* read—It was adopted by congress, with a few alterations; part

of which, like the improvements of Pope, in his own poetry—were of a very questionable character.

While Mr Jefferson was the Secretary of State, and subsequently, he produced a number of REPORTS, and PAPERS, which are distinguished by extraordinary temper, foresight, wisdom, and power. Among these, are his REPORT ON THE FISHERIES: a system, for the regulations of WEIGHTS and MEASURES: a paper, upon the ACCOUNTABILITY OF PUBLIC OFFICES: a correspondence with our cabinet, concerning the IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SAILORS, which, by the way, was the *real cause* of our late war with America. Mr Jefferson is a fine scholar: a liberal thinker: and a truly great man.

JOHNSON, JUDGE—an able man: has written lately the LIFE OF GENERAL GREENE, one of the revolutionary officers. Green was another Washington; the only man able to take his place, if he had fallen; or if he had been overthrown by the cabal, in Congress. General Charles Lee was a better captain—the best, we believe, in the armies of the revolution: but he was too adventurous—too bold and peremptory—too dangerous for the place of commander-in-chief. One word of him, by the way—now that he is likely to have no sort of justice done him among the people, for whom he sacrificed himself. He was one of those, to whom the letters of Junius have been ascribed: he was a British general: an officer, in the Prussian service: a lieutenant-general, we believe. He made prodigious efforts in the cause of America—put his head in peril, as a traitor: was, we conscientiously believe, *sacrificed*—(we will not qualify the phrase at all)—to Washington:—treated shamefully:—In short, he died of a broken heart.—It was well for America—very well, that he did not become the commander-in-chief—the leader, even for a month, of her armies. He would have been a dictator—a despot—or nothing—if he had: But we see no reason—there was none—why he

should have been so cruelly sacrificed; or so bitterly slandered.—We mention this now, with more emphasis, because THE REPUBLIC is all in commotion about LA FAYETTE—pretending—shame on such impudence!—that all this uproar comes of their gratitude.—Gratitude!—we know them better. But, even while we speak, the fashion is over—we have no doubt of it—we put our opinion, therefore, upon record, with a date (Jan. 1, 1825)—we say, that already the fashion is over, in America; that, already, they have done pursuing the “Father of their country,” as they profanely call him, after Washington, with outcries and parade.—Gratitude!—we know them better.—*They* talk of gratitude, while the surviving men of the revolution are dying of want:—while General St Clair—who literally starved, in his old age, upon the precarious bounty of a “single state,” is hardly cold in his grave:—while the very man, with whom Burgoyne treated, before the surrender (Wilkinson,) is living upon the charity of Maryland:—while Baron de Kalb, Lord Stirling, (also a traitor in the cause of America)—Pulaski, (a Polish nobleman)—with a score of others, each one of whom *did* as much for the republican side, as LA FAYETTE—and risked much more.—We know the character of this people; we know that of the *Marquis*—But he was a boy, a mere boy, when he volunteered in the armies of America: and we say, positively, that all this uproar is not because of their *gratitude* in America, for what he did, in the day of revolution (for he did but little—and, of that little, they knew nothing)—but *chiefly*, because he, LA FAYETTE, is a *nobleman*, of whom they have heard much talk *lately*, and all at once. It is curiosity—not *gratitude*. Gratitude is consistent. Curiosity is not. Gratitude is the growth of knowledge, in a case like this: Curiosity is the growth of ignorance.—A few years ago, (we have not forgotten it,) James Munroe, the President of the United States, made a tour through New England, Before

he went among the Federal party, there was no language too offensive—no usage bad enough, one would have thought from their papers, for James Munroe. When he went away, “they pursued him as they did La Fayette.”—Every house—every heart had been open to him—every voice followed him with flattery.—Why was this?—Was it because they had been wrong?—No. Was it because they were ashamed of their behaviour; or had come to understand his plain, homely virtues?—No. It was only because he, James Munroe, was *President of the United States of America*. These republicans are curious: they secretly revere rank, *more than we do*: they had never before seen a **PRESIDENT**.

LOGAN—JAMES: a quaker: a chief justice in Pennsylvania: died about 1750:—author of several works in Latin, which have been republished in various parts of Europe; a great scholar for the age—familiar with many languages—a good mathematician: a translator of Cicero’s *De Senectute*, published with his notes, by Dr Franklin. His “*Experimenta Melatematica de Plantarum Generatione*,” was published in Latin, about 1740—in Leyden, translated afterwards, and republished, by Dr Fothergill, at London. Several of his papers may be found in the Transactions of the Royal Society. We look upon him as altogether an extraordinary man.

MADISON—JAMES. Late President of the United States—predecessor of James Munroe, the actual President; (See Hamilton, Vol. 3, N. S. p. 265):—A very able—very cautious—very artful man. The chief—perhaps the only evidence worth appealing to, of his abilities, may be found, as we have said before, in the **FEDERALIST**.—(See, as above.)—We should not forget, however, a convincing, bold, generous memorial of his, in favour of religious freedom, caused by an act of the Virginia Legislature, in abridgement, or properly speaking, destruction thereof, about 1785:—nor his political correspondence with

Mr Rose—our minister at Washington; with Mr Munroe, the actual President: with Mr Pinkney, the minister of America, at our court:—Papers wherein the abilities of Mr Madison, as a negotiator—if nothing else—are abundantly conspicuous.—He is a good, plain writer; talks to the point; reasons acutely—plausibly—and powerfully; but seldom or never like a downright honest man, who believes what he says.—He is too fond of outwitting others—too plausible—too cunning by half. Nobody likes to be convinced by him—he is one of those, who “never take their tea, without a stratagem”—who hate fair play—who do whatever they do at all, by finesse—who had rather win by trick, than by honour.—But for James Madison, our last war with America—may it be the last!—would not have been for years—perhaps for ages—might not have been at all. Good has come of it, undoubtedly—good, even to the United States; but no such good as he looked for—no such good as any reasonable man had a right, either to calculate upon or hope for. It was little short of madness—desperation—fool-hardiness—for his country to give ours battle, *when* she did—in the *way* that she did—unprepared—unadvised—as we know her to have been. We say no more than is true—no more than he deserves. It is to James Madison that we owe the last unholy—unnatural war with America. He was—(he is) an ambitious, artful, bad man—without courage enough to profit as he might, of his own deep, dangerous cunning—after *that* power was within his reach—for which, he had played a game, whereby twenty thousand people were absolutely sacrificed.—He shewed his cloven foot, years and years ago.—He saw plainly that *power* could only come to the Chief Magistrate of his country, in a time of war. That very paper, which declares this truth, in the **FEDERALIST**, was written by James Madison.—Therefore, had we the war, when he came to be the Chief Magistrate of

his country. We have called him a bad man—he deserves it. He was *bad* as a politician—*bad*, as one having power only to abuse it—*bad*, for lack of that long-sighted wisdom, which causes men to overlook a temporary advantage—the temptation of to-day—while contemplating the future—the magnificent—wide—unbounded future of the statesman, of the philanthropist:—*bad*, because, hoping to obtain that from us, in the day of our calamity, while we were gasping under the pressure of confederated Europe—that—a paltry advantage at best—which he could not hope to obtain by open, fair, manly negotiation—that, which he would not have presumed, we believe, to *beg*, while our hearts were upon our blood high—and our arms loose:—*bad*, because, at such a time, with such a hope—he made war upon us—took side with our natural enemy—the natural enemy of man—the destroyer—Napoleon Bonaparte—with him, who never spoke of America, but for the purpose of insulting her—with him, who lost no occasion of deriding, affronting—outraging—her principles and her policy—helping him to beleaguer us round about—us, the last hope of the world—us, the natural friends of America—us, the children of her great fathers—when all the nations of Europe, in her vassalage, were upon us.

Therefore do we call James Madison a bad man. It is not in private life, that his natural temper is to be seen—As a *man*, he may be well enough, in his way; but as a statesman, he was wicked, artful, and mischievous.

MAGAZINES.—Till within a year or two, the periodicals of the United States have been partly, or chiefly, or altogether, compilations from the periodicals of Great Britain. A new temper begins to show itself. MAGAZINES—full of original matter; with JOURNALS of SCIENCE, which are creditable even to the age, are beginning to appear. See DENNIE, Vol. 3, N. S. p. 122.—HALL, JOHN E. p. 264.

MARSHALL—JOHN, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME JUDICIARY, in the United States: Author of WASHINGTON'S LIFE—*so called*, a great, heavy book, that should have been called by some *other* name. As a lawyer—as a judge, whose decisions, year after year, in the Supreme Court of the United States, would have done credit, honour to Westminster Hall, in the proud season of English law—we must—we *do* revere Chief Justice Marshall. But, we cannot—will not—forgive *such* a man, for having made *such* a book, about *such* another man as George Washington. Full of power, full of truth, as the work undoubtedly is, one gets tired and sick of the very name of Washington before he gets half through these four prodigious, uncomfortable octavos, which are equal to about a dozen of our fashionable quartos: and all this without ever finding out by them, who Washington was, or what he has done. See HISTORY, Vol. 3, N. S. p. 267.

MAYER—CHARLES F. Counsellor at law, in the Supreme Court of the United States, and Courts of Maryland: author of a capital Summary, in Judge Griffith's LAW REGISTER, under the title of MARYLAND. See GRIFFITH, Vol. 3, N. S. p. 264: a young man, altogether, of great promise, who, from his great honesty of heart, sincerity of temper, and clearness of head, is now rapidly advancing to the foremost place in his profession. A word of advice to him, therefore—He is too fond of antithesis; given to crowding too much thought into a small space—wherefore, it is no easy matter for common people to understand what he is driving at, either as a writer, or as a speaker.—This habit is bad for a lawyer—fatal for an advocate. If you would be understood, or cared for, by ninety-nine persons out of one hundred, you must *repeat*, without appearing to repeat. Never give the same illustration to more than two or three persons. That which is argument for one—is not argument for another. You should not only *repeat*—

but you should *vary*—not only your arguments ; but your illustrations.

His language is pure ; style bad—singular—quaint—affected—capable, nevertheless, of becoming a nervous, original and superior style. Be more natural, we should say. Dilute more. Strong water for strong men—strong meat only for those, who are not in their baby-hood. Leaf gold is better for the mob—will go farther among all who have no time to weigh, or examine—believe us—than your unwieldy, ponderous, pure metal. You are too honest. You give too good measure—too much weight—not only more than we bargain for ; but more than we desire—much more than our money's worth—of thought. If you lay down a proposition, whatever it be, don't be blockhead enough to put all your exceptions—all your qualifications, cheek by jowl, into the same period. If you do, every period will be worse than a book—a volume of parentheses—which nobody *will* understand, if he can help it. People don't much like to forget the beginning of a period, before they have come to the end—or, to get a page by heart, merely to be *certain* of your meaning. If you would rouse, you should alarm, or provoke the attention.—Allow us to say—we have some little experience, we flatter ourselves—that, among all the ways which have been hit on, for provoking or alarming a reader, there is none equal to this. Lay down your propositions, *absolutely*, in the fewest possible words. Let your qualifications—explanations—exceptions—&c. &c.—follow at your own leisure—in your own way—after the interval of a period—a paragraph—a page—a volume—or, like those of Cobbett, or Jeffrey—when it shall please God. If you do this, you are certain of provoking somebody ;—pretty sure of *alarming* a multitude ; and, with any tolerable, decent luck, may get abused for a week or two, or even quoted—we do not say *remembered* ; for *that* fashion is over—Ask Mr Jeffrey, and Mr Cobbett, al-

so—(we beg pardon of both, for associating them.)

The great advantage of this plan, is—that happen what may, you cannot be overcome by argument.—If you are cannonaded, forever—shattered fore and aft—without a plank or a spar in the right place—you have only to come out, with a *QUARTERLY* explanation—or exception—or qualification—or apology—or a—something else.

For example. We lay down this proposition. *All men are thieves.* People open their eyes, of course—perhaps their mouths—at us, when they hear us. By and by—if we happen to think of it—we may add a sort of *nota bene*—or explanation, as thus. All men are thieves—“*if* we agree upon *this* definition”—(adding a definition, of course, that shall bear us out.)—What if people *do* misunderstand us ?—What if they never see the explanation ?—What, if they die, of the poison, before the antidote arrives ?—That's no business of ours, you know.—The fault is their own—they should not have taken what we said, without many grains of allowance. It has always been our fate, somehow, to be cruelly “misunderstood.”

How much better this plan, for the ambitious, than to lay down the same bold proposition, as you very, *very* scrupulous men do—thus—*we*—(that is, *ourselves*)—*believe*—(that is, have a sort of a notion)—*that all men*—(that is, a large part)—*are*—(and we have no doubt have been, will be, should be, etc.—here decline the verb)—*thievishly inclined*.—We leave this to the consideration of all young writers.

MAXWELL—a Yankee—a lawyer—of Norfolk, Virginia : author of sundry poems, published about six years ago, the whole character of which was given (by Neal) in the *PORTICO*—by a short imitation, a copy of which fell in our way, not long ago.

“There's a sweet little flower, by yon hill ;

By yon hill there's a sweet little flower.

*And it blossoms, at night, o'er the rill ;
So it does—and it dies in the hour.*

* * * * *

And its leaves are all blue—so they are ;

A rich-looking, beautiful blue :

And it blows all in solitude, there—

All alone—by itself—bathed in dew :

* * * * *

And that flow'ret will fade—so it will—

As the blue of my Rêb-ecca's eye ;

And perish adown by that hill ;

And there it will perish—and—die.

* * * * *

MORAL.

*Yet fair—that flower, with eyes of blue—
It died one day—and so will you."*

ETON MONTEM.

THE unfortunate death of young Cooper, and some other incidents, have excited a strong interest relative to our Public Schools, and we are, in consequence, induced to give some account of the nature, origin, and customs of these institutions.

The first in dignity, and almost in antiquity, of our school foundations, is ETON COLLEGE, situated on the banks of the Thames opposite Windsor, from which it is only separated by the river. This college was founded by Henry VI., in 1440, for the support of a provost, ten fellows, and the education of seventy youths in classical learning. It consists of two quadrangles ; one appropriated to the school, and the lodging of the masters and scholars ; in the midst of which is a copper statue of the founder, on a marble pedestal, erected at the expense of Dr Godolphin. In the other quadrangle are the apartments of the provost and fellows. In consequence of the spoliation of Edward IV., the number of fellows was reduced from ten to seven ; at which amount they still remain, though, from the very great increase in the revenues of the foundation, they might very well be raised, agreeable to the intention of the founder, to the old statutable number.

The seventy "King's Scholars," as those are called who are on the foundation, when properly qualified, are elected, on the first Tuesday in August, to King's college, in Cambridge, but are not removed till there are vacancies in that college, and then they are called according to seniority ; and after they have been three years at Cambridge, they claim

a fellowship. Besides those on the foundation, there are seldom less than three or four hundred noblemen and gentlemen's sons, called *oppidans*, who board at the masters' houses, or within the bounds of the college. The school is divided into upper and lower, and each of these into three classes. To each school there is a master and four assistants. The revenues of the school it is not easy to ascertain ; but, according to the "Report of the Parliamentary Committee on Education," they amount to considerably more than 10,000*l.* a year, arising from various manors, estates, rectories, and tenements belonging to the foundation.

The royal college of Eton, from the lapse of time, has departed widely from the objects for which it was piously established. Like most of our ancient foundations, it was intended solely for charitable uses. The statutes of Henry VI. expressly appropriate Eton college to the clothing, lodging, and education of "*seventy poor and indigent scholars*," who are enjoined by the royal founder to swear they had not *3*l.* 6*s.* a year to spend*. At present the scholars find their own clothing ; their meals are reduced to a dinner and supper ; for their education they pay a gratuity of six guineas to the master, and their other yearly expenses amount to about 60*l.* These premiums, together with the revenues of the foundation, doubtless leave very princely incomes for the provost and the fellows ; but, of course, these Reverend Gentlemen have *hardly* earned their very profitable appointments, by their public services—their

superior learning, their eminence in literature and science, and the great benefits they have thereby been enabled to render the community.

There are a great many ancient customs connected with the college, the most celebrated of which is the *ETON MONTEM*. This ceremony is triennial, and takes place on Tuesday in Whitsun-week, when the scholars go in military procession, with drums and trumpets, to Salt-hill; a small eminence on the southern side of the Bath road. The motto on the colours is *Pro More et Monte*. The scholars of the superior classes dress in the uniform of captain, lieutenant, or other regimental officer. Every scholar, who is no officer, marches with a long pole, two and two. Before the procession begins, two of the scholars, called salt-bearers, dressed in white, with a handkerchief of salt in one hand, and attended each with some sturdy young fellow, hired for the occasion, go round the college, and through the town, and from thence up into the high road, offering salt to all; but, as Huggett says, "scarcely leaving it to their choice whether they will give or not; for money they will have, if possible, and that even from servants." The procession begins with marching three times round the school-yard; from thence to Salt-hill, where one of the scholars, dressed in black, with a band, as chaplain, reads certain prayers: after which a dinner is provided by the captain, for the superior officers, at the inn; the rest getting a dinner for themselves at other houses of entertainment. The dinner being over, they march back in the order they came into the school-yard, round which they march three times, when the ceremony is concluded.

In the "Tunbridge Miscellany" of 1712, this singular procession is thus alluded to:

When boys at Eton, once a year,
In military pomp appear;
He who just trembled at the rod
Preads it a Hero, talks a god,
And in an instant can create

A dozen officers of state;
His little legion all assail,
Arrest without release or bail;
Each passing traveller must halt,
Must pay the tax, and eat the salt
"You don't love salt, you say; and storm—
Look on these staves, sir—and conform."

The "Public Advertiser" of 1778, gives an account of the Montem, which was then biennial. This is the oldest printed account Mr Brande had seen, and which we shall transcribe:

"On Tuesday, being Whit Tuesday, the gentlemen of Eton school went as usual in military procession to Salt-Hill. This custom of walking to the hill returns every second year, and generally collects together a great deal of company of all ranks. The king and queen, in their phaeton, met the procession on Arbor-hill, in Slough-road. When they halted, the flag was flourished by the ensign. The boys went, according to custom, round the hill, &c. The parson and clerk were then called, and these temporary ecclesiastics went through the usual Latin service, which was not interrupted, though delayed some time by the laughter that was excited by the antiquated appearance of the clerk, who had dressed himself according to the ton of 1745, and acted his part with as minute consistency as he had dressed the character. The procession began at half-past twelve from Eton. The collection was an extraordinary good one, as their majesties gave each of them fifty guineas."

Formerly the dresses used in the procession were obtained from the theatres. The custom of offering salt has never been clearly explained: it is supposed to be an emblem of learning; and the scholars, in presenting it to passengers, and asking money, engage to become proficient therein. The money collected, which usually amounts to about 500*l.* is given to the senior scholar, denominated the captain of the school, for his support at the university of Cambridge.

It was anciently a custom for the butcher of the college to give on

the election Saturday a ram, to be hunted for by the scholars; the long runs injuring the health of the students, the ram was hamstrung, and knocked on the head with large clubs in the stable-yard. But this carrying a show of barbarity, the custom was left off, and the ram served up in pasties. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for August, 1731, is the following notice of this usage:—"Monday, August 2, was the election at Eton-college, when the scholars, according to custom, hunted a ram, by which the provost and fellows hold a manor."

In concluding this account of Eton college, we shall only notice the ob-

jection that has been made to some of the usages and customs of our Public Schools. It is thought that some of them do not tend so much to promote health, and invigorate the frame, as to give a tyrannical, and even clownish, roughness to the character. If this be the tendency of any of them, the sooner they are abolished the better; for, however congenial such attributes may have been to the manners of the age in which they originated, they would, in the present state of society, be deemed any thing rather than testimonials of superior courage and scholastic accomplishment.

ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE.

IT is a debatable point, whether society is most benefited by writers who make us laugh, or those who make us think. The toil of thinking is ultimately intended to be remunerated by laughter; or, if that be rather too broad for "ears polite," to produce a demure, exhilarated feeling, which is internally the same, though not expounded in "broad grins." The agreeable compound before us is intended to operate in the latter way, and is well made up for its object. It is a witty, pleasant, good-humoured little volume. The odes are fifteen in number, and are inscribed to divers well-known personages; to Graham, the aeronaut, McAdam, the road reformer, &c. &c. We give the following extracts from that to Mr Graham as a favourable specimen:

DEAR Graham, whilst the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
Their meaner flights pursue,
Let us cast off the foolish ties
That bind us to the earth, and rise
And take a bird's-eye view!—

A few more whiffs of my segar
And then in Fancy's airy car,
Have with thee for the skies:—
How oft this fragrant smoke upcur'd
Hath borne me from this little world,
And all that in it lies!—

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Away!—away!—the bubble fills—
Farewell to earth and all its hills!—
We seem to cut the wind!—
So high we mount, so swift we go,
The chimney tops are far below,
The eagle's left behind!—

Ab, me! my brain begins to swim!—
The world is growing rather dim;
The steeples and the trees—
My wife is getting very small!
I cannot see my babe at all!—
The Dollond, if you please!—

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,
L—d! what a Lilliput it is,
That little world of Mogg's!—
Are those the London Docks?—that
channel,
The mighty Thames?—a proper kennel
For that small Isle of Dogs!—

What is that seeming tea-urn there?
That fairy dome, St Paul's!—I swear,
Wren must have been a Wren!—
And that small stripe?—it cannot be
The City Road!—Good luck! to see
The little ways of men!

Little indeed!—my eye-balls ache
To find a turnpike.—I must take
Their tolls upon my trust!—
And where is mortal labor gone?
Look, Graham, for a little stone
Mac Adamized to dust.

Look at the horses!—less than flies!—
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs
To wish to be a Mayor!

What is the honor?—none at all,
One's honor must be very small
For such a civic chair!—

And there's Guildhall!—'tis far aloof—
Methinks, I fancy through the roof
Its little guardian Gogs,
Like penny dolls—a tiny show!—
Well,—I must say they're ruled below—
By very little logs!—

Oh! Graham, how the upper air
Alters the standards of compare;
One of our silken flags
Would cover London all about—
Nay then—let's even empty out
Another brace of bags!

* * * * *

Think! what a mob of little men
Are crawling just within our ken,
Like mites upon a cheese!—
Pshaw!—how the foolish sight rebukes
Ambitious thoughts!—can there be *Dukes*
Of *Gloster* such as these!

Oh! what is glory?—what is fame?
Hark to the little mob's acclaim,
'Tis nothing but a hum!—
A few near gnats would trump as loud
As all the shouting of a crowd
That has so far to come!

* * * * *

"The world recedes!—it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
With buzzing noises ring!"
A fig for Southey's Laureat lore!
What's Rogers here?—who cares for
Moore

That hears the Angels sing!—

* * * * *

Think now of Irving!—shall he preach
The princes down,—shall he impeach
The potent and the rich,
Merely on ethic stilts,—and I
Not moralize at two miles high
The true didactic pitch!

Come:—what d'ye think of Jeffrey, sir,
Is Gifford such a Gulliver
In Lilliput's Review,
That like Colossus he should stride
Certain small brazen inches wide,
For poets to pass through!

Look down! the world is but a spot.
Now say—Is Blackwood's low or not,
For all the Scottish tone?

* * * * *

On clouds the Byron did not sit.
Yet dared on Shakspeare's head to spit,
And say the world was wrong!

And shall not we? Let's think aloud!
Thus being couch'd upon a cloud,
Graham, we'll have our eyes!

We felt the great when we were less,
But we'll retort on littleness
Now we are in the skies

O Graham, Graham, how I blame
The bastard blush,—the petty shame,
That used to fret me quite,—
The little sores I cover'd then,
No sores on earth, nor sorrows when
The world is out of sight!

My name is Tims.—I am the man
That North's unseen diminish'd clan,
So scurvily abused!
I am the very P. A. Z.
The London Lion's small pin's head,
So often hath refused!

Campbell—(you cannot see him here)—
Hath scorn'd my *lays*:—do his appear
Such great eggs from the sky
And Longman and his lengthy Co.
Long, only, in a little Row,
Have thrust my poems by!

What else?—I'm poor and much beset
With damn'd small duns—that is—in debt
Some grains of golden dust!
But only worth, above, is worth.—
What's all the credit of the earth?
An inch of cloth on trust.

What's Rothschild here, that wealthy
man!
Nay, worlds of wealth?—Oh if you can
Spy out,—the *Golden Ball*!
Sure, as we rose, all money sank:
What's gold or silver now?—the Bank
Is gone—the 'Change and all!

* * * * *

Oh, Graham, mark those gorgeous crowds!
Like birds of Paradise the clouds
Are winging on the wind!
But what is grander than their range?
More lovely than their sun-set change?
Their free creative mind!

* * * * *

Ah, me! I've touched a string that opens
The airy valve!—the gas elopes—
Down goes our bright Balloon!
Farewell, the skies! the clouds! I smell
The lower world! Graham, farewell,
Man of the silken moon!

The earth is close! the City nears—
Like a burnt paper it appears,
Studded with tiny sparks!
Methinks I hear the distant rout
Of coaches rumbling all about—
We're close above the Parks!

I hear the watchmen on their beats,
Hawking the hour about the streets,
L—d what a cruel jar
It is upon the earth to light!
Well—there's the finish of our flight!
I've smoked my last segar!

"A SHORT LIFE AND A MERRY ONE."

THIS is pernicious counsel, "brings many a one to a bad end," and even counteracts the good effects of such wholesome precepts as are contained in the renowned history of Tommy and Harry. Indeed, certain sticklers, are of opinion that this and some other half dozen crack sayings are of a Satanic origin, and that they have been sent abroad by our great enemy to lure us into his snares. We leave them to their prejudices.

Those who are fond of tracing cause and effect, may consider a school as the microcosm of life. Boys at the flexible age of twelve or fourteen are usually the slaves of example; they are intoxicated with life's choicest spirits, and the word luxury is to them a talisman and charm, which conjures up all the golden dreams of the imagination. This is, however, only the germ of a principle; for genius and poverty are so often associated that the latter almost appears to be a consequence of the former. It is certain that excellence in any branch of learning or skill creates a degree of listlessness or indifference to the petty affairs of life. Hence result the difficulties with which we too often see talent surrounded: hence the calamities of authors, and the poverty of poets and philosophers. The wit who at one moment electrifies a score of *bon-vivants* by the brilliancy of his imagination, is perhaps doomed to be electrified in turn by the importunity of a dun, and to have his "flow of soul" chilled by the gloom of a spunging-house or a prison.

These are technically called the ups and downs of life, and they alternate in all ranks. I hate all improvidence, as every just man ought; because we know that when our own resources are exhausted, we must rely on those of our friends; and he who quarters himself on the generosity of a friend, (except in misfortune,) is guilty of the basest ingratitude and

of a breach of confidence, which can never be repaired. The sin of extravagance is therefore of twofold enormity, since, by indulging it, we not only become our own enemy, but that of our connections, and of mankind.

Genius always had its golden days and nights, when it loved to quaff and luxuriate in the good things of this life. Shakspeare doubtless drew from his own halcyon days, the festive scenes with which his dramas are illustrated, colouring them with all the richness and exuberance of hospitality and good cheer. Witness only the scene at the Boar's-Head tavern, in Eastcheap, with the mellow humour of old Jack Falstaff and his companions, and the raciness of Prince Hal. This is the very soul of good fellowship—it is drinking to the very full—our souls rise at the bare recollection, and we exclaim with *Æsop*, "*O suavis anime!*"

Extravagance and excess are frequently the *alloy* of many good qualities. The world, however, generally confounds the errors of the head with those of the heart. When Sheridan wrote his "School for Scandal," he intended to contrast the treachery and black-hearted hypocrisy of Joseph Surface with the volatility and frankness of Charles; and he wished to show that, however deep the errors and misgivings of a giddy head may plunge a man, if his heart be untainted and sincere, he possesses a redeeming grace. This he has done effectually in perhaps one of the finest moral lessons that ever graced the English stage.

There is no vice of such rapid growth as habitual extravagance, which consists in satisfying created wants. Imprudent liberality to friends and associates is generally repaid with ingratitude, for what is commonly thought a very just reason—that those favours should not be so highly valued which are bestowed

from whim rather than from just feelings of friendship. This is far from being an excuse for ingatitude, for which, indeed, no extenuation has ever yet been found.

Holcroft accounts for the imprudence of dramatic writers and actors by their being placed in so many situations that they actually forget their own. One hour they personate royalty in all its mimic grandeur, and the next they sleep in a barn! Authors, in like manner, are so absorbed in the spirit of intellect, or the world of books, that they fall into similar errors and embarrassments. In short, genius soars beyond such bounds, and cannot sympathise with the ordinary concerns of every-day life: it has its own sphere, where it shines through the gloom that would fain obscure its splendour.

Undoubtedly there is a vast difference between those who adopt the course of "a short life and a merry one," from error, and those who follow it from principle, or as the world would say, from want of principle.

The fool and the knave should not be treated alike; the one should be pitied—the other punished. There are certain hours in a man's life, when he is thrown off his guard, and he gets into a course from which it is difficult to reclaim him: and in the common chances of existence, the motive should be duly weighed before the stigma is cast; for unjust

reproach is like the blood of a murdered man, which always leaves a stain.

That the scheme of "a short life and a merry one" is perilous, our public records, independent of our private experience, will attest. The rage for appearing what we are not, and disguising what we are, is of all vices the most dangerous, and this, for more reasons than we may probably be aware of. If we only deceived the world, our purpose would be served, but by constantly practising this species of imposture, we at length deceive ourselves, and thereby fall into our own snare. A man of education, though he be never so poor in the world, will like a good coat, wear well to the last, and when his dress is threadbare, the gentlemanly refinement of his manners will shine forth and distinguish him in the downhill of life.

Good breeding is the best passport in society, and is like a rose worn in our bosom, which delights by its elegance and perfume. It will put mankind in good humour with us, and thereby ensure respect and liberal treatment. We may then hope for a long life and a merry one; and we may enjoy the society of our friends, and laugh at the tricks of our enemies. Cheerfulness will enliven us in proportion to our virtues, and by this means we shall arrive at the grand secret of being *HAPPY*.

PRESERVATION OF SHIPS FROM FIRE.

OF all the dangers, sufferings and accidents which attend the seaman's life, there is none that can be compared with the conflagration of his vessel. Cut off from all assistance, except from his own resources—without any means of escape, but in the boats of his ship, in which he may be afterwards doomed to perish by hunger or fatigue,—there can hardly be imagined any situation more deplorable, or one which can excite more compassion for the unhappy sufferer.

Under these impressions, occasioned by the recent destruction of the Kent East Indiaman, and the dreadful loss of lives on that melancholy occasion, I am induced to submit to the consideration of the East-India company, and others concerned in shipping, a plan by which the preservation of ships, in case of accidentally taking fire, may be greatly facilitated.

It is well known to every person acquainted with shipping, that the majority of those accidents origi-

nate in the *lazarettò*, or store-room in which the steward's stores are kept; and as this apartment, in the East Indiamen, is in the immediate passage to the light-room, under which the magazine, containing the gunpowder, is situated,—the energies of the ship's company are materially reduced, when the fire has attained any height, by the fear of the powder exploding. My recommendation is, that the magazine should be lined with lead, and made water tight: to be filled with water, when necessary, either by a pipe leading from the fore-castle, near the head pump; or by a cock, to turn into the magazine which is under water.

The advantages that would result from the gunpowder being secured from immediate explosion, would be, the increased exertions of the crew: who, having no dread of approaching the place where the fire was raging, would continue their endeavours to extinguish it, as long as any rational hope remained of success. For want of this security, I believe, many valuable ships, and numerous lives, have been sacrificed; the people having become paralyzed, and having given

themselves up to despair. Ships in company, also, would have no fear of rendering assistance, when they knew that the powder was, or would be, inundated.

The only objection, that I can anticipate, is that of the magazine being filled, and the gunpowder rendered useless, through timidity or carelessness. But I consider neither of these circumstances likely to happen; for the communication by the pipe from the fore-castle, if that plan of filling the magazine be preferred, ought to be well secured, and the key always to remain in the possession of the commanding officer, as well as that of the magazine itself:—consequently, the gunpowder could not be wetted without his orders and permission, and he would only resort to such a measure at the last extremity.

On the alternative of being burnt, or captured by the enemy for want of means of defence, supposing the ship to have been preserved, there cannot be two opinions.

I therefore flatter myself, that the suggestion possesses some recommendation to the attention of the East-India Company and the public.

WALLACE'S DREAM.

THE last beam of day from the west had departed,
And night's darkest canopy hung o'er the plain;
While through the deep gloom the wild meteor darted,
And shed its red glare o'er the field of the slain.
The camp-fires at intervals faintly were gleaming;
The storm's gloomy spirit moan'd loud from his cave;
The Carron's dark waters at distance were streaming,
And sigh'd as they mix'd with the blood of the brave!

By a moss-cover'd rock lay his country's defender
Asleep with his manly form wrapt in his plaid,
He dream'd of a land that had none to befriend her,
If low in the dust her brave Wallace was laid!—
He dream'd of companions in peril and danger,
Now stretch'd on the wild heath and stiff 'ning in gore,
Who fought by his side in the land of the stranger,
And died to defend him by Carron's lone shore!

He dream'd that he saw deeply pictur'd before him,
His own cruel fate in the land of the slave,
Bui he dream'd that the banner of glory wav'd o'er him.
That the tears of his country would hallow his grave.—
He started,—awoke,—drew his faulchion—'Twas gory.—
He rais'd high to heav'n his arm and his eye,
And swore to pursue the path onward to glory;
For dear Caledonia, to conquer, or die.

A TOUR TO LEITH.

IS it not monstrous, that a being created originally upright, should be condemned to bend in prostration over the slope of a mahogany desk? Goaded by this reflection, and acted upon by the warm influence of an autumnal sky, I resolved to knock off the fetters of servitude, and to refresh that ethereal vapour called Mind, by roving over the scenes of nature, "till Fancy had her fill." So, selecting a companion combining the best two requisites for an excursion, good temper and good sense, I put myself on board the ———, bound to the port of Leith, from that of London.

It is common for young persons, young voyagers in particular, to trust, like Pompey at Pharsalia, too much to their hopes: they are sanguine of two things, above others pregnant with danger,—Love, and the Water. I was nothing behind my contemporaries in anticipations of pleasure from the *latter*, and had no doubt that we should sail with the adverse winds bagged, and the tide in our favour. Taking a farewell at Greenwich of our river-pilot, we ran before a fine westerly wind, down to the Nore. Partaking of a hasty meal, and not having had time enough to scrutinize our companions, we turned into our hammocks, and to the influence of "Death's twin-brother, Sleep." I had resolved that all my senses should have full exertion during my excursion, that what I suffered in pocket might be remunerated to my mind; and the mate of the vessel, who slept at the head of my hammock, seemed determined to second my views with respect to the sense of hearing,—for his nose, "that deep and dreadful organ-pipe," pealed forth a nocturnal hymn.

"Soon as the rosy morn had waked the day," I could not restrain myself from taking a peep at my companions. The night having been warm, the doors of the hammocks

were all open, and displayed a group that would have been invaluable to a comic painter,—all the variety of features, from Heidigger to Narcissus. Where so many were excellent, it would be invidious to particularize, as a doubtful critic has often said, "but one I would select from that proud throng." At a vertical angle to that which I was upon, lay supine, like Polypheme, and almost as huge, one who, to give additional fervours to his fully-illuminated countenance, had drawn over his brows a *red* night-cap. The slumbers of infancy are exquisitely beautiful (so Byron's verse has told us); but in after-age, in the male sex, a comic effect almost generally attends them. The unstrung tone of the features, where usually sit thought and anxiety,—the elevated nose,—the open mouth!

"Fate, drop the curtain, I can paint no more!"

I would not willingly add terrors to the married state. My risible propensities were kept in play, as the different inmates of the "lowly beds" commenced the duties of the toilette. One, bent on blood, with his razor in his hand, making ineffectual attempts at his snow-topped cheeks. On the other side, a thin, cadaverous-looking man, making an endeavour to inflate his lantern-jaws to the form of a circle, which was continually rendered abortive by the operation of the ship's motion upon his stomach. Another, like Tantalus, endeavouring in vain to lift the liquid to his mouth, while it eternally receded from his touch.

Having gained the deck, the fresh air on which is rendered doubly welcome from its opposition to the quality of that below, a most animating scene presented itself. The vessel, moving at the rate of seven or eight miles (nautical knots), through a fine, clear, crisp sea, with just undulating motion enough to make you sensible

that you were not on land; the various vessels, raising their ornamented heads in honour to the genius of man; the bracing tone of the air, gently modified by the coming forth of the Conquerer of the East in all his glory,—all united to elevate and gratify the mind. Perhaps one of the reasons why the sea impresses us with more wonder than the land, is, that any portion of it, being a direct sample of the whole, and differing only in *extent*, the mind more readily recognizes its vastness by the power of multiplication; whereas the land is so diversified, that no one part aids us in conceiving the whole.

We reached Yarmouth with little variation of the strength of the wind. Off Yarmouth, we were hailed by a boat, having on board a dashing youth; whose introduction I notice, for the contrast which it afforded to the style of communication between persons at sea and on land. How tame the index-finger, uplifted to the first coach on the stand at Bridge-street, to the wave of the hat, and stentorian breathing of “Smack a hoy! will you put me ashore at Scarborough?” Another moment, the boat was alongside,—the next, our hero on deck. Troops that fight in their entrenchments are generally beaten. We all instinctively fell back from a lovely Scots girl, who till now had monopolized the attention of all on board. In fact, a sea-horse, or a water-spout, or a whale, any thing rather than a dashing naval youth, would have been welcome: he fairly cleared the deck, as I was told (for I went below to a volume of Seneca), took our fair one’s arm in his, and “marked her for his own.” Never did mariners long distressed at sea, behold the signal for a boat hoisted with greater joy than did (at Scarborough) the ex-admirers of the Scots enchantress. Our rival descended from the deck, with the same grace, but not the same alacrity, with which he had gained it: the want of haste did not seem to injure his reputation with the lady. After his departure, there was that sort of void which oc-

asionally occurs after a witty sally of an individual in conversation:—the brow of the conqueror, wearing the wreath of victory, looks tempting, but each fears to get his head scolded in the attempt for the next. For myself, being, like Othello, “some-what in the vale of years,” the fire of gallantry is not easily revived after it has once been quenched; it was Beauty *versus* Seneca, and Philosophy, for *once*, carried the day.

A young and interesting Frenchman entered the lists with Miss R., and culinary affairs coming on the *tapis*, it was not a little amusing to hear the pertinacity with which he defended the merits of the frog, *pour une bonne bouche*.

After a passage of nearly the same rapidity as the mail, we arrived at ———’s hotel, and immediately encountered that diversity of character which renders travelling so favourable to the spirits:—an old general, with a bold and ardent front, who, with the fatuity of age was planning his pleasurable campaigns for many summers in advance; his companion, a geologist, with a sledge-hammer over his shoulder, looked like a Cyclop travelling with a duplicate eye; a third, a gentlemanly young man, a Prussian, who, the general informed us, had been taken, under the conscription, to the battle of Waterloo: “and,” added he, (with a knowledge of English character), “if one of our lads had been dragged from his home in that manner, he would never have laughed afterwards, but would have gone *sulking* to his grave.” After correcting the keenness of the Scots air by some whisky, we retired to rest.

The following morning, we were escorted, by a Scots friend, to the different points of interest in the capital: one of them I must notice,—the Museum; which, under the management of Professor Jameson, displays an elegance that would recompense you for the distance passed over to see it. No expense has been spared, in the room for containing, and the materials for displaying the

objects ; and every artifice that ingenuity can suggest has been adopted, to place them in the most favourable manner. The whole might receive the praise which has been bestowed on the style of a celebrated writer,—that you could not make the slightest alteration without impairing a beauty. The point at which you terminate your examination of some of the most beautiful productions of nature, is the end of a long gallery, the latter part of which is appropriated to chemical and anatomical preparations ; and, as the last demand upon your attention, you find some relics of one of that species whose genius has collected and classed the subject of your previous admiration,—a sightless scull. The effect is very striking. After following the magician through all the wonders of his art, you find him here, reft of his robe of power, and prostrate before the hand of Nature,—his genius, that mighty wand, reclaimed by the Spirit who bestowed it.

From Edinburgh we went, in that element-subduing machine, a steam-boat, to Stirling,—winding our easy way through scenes lovely as the joys of youth, the Castle, not hope, before us. The view from its turrets is one of the most pleasing that we saw in Scotland. On a perfectly clear day, it embraces the distance between Stirling and Edinburgh, enabling you to trace the beautiful serpentine course of the Forth between the two places. We witnessed this enchanting spot under circumstances peculiarly favourable to impression,—a fine, but not unclouded day, the sky having those light and flying clouds, which throw a pleasing variation of shade over the landscape. Considerably lower than the castle is Stirling church, the bell of which was mournfully announcing the departure of one of the inhabitants of the place. A little to the right is a plot of ground,

appropriated to the recreation of a considerable school. The little urchins were in the noon-tide of their joy ; their shouts of merriment, ascending between the dreary pauses of the tolling bell,—the whole scene was a fanciful epitome of life. The chrysalis just bursting the shell—the flowery meads over which it was to flutter, and the last gloomy receptacle, waiting for all that would remain.*

From Stirling we went in a gig to Callendar. Paying our toll at the first turnpike, we, in the true London style, demanded a ticket. “I believe,” said the man, with Scots dryness, “ye’ll find a *sarpence* the best ticket ye can take.”

After a night’s rest, we went to see the Bridge of Brachlin, celebrated for the waterfall which is contiguous. The latter is worth seeing, though not on a grand scale : it has much more the appearance of art than nature.

From Callendar we proceeded towards the Trosachs. On the top of a slight ascent, embracing a view of Loch Venicher on the left, and some fine mountainous scenery on the right, my friend was so pleased with its beauties, that he wished to transplant them. While he was employed in sketching, we were accosted by a rough, Orson-like being, who, throwing down a bundle of sticks, seemed willing to dispense with the formality of an introduction, and inclined at once to be on a familiar footing with us. A noble poet has said that he always wishes to learn a language from a female ; and this appeared to us in such “good taste,” that we felt no inclination to commence the Gaelic under our self-elected tutor. The difficulty was to convince him of this, as neither understood the language of the other. We were at last obliged, like able statesmen, to buy him off, when we found that we could not subdue him. We were afterwards

* The consideration of man’s mortality, amidst the fairest scenes of nature, suggested to Claude a soul-moving sentiment, in one of his landscapes. In the foreground, a group of shepherds and shepherdesses, dancing : in the distance, a tomb, with this simple inscription : “I, too, was once in Arcadia.”

told, that he was an idiot, who conceives that he has a right to demand toll from all persons entering the Highlands : his idiotcy, like Hamlet's madness, seems to have some method in it.

We reached Stewart's inn in safety, and proceeded immediately to Loch Katrine, the description of which has been so well executed in the Beauties of Scotland, as to leave me no hopes of rivalling it. I have only, like an unskilful speaker, who follows an eloquent harangue, to subscribe to what has been said.

After taking a farewell of my friend, whose time permitted a more extensive excursion than mine, I retraced my route to Edinburgh, and discovered by the loss of my companion, how great a portion of my previous pleasure had been derived from him.

At Edinburgh, I had the favour of an introduction to an accomplished musical family. Of all introductions, these are the most valuable to an indolent voluptuary. All other pleasures demand *exertion*. If you are introduced among wits, you must couch your lance, although you should be unhorsed at the first encounter ; —in a circle of beauties, you must “rain sacrificial whisperings in their ear,” and “be all eye, all intellect, all sense ;”—and dancing, that tarantula of madness,* demands exertion that would subdue Hercules. Music, and music alone, suspends you in her invisible web, and lulls you into forgetfulness of the ills of life. Wonderful power ! that mollifies the present and the past, and brightens the anticipations of the future. The lyre of Orpheus arrests the flowing tide of time, or causes its oiled waves to reflow towards their source.

I left Edinburgh in one of the smacks. In the fore-part of the ves-

sel was a large party of soldiers, with the corporal of whom I occasionally conversed. I could not avoid noticing, in talking with him, how generally nature seems to have implanted in man the desire to conceal the wretchedness which belongs to his peculiar station. He will allow the existence of misery, but does not like to have too large a share appropriated to him ; and thus, nature enables us to “turn his own arms against the torturer ;” and pride, the source of so many of our evils, empowers us to subdue others, by inducing us to conceal them. A gentleman holding an official situation at Edinburgh, had taken the principal part of the vessel for himself and family ; and he, by his gentlemanly department, corrected a tendency on the part of others, to be coarse and vulgar. The smack contained a party of artists, two mates, a surgeon, a lieutenant of foot, and others having no outward or visible sign of their occupation. The lieutenant, I thought at first, would have put the whole vessel under martial law : he seemed inclined to be a sturdy disputant ; and, aided by a dark-bronze countenance, and a clear eye, he appeared to create, among the lesser part of his auditory, some sensations of deference. But all power, to be permanent, must be supported by ability : a diadem may be *snatched* by imbecility, but genius only can *retain* it. He had but one stratagem, and that discovered he was lost ; it consisted in the repetition of the latter part of any assertion that was made, in a tone of interrogation : as, A. B. would assert that the French Revolution had been productive of more good than evil.—*The Lieut.* Of more good than evil ? This would have left the whole burden of explanation on his opponent ;

* We need not wonder that people should

“Compound for *sins* they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to ;”

when our frolicsome correspondent, in all the free indulgence of his giddy wit, can libel thus a delightful *amusement*, which is not to his taste. If, however, he be, as he says, “declining in the vale of years,” we not only excuse him for not joining in the dance, but congratulate him on his still *youthful* spirits, and thank him for making our pages the medium through which they are to sparkle.—Ed.

but he, "a cool, old sworder," dropped out the monosyllable, "Yes."—The artists seemed to consider him as one of nature's daubs; they used him as a pallet to mix their ideas upon. One of them appeared to possess considerable conversational ability; but, from an excess of young blood in his veins, he dealt his wit and sarcasm among the unlettered crew that surrounded him so freely, as to excite pain in a feeling mind; it was an eagle in a dove-cote. One of the persons on board, a thin, quiet, little fellow, seemed to look at him with feelings of considerable dread; and to catch the inspirations of his genius, as they fell from his lips, as the vulgar, in ancient time, did from the sybils. On shipwreck becoming the subject of conversation, the very mention of which seemed to chill our small friend, the artist observed, that "the system" would go on as well if we were all at the bottom of the sea. Now, a grand proposition, on the brain of the uninitiated, acts like a large wedge upon small timber,—it does not open, but split it. "The system" of the artist, and of his fearful auditor, were, I suspect, different. With the one, it was the system of world beyond world, and universe beyond universe,—that system, which dazzled the eagle-ken of its famed investigator, till,

"Blasted with excess of light,
He closed his eyes in endless night."*

"The system" of the other, was, probably, his grandmother's house in Pepper-alley. A ludicrous instance of the effect of fright occurred in the person I have been describing. At

night, hearing a noise on deck, he drew on the forked vesture of the lower extremities, and went, with palpitating heart, to inquire the cause,—came down again,—felt for the garment above-mentioned, in the place where he put it, on *first* retiring to rest: not finding it there, he called up the steward to assist in the search.

We anchored at the mouth of the Nore, about six o'clock in the afternoon, and came up the river on the following day.

I know of few feelings in which we differ more, at different times, than in our anticipations of home. In youth, our returns to it, after absence, are as sweet, perhaps sweeter, than our exits; we do not feel the force of the bonds of love that connect us with it, until we have stretched them; but in the meridian of life, a bachelor's account with home is fearfully against him:—forms and faces,

"However dear and cherish'd in their day,"

have vanished; and how shall he fill up the empty niches in his halls? The light of connubial love may enlighten the centre of life, as it certainly cheers its decline; but the joys of a bachelor are flashes, lighted, and exhausted.

When the first fervours of our being are over, life is but the fable of Sisyphus realized. Let me not repine, however. I can still cheer my lonely passage through existence, and animate my efforts in it, by the remembrance of one whose life was an undeviating career of usefulness and philanthropy.

SONG.

Love feasts, 'tis said, on smiles
And sweet *confessing* tears;
And when with fond confiding cloy'd,
On doubts and wayward fears.

Yet think not, when *these* fail,
That love doth thrive the less;
Still in the heart it grows and feeds
On bitter hopelessness.

* Galileo was the Bacon of astronomy; he led the way in all the important discoveries connected with the science he professed, and lost his sight from his devotion to it. Milton, Galileo, and Euler, are a triumvirate that might make us "love darkness, rather than light,"—fellow-sharers in fame and in misfortune:—"Immortal, though in ruins."

LINES.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"Vous qui priez, priez pour moi."

In the gloomy retreat of a hamlet obscure,
 A youth sadly suffering smil'd o'er his pain,
 For long he had learn'd to submit and endure,
 To see life consuming, yet not to complain ;
 The sun, on his thatch, cast a lingering ray,
 To the poor humble cottagers softly said he,
 I hear the bell tolling which calls you to pray,
 Forget not to pray, my good neighbors, for me.

But when, at grave twilight, the murmur'ing cascade,
 Its gentler waters shall give to the rills,
 And the willows shall cast o'er its features a shade,
 Ah, think that I then am releas'd from all ills ;
 Though sick, and though faint and dejected I lay,
 Ah, think that at last my pure spirit is free,
 And when the bell tolls to invite you to pray,
 Forget not to pray, my good neighbors, for me.

Like the blossom that blooms, and is nipp'd on the morrow,
 I'm doom'd to the grave ere the hour of my prime,
 Though us'd to affliction, to anguish, and sorrow,
 I'm young in transgression, a stranger to crime ;
 The term of my pilgrimage passes away,
 Not long this emaciated form you will see,
 Then when the bell tolls to invite you to pray,
 Forget not to pray, my good neighbors, for me.

The spouse of my bosom, the friend of my heart,
 I liv'd but for her, but the season was brief,
 In the morning of life we were destin'd to part,
 O ! pity, dear cottagers, pity her grief ;
 When cold, in my lone bed, reposes my clay,
 That friend of my bosom, with tremulous knee,
 Will weep as the bell tolls, that calls you to pray,
 And join, my good neighbors, in praying for me.

SONNET TO FANNY.

Thy bloom is soft, thine eye is bright,
 And rose-buds are thy lips, my Fanny ;
 Thy glossy hair is rich with light,
 Thy form unparagon'd by any ;
 But thine is not the brief array
 Of charms, which time is sure to borrow,
 Which accident may blight to day,
 Or sickness undermine to-morrow.

No—thine is that immortal grace
 Which ne'er shall pass from thy pos-
 session,
 That moral beauty of the face
 Which constitutes its sweet expression ;

This shall preserve thee what thou art,
 When age thy blooming tints has
 shaded,
 For while thy looks reflect thy heart,
 How can their charms be ever faded ?

Nor, Fanny, can a love like mine
 With time decay, in sickness falter ;
 'Tis like thy beauty—half divine,
 Born of the soul, and cannot alter :
 For when the body's mortal doom
 Our earthly pilgrimage shall sever,
 Our spirits shall their loves resume,
 United in the skies forever.

DESCENT INTO A LEAD MINE.

IT must be owned, there is a great difference between going up a mountain and descending into a cavern; one excites a sort of inspiration—a swelling of the heart, in contemplating the sublimity of nature; the other fills us with strange terrors and “horrible imaginings.” Old associations revive,—Tartarus, Styx, and the “bottomless pit” float before the imagination; the abyss of fire, which some philosophers say fills the centre of the globe, rises to view: add to which the darkness—the sulphureous heat—the noise of falling water—and the dim, demoniacal visages of the miners—and there is enough, I think, to appal the stoutest heart, and account for the unpleasant sensations usually felt on first attempting a subterraneous descent—and which, I confess, were experienced by me in lately exploring the lead mine of Allenheads.

This mine is situated about eight miles from the town of Allendale, and eighteen from Hexham in Northumberland. Arriving at the entrance, my companion and I (for I took care not to be solus in the adventure) began our preparations, with clothing ourselves in the miner's dress, consisting of coarse canvass, the jacket lined with flannel, a large slouch hat, and enormous wooden shoes, bound with iron. (I thought of Burke, who went down into a coal-pit in a collier's sack.) Thus accoutred, and provided with a candle, round which was a lump of clay, to prevent the heat of the hand from melting it, we seated ourselves in a small muddy waggon, drawn by one horse, with a lantern attached to his head, and were hurried along a railway, amidst the noise of the iron, the splashing of water, and the cries of the driver, urging the animal forward. At the distance of a mile we arrived at a whimsey or shaft, where the workmen were drawing up the lead ore and rubbish from the pit

below. A little further we began our descent by a number of ladders, to another level, fifty fathoms from the surface; in this level was placed a machine, like a winnow, to circulate air through the mine, and put in motion by a boy quite naked who appeared excessively hot. Near this place we again descended by other ladders, to the third level, at the end of which we descended by a large rope, worked by a windlass, to the fourth level: here we found our iron shoes of great service, as the pendulous motion of the rope made it necessary to present the point of the shoe to the side of the shaft, to prevent our swinging against it.

Sometimes walking, at others crawling, we came to the first group of miners who were just preparing a blast; which was performed by inserting a match, or fusee, in a hole, communicating with a small bed of gunpowder; at the top of the match is placed crosswise, a small piece of touchpaper, which being lighted, the miners retire to wait the explosion, which generally detaches about three feet square. The men are dressed in canvass trowsers, and a black cotton cap; and, when waiting an explosion, their appearance is extremely picturesque, each hastening to a spot of security with his candle, whose light, throwing some into partial shade, and others into a broader glare, contrasted with the gloom of the surrounding cavern, gives to the whole a most banditti aspect.

Near this spot I had an opportunity of seeing an immense natural cavern of carbonate of lime, fluor spar, intermixed with glance lead, which glittered and sparkled in the most beautiful manner, from the reflected lights of the candles. I was now two miles distant from the entrance of the mine, and 500 feet from the surface of the earth. I next went to see the principal pump for raising water from the mine; it is a large

wheel, of great weight, and gives motion to a horizontal beam, to which are attached the pistons. I had now seen all that was interesting; having,

by means of my companion, who was overseer of the mine, been a greater distance than any stranger had hitherto been permitted.

CUSTOM.

HE who said "custom is another nature," has comprised, in few words, almost all that can be said upon the subject.

Some there are, exceedingly wise and cunning in their own conceit, who would persuade us that we should accustom ourselves to nothing, for by that means we should escape much misery. Surely it is ridiculous to desire us to relinquish a thousand conveniences and comforts, merely that we may not have to fear their loss. Nothing is sweeter than custom. If the most fickle man on earth would scrutinize his heart severely, he would trace in it a certain necessity for constancy, that binds him, if not to persons, at least to things. It is to nature that we are indebted for this source of happiness. Sometimes we take all imaginary pains to lead her from our path (indeed, what gift of nature do we leave unsophisticated?) but we never entirely succeed; every man is and remains, more or less, tributary to custom; the mild, good man, in the greatest degree; the wicked and sensual, in the smallest; for he, fain to isolate himself, and tossed about upon the tumultuous ocean of his passions, seldom knows any other habitude than a propensity to evil. The love of good, on the other hand, preserves the life of the honest man within a uniform circle; a secret sentiment of gratitude binds him to the persons or things that are useful or agreeable to him; he loves his country, his home, and this is the benevolent effect of custom.

In general, we enjoy this satisfaction without taking account of it; for as it is not a very lively one, we scarcely suspect what an important part it plays in the drama of life; it is chiefly, therefore, when we lose it,

that we become sensible of its true value.

Custom, indeed, mingles itself with our sentiments, and imbues our feelings. Constancy, for example, is only the pleasing habit of loving the same object. So long as love remains a passion, it governs the senses rather than the heart; but when time has purified and tempered this passion; when the husband, long rendered happy in the possession of his wife, yet finds it impossible to live without her, because custom has cast her evergreen on the flowery chains of love; then the beloved may reckon upon unchanging constancy.

All living beings are moved by two contradictory sentiments—love and hate. That attracts, this repulses. Nevertheless, the strongest aversion is sometimes converted into a warm attachment; and custom is the magic that performs this wonder.

Man habituates himself to every thing—even to slavery, and learns to love its chains. Lord Mazarin, having been confined some time in *Fert l'Évesque* for debt, refused to quit his prison when his creditors had been satisfied. The only person on earth, probably, who bewailed the demolition of the Bastille, was an aged man, who had become habituated, by a long course of imprisonment within its walls, to the deprivation of liberty.

The nearer man approaches the end of his career, the stronger becomes his aversion to new objects. He seems eager to stop the progress of fleeting life, by clinging to all that has long surrounded him.

Custom steals itself even into the art of pleasing. Why is a constant endeavour almost always rewarded with success? Because the object

of it becomes accustomed to it. Will the lover impart a higher value to his attentions, let him never suffer them to be expected in vain at the customary hour. At first, they will be merely agreeable to his mistress; soon, however, they will become indispensable; less through their charms than the constant habit of receiving them. This it is, with which many who are not amiable or handsome, nourish their hopes of pleasing; they supply the want of attraction by assiduity and perseverance.

Custom is an instinct, independent of thought; we follow it mechanically, even when the activity of the senses is suspended; of this somnambulists afford a proof. In short, both body and mind are subject to the dominion of habit. Without it, we should know only moments, never years of enjoyment; through its means, years of sorrow are at length reduced to moments. Even the wretched and destitute are unwilling to die, merely because they are habituated to life, and accustomed to misery.

There are persons to be met with, whose fickleness in friendship, love, and taste, is singularly at variance with custom, whose chains they nevertheless bear. It is related of a certain married man, that he was accustomed to retire to bed precisely at ten o'clock. His wife's cicisbeo, an official man, was daily prevented by his avocations from paying his visit until the same hour; his arrival was always the signal for the husband to withdraw, his health being a thing of greater importance to him than his wife's honour. In a word, it was difficult to say which was the most punctual—the clock in striking, the

lover in paying his visit, or the husband in retiring. One day, however, it chanced that the lover came at an unusual hour, namely six o'clock. It was in winter—the candles brought in, and the clock stopped by some accident, all contributed to deceive the husband. "What!" said he, "is it so late? I am not at all sleepy—n'importe—the president is punctual—he is here, and so it is time to say good night."

But never is the force of this, our second nature, more striking than in the conflict between custom and sentiment. We are so seldom untrue to the former, that, when the latter really triumphs over it, it is the strongest proof of tenderness that can be given. Here we may quote the naïve reply of a newly married man. He had loved a lady for ten years. He visited her every afternoon, precisely at five o'clock, and regularly spent the evening in her society—none other had any attractions for him. Suddenly a circumstance occurred which enabled him to lead her to the altar. The nuptial fête was celebrated with the usual festivities. The merry guests arose from table. The bridegroom alone seemed out of spirits. "Why so gloomy?" demanded one of his friends. "What witch has laid her baleful spell upon you? Are you not arrived at the very pinnacle of felicity?"—"Oh, certainly! I love my wife inexpressibly—she will now live with me entirely. What a prospect of bliss! There is only one thing which troubles me, and, I confess, I did not think of it before."—"What is that?" "Where shall I spend my evenings in future?"

VARIETIES.

THE KRIMEA.

WE have heard much of the forbearance, kindness, and toleration of Russia towards her conquered provinces, and she often deserves

that praise; but, assuredly, for many years, the Tartars were treated with much severity, which led to great emigration. They have also suffered the most violent insults: their

mosques, their minarets, their palaces, their baths, their water-conduits, and even their tombs, have been thrown down, ruined, and rased. I heartily joined in the noble indignation, and generous feeling, every where shown by Clarke, when these scenes of destruction, and almost total annihilation, presented themselves.

There are no good inns at Karasubazar, and we got possession of some rooms in a private house; but nobody would undertake to make a dinner for us,—a circumstance which greatly excited our surprise. At length an individual, to whom we had sent, returned an answer, that, "*If we were not Russians, he would make us a good dinner,*" and the business was easily arranged. On demanding an explanation of this curious answer, it was replied, that the Russians often take possession of rooms, dine, drink coffee and tea, and call for wine, &c. at pleasure; and instead of paying a bill, give any trifling sum they please, and depart. There is no doubt of this truth, and such a practice prevails throughout the Russian dominions. Many of the richer nobles, and of the higher classes of officers, would spurn at such conduct; but most of the lower ranks of the aristocracy, and of the military, do not hesitate a moment about "trifles of this kind."

Lyall's Travels.

A WAGER WELL MADE.

A wager was made, a few days ago, by two tradesmen of Brighton—one of them a close-set *little one*, and the other a very tall *huge man*, in consequence of the latter boasting of his superior strength of body; by which the little one undertook to carry, a considerable distance, "two sacks of wheat, each to contain four bushels, 60lbs. weight." The *little one* accordingly procured one sack, and put four bushels of wheat into it, and then drawing the other sack over it, contended that both sacks contained four bushels, which he carried with ease. The stakeholder decided

that both sacks did contain the quantity agreed on, and the money was handed over.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

A Mr Lannan, a saddler in Dublin, was most seriously stage-struck, and volunteered to act Major O'Flaherty, in which he was execrable! after this was over, however, he exhibited himself at the Cockle Club, where the facetious Isaac Sparks presided, and Jack Long was vice-president; they made him extremely tipsy, and then gave him in charge to the watch, for having murdered Major O'Flaherty, and left the poor saddler all night in durance vile, who afterwards stuck to making saddles, and never more was found guilty of murdering majors, even on the stage.

TO ———

LADY! mine is a tale of hapless woe,
And bitterness, unmingled with one drop
Of this life's balm;—since heaven-descended hope,
Like dreams of boyhood fled, has ceased to glow,
On my chill'd bosom,—has the portion been
Of my doom'd cup. I may not hope to know
Those joys delirious, which alone can flow
From love reciprocal: for well I ween,
That, in my deepest sorrowing, thy heart,
Moulded to melt at woe, has never yet—
Because unmelting—grieved at my distress;
'Mid woe 'twere rapture, were my bitter smart,
Unwept by others, wept by thee; regret
Should die away. I still might think of bliss.

OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.

A person who religiously adhered to the old opinion, that the sun went round the earth, was opposed by a *bon vivant*, who observed that when his cook roasted a partridge, the bird turned round on the spit, and not the fire round the bird. His conclusions being still questioned, he observed, "but you'll not deny the old adage, *in vino veritas!*"—"No," said the other. "Why then," rejoined the *bon vivant*, "I have ocular demonstration on my side; for when I have

drank plenty of wine, I can see the earth turn round?"

LITERARY PROPERTY.

The manuscript of "Robinson Crusoe" ran through the whole trade, and no one would print it. The bookseller who at last bought it, cleared a thousand guineas by it. "Burn's Justice" was disposed of by its author for a mere trifle, as well as "Buchan's Domestic Medicine;" both of which yielded immense incomes. "The Vicar of Wakefield," the most delightful novel in our language, was sold for a few pounds; and Miss Burney's "Evelina," produced only five guineas. Dr Johnson fixed the price of his "Lives of the Poets" at two hundred guineas, by which the booksellers, in the course of a few years, cleared upwards of twenty-five thousand. Tanson and all his family rode in their carriage with the profits of the 5*l.* epic of Milton. The copyright of "Vyse's Spelling Book" sold for 2,000 guineas.

A RUNNING ACCOUNT.

"I am sorry," said a Chamberlain to a poor German Count, "to be obliged to quit your service, having been with you some years without receiving any wages."—"Well," said his Lord, "I know I am in your debt, but you should consider it is still running on."—"That I do consider," replied the Chamberlain; "but I am afraid it runs on so fast that I shall never be able to overtake it."

ANECDOTE.

Frederick the Great, while reviewing his guard, happened at a time to take out his snuff-box, and was tapping on the lid, when one of his grenadiers stepped out of the ranks and said, "Please your Majesty, give me a pinch of your snuff?" The King asked what he meant by such freedom, and he replied, "In my country, Sir, when any one taps on the box, it is a sign that every body round is welcome to a pinch, and I thought your Majesty meant as much." The King laughed at the

odd result of this odd custom, and presented the box, a gold one enriched with jewels, to the soldier, bidding him keep it for his sake.

SHERIDAN.

Just about the time that Mr Sheridan took his house in Saville-row, he happened to meet lord Guilford in the street, to whom he mentioned his change of residence, and also stated a change in his habits.—"Now, my dear lord," said Sheridan, "every thing is carried on in my house with the greatest regularity—every thing, in short, goes like clockwork."—"Ah," replied lord Guilford, "tick, tick, tick, I suppose."

HISTORICAL FACTS.

THE reign of Edward I. was marked with a singular occurrence, which serves to illustrate the general character of this monarch. In the year 1285, Edward took away the charter of London, and turned out the mayor, in consequence of his suffering himself to be bribed by the bakers, and invested one of his own appointing with the civic authority. The city, however, by making various presents to the king, and rendering him other signal services, found means to have their charter restored.

Sir Giles Allingham, A. D. 1631, was convicted for marrying his own niece, and fined 12,000*l.* to the king, and compelled to give a 20,000*l.* bond never to cohabit, or come in private with her again; and both of them to do penance at St Paul's cross, or St Mary's, in Cambridge, which they accordingly did.

Mr Puckerton, in his "Essay on Medals," relates, that in the cellar of a house in Norfolk-street in the Strand, is a fine antique bath, formerly belonging to Thomas, earl of Arundel, who first brought the Arundelian marbles into England, and whose house and extensive gardens were adjacent. It is a pity this valuable antique is not more known, and better taken care of.

The funeral of Hugh, bishop of Lincoln, (Henry II.) was attended by two kings, many earls, three archbishops, fourteen bishops, and one hundred abbots. Miracles innumerable were wrought at his tomb. His virtues were not confined to this country; for his statue being placed near the walls of Paris, it nearly ruined all the physicians there, by curing the sick persons who passed by it.—*Vide Herne Dom. Corth. p. 27.*

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AUTHORS AND EDITORS.

I DARE say that there are few amateurs or incipient professors of literature, who do not think that the Editor of a Magazine is the most comfortable workman in the craft.—He is not subject to the rejections and mortifications which sometimes fall to the lot of less potential persons, and has the power of patronising his friends and annoying his enemies just as much as he pleases. All this is very true, but, to my sorrow, I must dispute the inference. I was once, in a dark hour of my fate, induced to become the Lord of one of these great creations myself, and, though I was deposed immediately after the publication of my first number, I obtained quite enough experience to turn pale at the sight of a proof-sheet ever after. I set to work with the determination of being popular, and encountered the cares and fatigues of unriddling hieroglyphic manuscripts, and patching up broken sentences, with the constancy of a literary martyr. I hunted in holes and corners for genius in obscurity, that I might display it to the noon day, and I felt my heart warm at the gratitude with which I was about to be rewarded. I reviewed new publications, paintings, and performances of all descriptions with the tenderness of a parent to the first pledges of his fondness; I was on both sides in politics; and I never received a communication from the veriest ass which was not attended to as punctually as a love-letter. One would

have thought that with so many claims to universal good-will I could not fail of obtaining it. Alas! after fidgetting and fevering myself to a skeleton, I discovered that folks of my calling are something in the predicament of house dogs, which are not only cursed for every honest bark they make, but mistrusted and vilified even when they fawn for favour. Before I was in power I was considered a good sort of a person enough, and had as many friends as most people. I could walk the streets without thought of danger, and go about my business without fear of criticism. In one brief quarter of a year I have outfallen the fall of Phaeton. I have not only made no new friends, but have lost all my old ones. I cannot show my face without being hooted like an owl by day-light, and shall never again put pen to paper without seeing each miserable sentence drawn and quartered and hung up to public view as the remnants of the malefactor, who presumed to lord it over his betters. Expostulation is out of the question. A blockhead who has undergone the scratching out of a sentence is as impatient as though it had been his eye; a manuscript which has been returned is morally certain of becoming wadding for a pistol; and I look upon all the obligations which I have conferred as so many thunderbolts which are destined to crack my ex-editorial crown. In addition to all these grievous circumstances, the numerous assurances

which I have received of the fallibility of my judgment, have altogether destroyed the confidence which I used formerly to repose in it. I feel shy of hazarding an opinion upon the merest trifle, for fear it should be disputed. My taste, vision, and hearing, seem totally different from those of other people; and had I not materials to prove what I have here advanced, I doubt very much whether I should have ventured to say a word upon the subject. Fortunately, when I commenced my editorial functions, I bought a huge band-box to hold contributions. The favours of my friends soon crammed it to splitting, but when store-houses of this kind come to be threshed out and winnowed, it is astonishing what a cloud of chaff is produced for every particle of solid grain. My whole treasury was expended in my one campaign, and I set about filling my box (which has been the very box of Pandora in every thing save the article of Hope) with the first fruits of it. It is now, if possible, fuller than it was before, and if the reader likes the samples I am about to give him, I will feast him as long as he has an appetite. The first *morceau* I have laid my hand upon is from a gentleman to whom I wrote—"The Editor of the ——— Magazine presents his compliments to Mr ———, and begs to offer his best thanks for the perusal of his Essay on Pathos, which he regrets exceedingly his great supply of that article obliges him to return."

The reply to this polite billet is as follows:

"SIR,—I am extremely glad to have my Pathos again, as it was only sent for the support of a Magazine which has no chance of succeeding by its wit. At the same time, I must inform you that it was a matter of some condescension for a person so well known as myself (in private circles) to submit my works to the judgment of one who is only likely to be conspicuous from his incapacity to appreciate them. My friends, upon whose taste I can fully rely, are of opinion that my Essay on Pathos has

great power, for it was read before them a month ago, and they have been dull ever since. This, however, is not said that you may send for it back, and I think it right to inform you that I shall listen to no future solicitations to write for the ——— Magazine; and remain, Sir,

"Your's, &c. &c."

One would have thought that the indignation of this lover of dulness, with whom I had the misfortune to feel so little sympathy, would at any rate have been counterbalanced by the kind words of those whose effusions I had printed in preference. But no such thing. The same post brought the following from a young beginner, who had entreated that I would do him the favour of cutting down and altering his papers as I thought best; and I vow that, in my fatherly anxiety for his reputation, I spent more time upon them than I did upon my own.

"Dear Sir,—Pray be kind enough to inform me which are my articles in your last number, for they are so altered that I do not recognize them. I have no doubt that they are a great deal the better for it, and am excessively obliged to you, and extremely sorry that it will not be in my power to forward any more contributions. Please to beg your publisher to send me his account, as I am going to take in another Magazine—and believe me, dear sir, truly yours.

— — —."

The next little note was left at my publisher's with an article "to be continued," which would have filled a decent-sized folio volume.

"Sir,—I have left the accompanying paper for your perusal, and shall be obliged by an answer respecting its admissibility into your magazine by to-morrow morning. Yours, &c."

The next day I received another billet to inform me that my reply was of extreme consequence, and that, in fact, the author did not understand such unwarrantable delays. On the third day I returned the MS. with a polite note expressive of my sorrow at my total inability to get through

it in less than a month—which drew forth the subjoined.

"Sir,—You have done me a most serious injury. Had you returned my MS. in due time, I could have disposed of it to a publisher who has now had leisure to change his mind. I am determined upon having ample reparation, and, if I do not hear from you by return of post, shall most undoubtedly place the affair in the hands of my lawyer. I remain, &c."

This, I believe, cannot fail of being thought a little unreasonable, but, if so, what will be said of the next, which was written by a son of Apollo whom I had lauded out of pure friendship to his calling.

"Sir,—I have just seen in your Magazine a review of my poem, which you clearly do not understand, and of which you have materially injured the sale by misleading the public opinion. You call it sublime, when, in fact, it is pathetic. People are tired of the sublime, and the comparison with Milton is ruination to me. I will defy you or any one else to find a single passage which might be mistaken for Milton's. You call it harmonious, when it is meant to be abrupt and impassioned throughout. You call the conclusion to the story moral and edifying, when nothing can be more the reverse. In short, you have played the deuce with all its greatest beauties, and the consequence is that nobody will read it.

"My friend Mr —, the artist, is with me, and begs that you will not mention his picture again, having put him to great inconvenience in contradicting all that you have said. It is not like Claude, or Nature, or any thing else, but is entirely original. The colouring is upon a new principle, and is not transparent, but opaque throughout. The figures are *not* well drawn, but are touched off with a graceful negligence, and, instead of an evening scene, it is intended to be sun-rise. I remain, &c.

— —."

My next epistle is from a young spark who was one of five hundred recommendations which came pour-

ing in from my friends in all parts of the globe. The youth was described as the youngson of a country squire, a fine young man who was thought by his mother to possess great talents, which, of course, I should have abundant pleasure and advantage in bringing forward. He had never, it appeared, scribbled a line in his life, and was sent to me like a block, fresh from the timber-yard, to be hewn which way I pleased. What could I say in such a case? I asked him to dinner, and told him that I would apply to him when I had occasion. In a fortnight after, came the cursed twopenny postman with—

"Dear Sir,—I have been waiting impatiently to hear from you, according to promise, being anxious to set to work. I have been staying all this time at a hotel, doing nothing, and at a great expense upon the score of the Magazine, and my friends in the country are anxious to see some of my works. Pray let me know what I am to write, for it is all one to me, by return of post, and believe me, &c."

I wrote immediately, and regretted exceedingly that I had been the means of detaining him in London, assuring him at the same time that the press of matter would not possibly permit me to avail myself of his talents for some months at least. In about ten minutes, came the following answer.

"Sir,—This is what I won't stand. I have been staying in London at your particular desire, and now I'm to be told you don't want me. I shall send you my bill at the hotel as soon as it is made out, and if you don't pay it I'll see the reason why.

"Yours, &c."

The foregoing are a mere taste of my treasures. I have complaints, and revilings, and expostulations, and challenges, and all sorts of entertaining things, on every subject and in every style imaginable; but what I have already given is quite enough to maintain my opinion of editorial comfort. I will only add one communication from my publisher, by way of a climax.

"My dear Sir,—Here is the devil to pay! It is absolutely necessary that you should give up the editorship of the Magazine. I am aware that no one else can possibly conduct it so well, but the hue and cry which is raised against you by our correspondents, and the consequent falling off in our sale, are not to be withstood. Pray see the reason of this, and give me the pleasure of your

company at dinner on Sunday, to meet a party of your predecessors, who have each in turn been unfortunate enough to give similar dissatisfaction. Believe me, very truly,

"Yours, ———."

"P. S. You had better not come to me on a week-day, as there are several persons waiting for you in the shop, who had better not be suffered to catch you ———."

THE WIDOW FAIRLOP.

I HATE stout people. Nature, I am certain, intended the whole cumbersome breed to have gone extinct with that obsolete monster, the Mammoth. They were created, clearly, to inhabit the vast barren blanks of the antediluvian world: not to encumber with repletion, our modern cities and towns. One of them is too much for a metropolis. In London, A. D. 1825, they, (the Giants) are out of both season and place. They ought to herd together like the elephants and rhinoceroses, and hippotami, and inhabit the deserts idle of the earth; they should seek out fitting solitudes, like the whales, and not flounder in our populous shallows. They are irksome, if not dangerous, to our thronging millions. It is neither delicate nor fair, with their disproportion, to thrust themselves as they do upon our narrow highways and byeways; to dam up our small courts, and straight alleys. They ought not to engross, as they are accustomed, our neat houses and gardens, our tables and benches, our *spare* beds; above all, our public mail coaches, and flying stages. Our trim elastic vehicles, like "cany waggon light," are not adapted to such preposterous freightage—our safety-coaches are not safe under such burthens—only the old double-bodied machine, long since obsolete, was competent to the transfer of such enormities. Waggon carriage, the conveyance of the bulky in the days of Fielding and Smollet, hath lamenta-

bly declined in fashion: but then are there no navigable rivers? no canals? no barges? If not for the transporting of the Blacketts and the Lamberts of the earth, I wonder why water carriage was invented?

I have my eye, especially, in this lecture, on the Mistress Fairlop. Oh! worthy of the huge oak, her namesake was the circumference, of that largest of widows! I should be afraid to write down any guess at her girth, or an estimate of her tonnage. What must not her husband have been to bequeath such a *relict*! A Titan doubtless, for she was too monstrous for any meaner embrace. She was infinitely too large an object for mere human love; if it were not, besides, notoriously, a timid and humble affection. What a hand for any meek passion to sigh for! What a waist to have hoped even to encompass! "Give me but what this girdle bound," applied to *her* girdle, would have seemed neither refined as a compliment, nor modest as a request. What a face was here to dwell (unless to *reside*) upon! What a pelican-chin to have toyed with! What a bosom! What arms! What a trunk! The Wisbeach Day Coach, in which for the first time, I conceived or beheld such a Titaness, groaned under the intolerable weight. Our co-travellers panted and pouted, if they did not openly cavil, at her unreasonable bulk. One of our overstrained cattle dropped dead upon the road. At last she condescended

to be set down, and I exchanged with her a joyous and final farewell, (at least so I hoped it was) at Ware. She intended, I understood, to sleep there, and she was worthy of its broad illimitable bed. Our acquaintance, however, had only commenced. Nature, in one of her wayward moods, had bestowed on one of her hugest offspring a violent desire for migration and travel. It was in her inclination to have ascended Mont Blanc, or to have journeyed over land to India, which her bulk forbidding, she was contented to be shifted about from place to place in caravans and stages. In consequence, within a month from our first encounter, I and the widow Fairlop again found ourselves, face to face, in the same vehicle, on a Saturday's journey to Hemel Hempstead. She was still in her weeds. Her bonnet, hung with deep crape, in dimension an ordinary bed-tester, overcanopied her ample face: her convex body was clad in its wonted sables, and looked like a bombasine balloon. A dozen packages, the least of them a bundle, reposed in the amplitude of her lap. From her bulk and her garb, she might have been taken at a first glance, for the goodly Widow Blackett of Oxford, whom Elia hath immortalized, as well as compressed, in one of his admirable essays. But she had none of the womanly softness of *his* gentle giantess. Mine had no thin feeble voice—no small feminine conversation—no delicacy—no timidity—no tenderness. She was altogether magnified,—as Gulliver complained of the Brobdignagians,—into coarseness. I was disappointed when we stopped at Edgeware, the coachman there taking on a pair of supplementary horses, under pretence of a hill, at her choosing only a simple half-dozen of cakes. It would not have misbecomed her to have called for a quintal of biscuit. Her voice was loud—stentorian,—she did not speak, but bellowed;—and gave this large utterance to big, bold words. Her person matched with, but could

not outvie, the jolly breadth of her jests, and slimness and gentility of person were especially the subjects of her mirth. Her serious stories were monstrously extravagant,—her lies, great gross ones like herself. Her estates in various counties and shires were prodigious,—her establishments immense,—her personals in proportion with her person. Her diamonds were large as pavingstones; her pearls big as egg-plumbs;—and they ought to have been so,—the trifling hair bracelets she wore being oft-times buried and lost, in the amazing plumpness of her wrist. Her cumbersome pomp at last oppressed me. Would to God she had still maintained the carriage of her own, which she affirmed she had lately laid down—a gentle phrase of course, for her having crushed it! Her bulk smothered me,—my spirits fainted under the real and assumed greatness. My co-travellers sympathized with my annoyance. In a clear space, the world might have seemed “wide enough for us all;” but a coach did not. On sleek Primrose Hill, or beside it, with a proper vantage, we might have borne with her bulk; but in our cramped area, where we could see only her—and yet not all of her—she was too much for our horizon. Her voice stunned us—we gasped for air. One corner of the coach, tasked far beyond the resistance of springs, preponderated fearfully against the wheel. The machine groaned:—the horses panted:—now labouring with a cloud of steam, up a gentle ascent on the hither side of Watford. The coachman blasphemed, conscious of having lost exactly fourteen minutes and a half of his allotted time on the road; but hoped to make up for the deficiency, by taking advantage of the ensuing declivity.—Only for that imprudence, must he be joined in the guilt of our catastrophe with the Widow Fairlop. His cattle, pushed into unusual speed, became incapable of check, urged on as they were by the irresistible impetus given to the coach by the weight of its enormous inmate.

—In fact, it outran the horses, swerved to the side of the road,—lunged,—tilted,—balanced, equipoised for half a second, and, in ordinary cases, would have righted, but the weight of the Widow, our evil genius, prevailed,—and the vehicle fell over!—

Then rose from earth to sky the wild farewell!

The crash, however terrific, was not loud enough to smother a tremendous groan,—the common voice it might be of six suffering “insides,” but rather to my ear, the proportionate emission of one enormous shattering body. For my own part, whether oppressed by the whole bulk of that incumbent being, or only of a leg or arm,—I had no breath either to moan or cry. “The weight of twenty Atlantics lay above me.” I was crushed by Jaggernaut’s waggon—I was buried under the Pyramids. And crushed too, like Cheops,—into a pinch of dust. I wonder, supposing me to have perished, whether Mr M. the coroner for Hertfordshire, could have imposed a deadand on the Mistress Fairlop?—I fear not,—though I am informed that Messrs Waterhouse and Co. the proprietors, intend to dispute the payment of damages—(when Mr R. the attorney, shall bring his fractured tibia into court), on the ground, that they should be charged on the overwhelming Widow.—And, were I a jurymen on that question, she should bear a moiety of assessment—so help me God!”

To return to our condition.—Four of my fellow travellers, whom fortune had cast uppermost, were extricated through a window;—myself, meanwhile, lying senseless,—at least of their departure.—The fifth was more painfully liberated, her accommodating bulk had so jammed itself into nooks and recesses. Fortunately, during the labour, she was passive, had she kicked or struggled, I must have been annihilated.—My own turn succeeded—and here I cannot help remarking a difference which attended on our several exits.—

When the widow emerged, every hand, every arm, and there were many present, was extended to help her—whereas, when I scrambled forth, I was not tendered the aid even of a finger:—not, I am persuaded from any backwardness of humanity—but from a mistaken notion, in comparison with the giantess, that I was aerial—buoyant.—The bye-standers would as soon have thought of uplifting a butterfly.—It was just as natural a feeling as mine, when I alighted, that I was not safe even on terra firma with the Widow Fairlop. Her first care on feeling her feet, had been to enquire for her packages; and a bag of crushed oranges,—extempore marmelade, was delivered into her hand. A bonnet shape followed

If shape it could be called, that shape had none;

and her bundles, compressed like so many biffins, were distributed around her feet.—“Here we are,” quoth she, all safe!” Me, in particular, she singled out to stun with her boisterous congratulations, and proffered to wring hands with me on what she was pleased to call our providential escape. But I declined it:—I could neither sympathise with her disproportionate gratitude, nor join with the voice of a bullock in her pious ejaculations.—With a slight hurried farewell, which I prayed might be an everlasting one, I bade adieu to the Widow Fairlop.

It is now twenty months since that parting, and I have not yet recovered from my injuries:—my unhinged mind, especially, hath never regained its tone. I would not read again that History of a Stout Gentleman, by Washington Irving, with his portentous entrance into the mail coach, for a thousand pounds. The remembrance of my own stage catastrophe still haunts me—and daunts me. I am ridden by perpetual nightmares. I have dreams of hippotani, mammoths. Daniel Lambert, heading a whole lumber troop of kindred giants, stumbles over me.

Sometimes I am trampled, methinks, by herds of buffaloes and wild elephants:—anon, I am passed over, on Holborn-bridge, by hour-long processions of waggons and ponderous brewers' drays. Tuns of Heidelberg topple upon me;—Pelion with Mount Ossa, pick-a-back, is heaped upon my chest. In my lighter visions, I am only deposited with the coins and inscriptions under the foundation stones of hospitals, Methodist chapels, and new churches—These are my horrible nocturnal phantasms:—by day I am rendered only less miserable by realities. Clumsy Yorkshiresmen, of sixteen stone, beset me in the streets: I am jostled by Big Ben; and Bitton, the corpulent Jew pugilist, pesters me continually,—as though *I* could ever patronize bruising—to take tickets for his benefit. The pestiferous large race are as swarming as they are intrusive. In church,—at the little Adelphi,—on St Paul's. I once encountered one, where I could have vowed the thing impossible—in the strict, narrow, niggardly thoroughfare of Passing Alley. Twice have I forfeited my fare in long stages, on account of a corpulent companion;—and I once refused to proceed in a Richmond steam packet, from a dread, absurd enough, but invincible, of our being swamped by an overgrown Wapping barge builder. My interest suffers with my pleasure: I am disclaimed by a wealthy, unmarried uncle, just dying of a dropsy, because I cannot

bring myself to visit him;—I have broken with the oldest of my bosom friends, because unfortunately he was the plumpest. Bear with, Courteous Stout Reader! and pity, my involuntary infirmity!

Who loves fat people must himself be fat.—

I must have favourites, like Cowper's Hares,—that are called, or might be called, *Tiny* and *Lightfoot*.—I can enjoy my small delights only with the small. The mouse does not keep company with the elephant,—nor the frog with the ox. I must have creatures of my own size,—or less,—for my affections. I can dote on manikins—dwarfs—bonnie Scotch wee things—but I abhor giants.

Sprites!—Elfs!—Fairies!—darning Minimi!—whither are ye flown?—Delicate Pygmies,—why are ye extinct? The traditionary *cranes*,—if any kin to those which overhang our wharves,—were meant for the removal of a more ponderous race!—But nature to spite me takes the best first. Crachani, the minute,—the ethereal,—the Ariel, the all-but invisible girl, is, alas! no more,—whilst Mrs Fairlop,—the monster!—still lives to encumber the earth!

She is lately gone,—I am informed,—to the Continent;—and truly she was “too big for an island.” I doubt, even, she is too large for our planet. She is a world of herself,—and ought to get a sun, and an atmosphere of her own. MASTER SLENDER.

A TREATISE ON PRECISION, AS IT REGARDS STYLE, LANGUAGE, AND THE DRAMA.

PRECISION teaches us how to omit in conversation and writing what the man of taste or letters deems superfluous, but without encroaching, at the same time, upon what is indispensably necessary to the sense. Hence, it is a kind of economy in language, which we are more willing to commend than to practise. Some rhetoricians, indeed,

have passed it over in silence, knowing that it could obtain little credit in those schools where the masters display their powers to greater advantage by the display of useless ornaments. We must distinguish it from conciseness, which is one of its branches; but the latter consists more in a paucity of words, and brevity of sentences, than in a perfect

harmony between the thought and expression. Conciseness may be either true or false, clear or obscure, but precision must be always a clear image of the idea which it expresses. It is the result of vigorous, mental powers, and, consequently, of distinct and accurate perceptions. As it affects social life, it is the language of that law which prescribes, and of that power which commands; whilst, in the sciences, it is the end and perfection of logic and definition.

It is only from strong, analyzing, and rigid minds, that a thought escapes pure, and naturally in the most compact form, like iron from the sledge. History makes us acquainted with a nation, so rigidly moulded by wise institutions, that this attribute of a few highly gifted men, became, at length, natural to, and characteristic of, the people at large. The term laconic still reminds us of the brief and poignant language of the Spartans. The nation that now excels in conversation is indebted for its superiority, in this respect, to the secret it possesses of abridging every thing, and giving the greatest number of ideas in the shortest space. The dislike for repetitions and circumlocution, regulates, in France, as it did formerly in Sparta, the laws of conversation. It may appear surprising, that the Lacedemonians and the French should attain the same end; but if the effect be alike, the causes are different. The lively and impatient disposition of the latter nation, and the few inversions to be found in their language, oblige every man of taste or fashion to be precise. But as the direct construction of the sentence discovers its meaning from the first words, and as the apt intelligence of the natives seizes it at once, and is anxious of attributing to itself the honour of this prompt apprehension, they are obliged, in dialogue, to have a corresponding quickness of thought, under pain of being interrupted by some, and of proving tiresome to all. This observation is verified in a contrary sense in the language spoken on both sides of the

Rhine, where a single grammatical circumstance renders the patience of the auditor equal to the tediousness of the speaker. In order to perform this prodigy, it is sufficient to place the negative particle at the close of the German sentence. The most impassioned auditor waits with patience the development of a whole period; for he cannot tell until he has heard the last word, whether it will be an affirmative or a negative. I know not whether it be the national character of the Germans, that has produced those habitual suspensions which distinguish their language; or whether it be this peculiarity in their language, that has insensibly influenced, and ultimately formed their character; but I know, that if the French were obliged to submit all at once to such a restraint, they would soon change either their syntax or their mercurial temperament.

Precision, which is foreign to the protestations of love, the confidence of friendship, the liberty of the epistolary style, and the sophistry of diplomatists, meets also with many legitimate obstacles in eloquence, poetry, and the drama. Whenever we speak simultaneously to several persons, it is fit that we should adapt our discourse to the attention of the most frivolous, the intelligence of the most simple, and the tardiness of the most inapprehensive. When many minds are to be won to one point, what a variety of tones, what an assemblage of images, what repeated assaults must be made against dispositions whose prepossessions are various, and whose prejudices arise from very different causes? Thus the pulpit, and the political tribunal, have recourse to various means, and arm themselves occasionally with vehemence, grace, authority, imagination, and argument.

Poesy, on the other hand, naturally fond as she is of digressions, loves to dwell amid the luxury and splendour of her own creations, to scatter around her, with lavish hand, her riches and her pleasures; and, like her sister, Music, to impart her melody to all the turnings and inversions

of her well-finished periods. The dramatic muse explains every thing, under pain of being obscure, and produces illusion and sympathy by the number and exactitude of her details. Forensic debate is still less favourable to precision, which is so dear to judges, but so offensive to pleaders, and of all the qualities of the barrister, is that for which he is sure to obtain the least recompense. Precision, however, is so powerful an ally to human reason, that we frequently find it make its way into those kinds of subjects, which seem, of all others, the most directly opposed to the exercise of that faculty. Poetry, for instance, admits of it in epigram, satire, and didactic precepts: it has stamped some admirable maxims upon the coin of Corneille, and stolen many keen proverbs from the prolix muse of Gresset.

Even grace in writing has its precision, nor would melancholy interest so strongly, if it were not for its silence; whilst negligence, the most changeable of all literary beauties, ceases to please when it is prolonged. Can we forget, too, that philosophy, which prides itself in affording such a deep knowledge of precision, was celebrated in the Portico, which seemed erected but in order to exalt the activity of the soul, and the love of man, which gave Marcus Aurelius a throne, and placed, in the bosom of wisdom, a heart for pity, and in that of heroism, a feeling for virtue. At the theatre, if reason takes expansive views of the passions, it perceives at the close, as at the approach of cataracts in a vast river, the necessity of contracting its powers, and willingly signalizes its last efforts, by those lively sallies, and simple, yet sublime touches which characterized the genius of Racine. The orator himself is lavish of his illustrations, only to arrive, with more certainty, at more urgent, more pressing, and more persuasive arguments; and to conclude like Demosthenes, what he commenced like Isocrates. In proportion as he fears, at the opening of his career, the barrenness

of precision, so does he invoke its energy, on drawing to a conclusion. Like the wrestler, who gathers his body, and all his muscles, to terminate the strife by one great effort, so the orator, previous to his parting from the audience, seizes on a mighty weapon, a sword of double edge, which he knows must leave a lasting trace behind it. I know only two modes in the action of delivery, that are absolutely incompatible with precision; one is the intention of deceiving, or empiricism; and the other, improvisation. Unless charlatanism conceals its false logic under the ambiguities of a dead language, it must have recourse to a thousand windings and turnings, in order to weary the attention, dazzle the weak, and take credulity by surprise. Sometimes, it is true, a more audacious imposition is practised upon an audience, through means of laconic apophthegms; but, in this case, the language assumes the mystic, oracular form; and so far from being precise, is actually obscure. Under the cloak of empiricism, we meet with sophists of every kind and degree, who exaggerate truth when they do not belie it; and here the sectarian spirit frequently discloses itself, when it disclaims the pride of more liberal principles. Both are very naturally the great enemies of precision, and this critical remark has not escaped the observation of the author of the *Henriade*: "*La profusion des mots*," says he, "*est le grand vice du style de tous nos philosophes et anti-philosophes modernes.*" I am strongly inclined to place after these a class of innovators in literature, who seem to possess an equal attachment to amplification; I mean the new founders of poetical prose. Vague and affected sentiments, erroneous thoughts, expressed in improper terms, and descriptions of too high and extravagant a colouring, present elements at variance with every idea of justness, nature, and truth. I forbear casting other reproaches on a deviation from nature, so weakly founded, as I am aware that the ridicule of late imitators has

sufficiently exposed the erring talent of their primitive models.

Improvisation, when it attains, by long and attentive perseverance, that summit of perfection which entitles it to this name, is either a very happy, or a very unfortunate endowment. Let the orator, moved by passion, or the professor, rich in acquired knowledge, employ it rationally, and without outstepping the modesty of nature, and I shall share in his inspiration with delight. But, if a statue of the improvisator undertakes, at my command, to model sounds upon whatever subject I may prescribe to him, I immediately cease to feel the inspiration of his magic, and can only allow him my astonishment. The artifice of the enchanter consists in gaining, by the mechanism of amplification, sufficient leisure to think and reflect as he proceeds.

That luxury of expression, which is produced with so much labour by the closetted rhetorician, will be found, on the contrary, to be a repose and assistance to the extemporary speaker, during the tumult of his spontaneous effusions. It is sufficient to observe, that precision, in his mouth, would be at variance with nature, as it would require an effort of mind, of which the human powers are totally incapable. If ever this art become a profession, it will probably be under the auspices of a language that offers little difficulty to composition, little harshness to melody; and which it is difficult to render concise, though capable of all the graces of softness and elegance, and spoken by a people that excel in comprehension and versatility of mind.

Precision, thus modified by the character of men, and the nature of compositions, merits also to be observed, in as far as it regards the progression of languages. Few wants and few ideas cause nations, in their infancy, to converse in the most simple language. If, by chance, a more delicate shade enters their minds, they can give us, by their painful circumlocution, but a very imperfect

notion of it: and if they are struck with the sight of a great object, they cannot express it, but by a common image; for they limit all their experience to a few gross adages, and their recollections to some signs, badly sketched upon stone or metal. I therefore entertain a doubt respecting the pretended beauties which modern travellers are pleased to discover in the expressions and harangues of savages, or barbarous states; for these judges confound the sublime with what is simply plain, in the same manner as they have lauded, more than once, the deformities of the physical world, under the name of the *picturesque*. Let us not, then, award so easily the honours of precision, to the want of ideas and the difficulties of lapidary writing. Poverty of language is no more allied to precision, than famine to temperance.

The same principle which caused the literature of nations to commence with poetry, has been also the reason why prose, in its compact and precise form, should be preceded by the diffuse style. The law of nations governs also individuals; the vagrant imagination is the property of youth, whilst judicious precision belongs to virility; and we all acknowledge how novices in the art of writing are accustomed to lose themselves in interminable sentences. Time, as it advanced, gave to the Greeks, Herodotus before Thucydides, Plato before Aristotle; and to the Romans, Cicero and Titus Livius, before Seneca and Tacitus. A like order is observed in other countries: with the French Balzac and Pelisson, Dr Aguesseau and Flechier, had displayed their symmetrical expressions before Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Duclos, gave the language a more rapid motion. It is maintained by many that our abandoning the Ciceronian period is a defect in composition, and a sure sign of the decline of the literature of the age. The adoration which has, since the revival of letters, been always paid to the works of the Roman orator, the most of which have

been saved from the wreck of antiquity, has given to this opinion the additional force of a great precedent. Without, however, taking any part in this eternal law-suit between rhetoricians and philosophers, let us only remark, that style ought to be contracted according to the progress of truth, and the increase of language. Wherever civilization exists, the slightest movement of the mind suffices to give a gradual increase to the number of truths already agreed on. What was obscure at first, becomes clear; what was doubtful, is verified; and a crowd of problems are converted into theorems. Thus, innumerable results are introduced into a language, whether written or spoken as determined formulas, whose whole end seems to have a tendency to abridgment; for we know that in set forms, even in those which are composed of algebraic signs, precision takes the name of elegance. We need not then be surprised, if we see a proposition which cost Cicero many sentences, couched in a few words by Seneca; for the former commenced the philosophical education of the Romans with the borrowed talent of the Greeks, and the latter concluded with the notions which Rome had acquired. The contraction so remarkable in the style of Seneca is the necessary effect of time and circumstances, and ought not to be imputed, either in a good or bad sense, to the preceptor of Nero.

If we apply the parallel between Cicero and Seneca to the epochs of French literature, we shall find that one simple phrase from the pen of Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Voltaire, or the president Henault, contains often the substance of long sentences of the seventeenth century. Why should they explain what every one knew, or where was the necessity of explaining what no one entertained a doubt of? The precision of the latter writers arose almost without their perceiving it, from the progress of knowledge, the vulgar application of exact sciences, the intelligence exercised at lectures, and the more gene-

ral maturity of society. I do not deny, however, that, among the writers which preceded them, such as Montaigne, Bossuet, Cardinal Retz, and Madame Sevigné, we meet occasionally with some specimens of an admirable precision; but you may easily perceive that these belonged to the turn of genius, or the vivacity of the mind, and not to the habitual texture of the style. I speak not of Bruyere, otherwise so energetic and precise, because this moralist, being in a great degree exempt from those conditions which constitute style, should be viewed less in the light of a writer than an excellent engraver of thoughts. The revolutions of style offer commonly a succession of three ages. For the want of ideas and words, we at first write little, and that after an indifferent manner;—this is the age of indigence. We afterwards abandon ourselves to the use of all our faculties, and write well and in great quantities;—this is the age of abundance. At last, overburthened with the weight of our acquired riches, we see the necessity of refining and ranging our stores in classes, for the purpose of enjoying them:—this is the age of *order* and *precision*. It cannot yet be maintained that we have arrived at the last mentioned period, but it is what we anxiously desire, and which no doubt we will soon approach. At present nothing stronger can be advanced in favour of the complaint against prolixity, than the sight of our immense libraries. It is found by calculation, that printing adds yearly to these vast mountains of composition at least forty thousand volumes of new works, of which England, France, and Germany, are accused of furnishing not less than the one half. In the midst of these halls of books, where the mind pauses and shudders, as if approaching the brink of a precipice, who would not feel happy if he could separate from the ever increasing chaos what is really useful and agreeable? In waiting, then, for an intellectual reformation which may abridge works, it is but just to observe, that we begin already to

receive books under such material transformations as to render them in a considerable degree less heavy and incommodious than in their original forms. Thus the age perceives so well the necessity of precision, that for the want of it in reality, it amuses itself with the appearance.

THE WISH.

Would that my head
Were on that bed
Where all the weary be at rest ;
Where the night is still,
And where no ill
Can pierce the sod that wraps the breast !

My life has been
A chequer'd scene
Of woe and transient happiness ;
My friends are gone,
And I alone,
With none to love me, none to bless.

A carved stone tells
Where my father dwells,
My mother sleepeth in that grave :
The earth contains
All that remains
Of those I could have died to save.

The maid that blessed
This lonely breast,
The spoiler death hath made his prey :
I would I were
At peace with her
Cold dust, beneath my kindred clay.

I saw her die,
And know not why
My heart broke not when her's did break ;

I felt as one
Left all alone—
Like mateless swan upon the lake,

The winding sheet
Is garment meet
For him whose earthly joys are fled ;
When love is o'er,
And hope no more,
Where can he dwell—but with the dead ?

The grave brings peace,
There troubles cease,
There sorrow's wailings never come ;
There heart meets heart
No more to part,
Friends say not farewell in the tomb.

Oh! let me be
At rest with thee
Beneath the hallowed grassy mould!
No worms that riot
Shall break my quiet
When once this aching heart is cold.

Would that my head
Were on that bed
Where all the weary be at rest ;
Where the night is still,
And where no ill
Can pierce the sod that wraps the breast !

FAREWELL.

ONE word, altho' that word may pass
Almost neglected by ;
With no more care than what the glass
Bears of a passing sigh :

One word to breathe of love to thee,
One low, one timid word,
To say thou art beloved by me,
But rather felt than heard.

I would I were a favorite flower,
Within thy hand to pine ;
Life could not have a dearer power,
Than making such fate mine.

I would I were a tone of song,
Upon thine ear to die ;

A rose's breath, that, borne along,
I might mix with thy sigh.

I do not wish thy heart were won ;—
Mine own, with such excess,
Would, like the flower beneath the sun,
Die with its happiness.

I pray for thee on bended knee ;
But not for mine own sake ;
My heart's best prayers are all for thee—
It prays, itself to break.

Farewell! farewell! I would not leave
A single trace behind :
Why should a thought of me to grieve,
Be left upon thy mind ?

I would not have thy memory dwell
 Upon one thought of pain ;
 And sad it must be, the farewell
 Of one who loved in vain.

Farewell! thy course is in the sun,
 First of the young, the brave :
 For me, my race is nearly run,
 And its goal is the grave.

FALCONRY, OR HAWKING.

HAWKING, or the art of training and flying hawks, for the purpose of catching other birds, is usually placed at the head of rural amusements, and probably it obtained precedence from its being a pastime so generally followed by the nobility, not in this country only but on the continent. Persons of high rank rarely appeared without their dogs and their hawks ; the latter they carried with them when they journeyed from one country to another, and sometimes even when they went to battle, and would not part with them to procure their own liberty when taken prisoners : for, as these birds were considered to be ensigns of nobility, no action was regarded more dishonourable to a man of rank than to give up his hawk. So inseparably united were the ancient sportsmen with their hounds and their hawks, that they actually *took them to church*, as we learn from Sebastian Brant, who very properly reproaches their levity and profaneness :

"Into the church then comes another
 sotte

Withouten devotion, jetting up and
 down,

Or to be seen and show his garded cote.

Another on his fiste a *sparhawke*, or
faucone,

Or else a *cokow* ; wasting to his shone ;
 Before the aulter, he too and fro doth
 wander,

With even as great devotion as doth a
 gander.

In comes another his *hounds* at his tayle,
 With lines, and leases, and other like
 baggage ;

His *dogges barke*, so that withouten fayle,
 The whole church is troubled by their
 outrage!"

In the *Bayeux Tapestry*, earl
 Harold is represented approaching
 the duke of Normandy with his hawk

upon his hand ; and the ancient English illuminators have uniformly distinguished king Stephen, by giving him a hawk in the like position ; which Mr Strutt conjectures was with intent to signify, that he was nobly though not royally born, and the same reasoning applies to earl Harold. Occasionally we find that these birds usually formed part of the train of an ambassador ; and the famous archbishop Becket had hounds and hawks of every kind with him, when sent on an embassy by Henry II. to the court of France.

It does not appear the ancients were acquainted with this diversion, and Strutt has not been able to trace falconry to an earlier period than the middle of the fourth century. Among the Anglo-Saxon nobility the sport was in high estimation ; and the training and flying of hawks became an essential part of the education of young men of rank. Alfred the Great has been commended for his early proficiency in this amusement ; and he is even said to have written a treatise on hawking.

According to Froissart, Edward III., when he invaded France, had with him thirty falconers, on horseback, who had charge of his hawks ; and "every day he either hunted or went to the river for the purpose of hawking, as his fancy inclined him." The ladies shared the diversion, and were renowned for their fondness for hawking ; besides accompanying the gentlemen when engaged in this sport, they frequently practised it by themselves.

The frequent mention of hawking by the water side, made by historians and romance writers of the middle ages, is a circumstance which led Mr Strutt to imagine that the pur-

suit of water-fowl afforded the most diversion. In the poetical romance of the "Squire of Low Degree," the king of Hungary promises his daughter that at her return from hunting she should hawk by the river side, with goshawk, gentle falcon, and other well-tutored birds: so also Chaucer, in the rhyme of "Sir Thopaz," says, "that he could hunt the wild deer.—"

"And ride on hawkyng by the river,
With grey gos hawke in hand."

Hawking was forbidden the clergy by the canons of the church; but the prohibition was by no means sufficient to restrain them from the pursuit of this favourite and fashionable amusement.

The recreation was pursued on horseback or on foot, as the occasion required. On horseback, when in the fields and open country, and on foot, when in the woods and coverts. In following the hawk on foot, it was usual for the sportsman to have a stout pole with him, to assist him in leaping over rivulets and ditches, which might otherwise prevent him in his progress. This we learn from

an historical fact, related by Hall; who informs us that Henry VIII., pursuing his hawk on foot, at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, attempted, with the assistance of his pole, to jump over a ditch, that was half full of muddy water; the pole broke, and the king fell with his head into the mud, where he would have been stifled, had not a footman named John Moody leaped into the ditch and released the king from his perilous situation: and "so," says the pious historian, "God of hys goodnesse preserved him."

Hentzner, who wrote his "Itinerary" in the year 1598, affirms, that hawking was then the general sport of the English nobility; yet so rapidly did this amusement decline, that before the time of the civil wars it was almost forgotten. This arose from the introduction and gradual improvement of the gun; which ensured a greater certainty of procuring game, and rendered all the expense of training and maintaining hawks unnecessary. An attempt to revive the diversion of hawking was lately made by some gentleman of Yorkshire; but with what success we have not yet heard.

BLIGHTED AFFECTION.

The flower that smiles to-day, tomorrow dies—
All that we wish to stay tempts, and then flies.

P. B. SHELLEY.

SCARCELY any thing is more fatal to the future comfort and felicity of men endowed with minds of a keen, but romantic and imaginative cast, than the being deprived by death of the object of an early and ardent attachment; for that acuteness of feeling, which renders the sense of pleasure more exquisite, sharpens, likewise the agonies of grief, and makes them doubly poignant. When such susceptible bosoms are touched with affection, it becomes a part of their existence—the very essence of their being—

"To be beloved is all they need
And whom they love, they love indeed."

They have so long been accustomed to indulge in their passion without restraint, and to yield fondly and implicitly to its delicious influence—to fancy that it will be as permanent, as it is rapturous, and to forget that their beloved may be estranged or separated from them—they have experienced so much pleasure in her every word and look, and have embellished their future intended destiny with such brilliant colours—that the shock assails them like an earthquake, and is the more deeply felt, inasmuch as it was unexpected, and almost undreamt of. Time, that general soother, may blunt the sharp-

ness of their sorrow, yet the annihilation of their hopes frequently enfeebles their spirits, leaving them tinged with pensive depression, and embittered by retrospection. She who gave a zest to their enjoyments, by sharing them, is no more,—the pleasures, which in her company were delightful, are without her poor and tasteless; and memory, that mirror which so truly and so cruelly reflects back our miseries with increased effect, continually recurs to past joys, now buried with her in the grave. If anticipation be rapturous to the happy, retrospection is more agonizing to the wretched :—

“The love of youth, the hope of better years—
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,”

is gone, and gone forever, Some may say the picture is too highly coloured, but too well do I know that it is not so. Our brightest expectations fade soonest—our fairest dreams depart most quickly—the sweetest flowers often wither in their first blossoming. Many a fine spirit have I seen, overwhelmed by the loss of the idol of his affections, striving to appear gay, but striving, alas! in vain. I have seen them mixing in society, but only in compliance with

the wishes of their friends, joining in their amusements, but more for the sake of giving, than receiving, pleasure—smiling at their frolics, but with an effort painful to any intimate observer :—

“As a beam o’er the face of the waters
may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and cold-
ness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm
sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly
the while.”

Their souls, I could perceive, were in the tomb with their beloved. A dreary vacuity of common interest with the world had succeeded to those warm aspirations, which once enlivened their fancies, and a sombre cloud covers the perspective of futurity, as far as regards their mortal state. They make no complaints, they endeavour to conceal their grief, and seem to taste enjoyment, but in reality they scarcely enjoy any thing; they are never spontaneously animated; all is hollow and put on to aid their kind deceit. They continue to live, but pitiable is their condition :—

“The day drags through, though clouds
keep out the sun,
And thus the heart will break yet brokenly
live on.”

How truly painted

THE CONVALESCENT.

A PRETTY severe fit of indisposition, which, under the name of a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself. Expect no healthy conclusions from me this month, reader; I can offer you only sick men’s dreams.

And truly the whole state of sickness is such : for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie a-bed, and draw day-light curtains about him; and, shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it?

To become insensible to all the operations of life, except the beatings of one feeble pulse?

If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick bed. How the patient lords it there! what caprices he acts without control! how king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and raising, and lowering, and thumping, and flattening, and moulding it, to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples.

He changes *sides* oftener than a politician. Now he lies full length, then half-length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed; and none accuses him of

tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his *Mare Clausum*.

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! he is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hear not the jarring of them, affects him not.

A little while ago he was greatly concerned in the event of a law-suit, which was to be the making or the marring of his dearest friend. He was to be seen trudging about upon this man's errand to fifty quarters of the town at once, jogging this witness, refreshing that solicitor. The cause was to come on yesterday. He is absolutely as indifferent to the decision, as if it were a question to be tried at Pekin. Peradventure from some whispering, going on about the house, not intended for his hearing, he picks up enough to make him understand, that things went cross-grained in the Court yesterday, and his friend is ruined. But the word "friend," and the word "ruin," disturb him no more than so much jargon. He is not to think of any thing but how to get better.

What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration!

He has put on the strong armor of sickness, he is wrapt in the callous hide of suffering; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

He lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself; he yearneth over himself; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

He is forever plotting how to do some good to himself; studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations.

He makes the most of himself; dividing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals

as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very scull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over; and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart.

He is his own sympathizer, and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths, and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are; only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing, when the doctor makes his daily call: and even in the lines of that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as *the sick man*. To what other uneasy couch the good man is hastening, when he slips out of his chamber, folding up his thin *douceur* so carefully for fear of rustling—is no speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow.

Household rumours touch him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on within the house, soothes him, while he knows not distinctly what it is. He is not to know any thing, not to think of any thing. Servants gliding up or down the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands. Exacter knowledge would be a burthen to him; he can just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly at

the dull stroke of the muffled knocker, and closes it again without asking "who was it?" He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he cares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful hush of the house, he lies in state, and feels his sovereignty.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives. Compare the silent tread, and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served—with the careless demeanour, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving of them open) of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better—and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow chair of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature! where is now the space, which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye? The scene of his regalities, his sick room, which was his presence chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies—how is it reduced to a common bed-room! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is *made* every day. How unlike to that wavy, many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to *make* it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days' respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was a historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease; and the shrunk-skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid.

Hushed are those mysterious sighs—those groans—so much more aw-

ful, while we knew not from what caverns of vast hidden suffering they proceeded. The Lernean pangs are quenched. The riddle of sickness is solved; and Philoctetes is become an ordinary personage.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he too changed with every thing else! Can this be he—this man of news—of chat—of anecdote—of every thing but physic—can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his cruel enemy, as on some solemn embassy from Nature, erecting herself into a high mediating party?—Pshaw! 'tis some old woman.

Farewell with him all that made sickness pompous—the spell that hushed the household—the desert-like stillness, felt throughout its inmost chambers—the mute attendance—the inquiry by looks—the still softer delicacies of self-attention—the sole and single eye of distemper alone fixed upon itself—world-thoughts excluded—the man a world unto himself—his own theatre—

What a speck he is dwindled into!

In this flat swamp of convalescence, left by the ebb of sickness, yet far enough from the terra firma of established health, your note, dear Editor, reached me, requesting—an article. In *Articulo Mortis*, thought I; but it is something hard—and the quibble, wretched as it was, relieved me. The summons, unseasonable as it appeared, seemed to link me on again to the petty businesses of life, which I had lost sight of; a gentle call to activity, however trivial; a wholesome weaning from that posterous dream of self-absorption—the puffy state of sickness—in which I confess to have lain so long, insensible to the magazines, and monarchies, of the world alike; to its laws, and to its literature. The hypochondriac flatus is subsiding; the acres, which in imagination I had spread over—for the sick man swells in the sole contemplation of his single suf-

ferings, till he becomes a Tityus to himself—are wasting to a span : and for the giant of self-importance, which I was so lately, you have me once again in my natural pretensions—the lean and meagre figure of your insignificant contributor,

ELIA.

THE WANDERER TO HER CHILD.

THE sun is sunk, and day light gone,
As over the moor we journey on ;
The snows are lying all deep and chill ;
The clouds are gathering round the hill ;
The winds they are moaning through the air,
And backwards tossing the branches bare ;
Oh hush, oh hush, thy piteous cry,
And shut in repose thy little eye ;
Be still my babe, and sleep !

Though cold the snows, and though cold the air,
That sweeps o'er the frozen mountains bare,
More cold was that ungenerous mind,
Which holiest vows were vain to bind,
Which stole my peace, and, ruining me,
Left me to roam the world with thee :
Oh hush, and oh hush, thy piercing cry,
And I will sing your lullaby :
Be still, my babe, and sleep !

Thy father he cares not for his child ;
Thou art forsaken, and I reviled ;
From town to town, a dreary way,
We wander along from day to day,
Begging a crust of the poor man's bread,
And laying us down in some humble shed ;
All but thyself look in scorn on me,
And, oh ! I shall ever be kind to thee ;
Be hushed, my babe, and sleep !

Ah once, sweet baby, I had a home,
Nor dreamt I then that I thus should roam ;
By a pleasant village our cottage stood,
And my parents were pious, and kind, and good :
They had no comfort but me on earth,
For I was the light of their lonely hearth ;
Till there came to our door, in cruelty gay,
Thy father, who stole their treasure away ;
Be hushed, my babe, and sleep !

The old man broke his heart, and died,
And soon my mother was laid by his side ;
I was lying in weakness when these they told,
And thou wert an infant three days old ;
I prayed for death, and I wished to die,
Till I heard thy pitiful, tender cry,
And then I petition'd for life, to be
In thy helpless years a mother to thee ;
Be hushed, my babe, and sleep !

A haven yet may smile for us,
And the heart which could neglect us thus,
May feel the misery we have felt,
And share the sorrow itself hath dealt ;
We soon shall be over these barren ways,
And I will warm thee, love, at the blaze,
Where, 'mid yon trees, on the upland moor,
Stands kindly open the peasant's door ;
Then hush, my babe, and sleep !

 CONFESSIONS OF A JUNIOR BARRISTER.

MY father was agent to an extensive absentee property in the south of Ireland. He was a Protestant, and respectably connected. It was even understood in the country, that a kind of Irish relationship subsisted between him and the distant proprietor whose rents he collected. Of this, however, I have some doubts; for, generally speaking, our aristocracy are extremely averse to trusting their money in the hands of a poor relation. Besides this, I was more than once invited to dine with a leading member of the family when I was at the temple which would hardly have been the case, had he suspected on my part any dormant claim of kindred. Being an eldest son, I was destined from my birth for the Bar. This about thirty years ago was almost a matter of course with our secondary gentry. Among such persons it was at that time an object of great ambition to have "a young counsellor" in the family. In itself it was a respectable thing—for who could tell what the "young counsellor" might not one day be? Then it kept off vexatious claims, and produced a general interested civility in the neighbourhood, under the expectation that whenever any little point of law might arise, the young counsellor's opinion might be had for nothing. Times have somewhat changed in this respect. Yet to this day the young counsellor who passed the law-vacations among his country-friends, finds (at least I have found it so) that the old feeling of reverence for the name is not yet extinct, and that his *dicta* upon the law of trespass and distress for rent are generally deferred to in his own country, unless when it happens to be the assizes-time.

I passed through my school and college studies with great *eclat*. At the latter place, particularly towards the close of the course, I dedicated myself to all sorts of composition.

I was also a constant speaker in the historical society, where I discovered, with no slight satisfaction, that popular eloquence was decidedly my forte. In the cultivation of this noble art, I adhered to no settled plan. Sometimes, in imitation of the ancients, I composed my address with great care, and delivered it from memory: at others I trusted for words (for I am naturally fluent) to the occasion; but, whether my speech was extemporaneous or prepared, I always spoke on the side of freedom. At this period, and for the two or three years that followed, my mind was filled with almost inconceivable enthusiasm for my future profession. I was about to enter it (I can call my own conscience to witness) from no sordid motive. As to money-matters I was independent; for my father, who was now no more, had left me a profit-rent of 300*l.* a year. No, Mr Editor,—but I had formed to my youthful fancy, an idea of the honours and duties of an advocate's career, founded upon the purest models of ancient and modern times. I pictured to myself the glorious occasion it would present of redressing private wrongs, of exposing and confounding the artful machinations of injustice; and should the political condition of my country require it, as in all probability it would, of emulating the illustrious men whose eloquence and courage had so often shielded the intended victim against the unconstitutional aggressions of the state. It was with these views, and not from a love of "paltry gold," that I was ambitious to assume the robe. With the confidence of youth and of a temperament not prone to despair, I felt an instinctive conviction that I was not assuming a task above my strength; but, notwithstanding my reliance upon my natural powers, I was indefatigable in aiding them by exercise and study against the occasions that

were to render me famous in my generation. Deferring for the present (I was now at the Temple) a regular course of legal reading, I applied myself, with great ardour, to the acquirement of general knowledge. To enlarge my views, I went through the standard works on the theory of government and legislation. To familiarize my understanding with subtle disquisitions I plunged into metaphysics; for, as Ben Jonson somewhere says, "he that cannot contract the sight of his mind as well as dilate and disperse it, wanteth a great faculty;" and lest an exclusive adherence to such pursuits should have the effect of damping my popular sympathies, I duly relieved them by the most celebrated productions of imagination in prose and verse. Oratory was of course, not neglected. I plied at Cicero and Demosthenes. I devoured every treatise on the art of rhetoric that fell in my way. When alone in my lodgings, I declaimed to myself so often and so loudly, that my landlady and her daughters, who sometimes listened through the keyhole, suspected, as I afterwards discovered, that I had lost my wits; but, as I paid my bills regularly, and appeared tolerably rational in other matters, they thought it most prudent to connive at my extravagances. During the last winter of my stay at the Temple, I took an active part, as Gale Jones, to his cost, sometimes found, in the debates of the British Forum, which had just been opened for the final settlement of all disputed points in politics and morals.

Such were the views and qualifications with which I came to the Irish Bar. It may appear somewhat singular, but so it was, that previous to the day of my call, I was never inside an Irish court of Justice. When at the Temple, I had occasionally attended the proceedings at Westminster Hall, where a common topic of remark among my fellow-students was the vast superiority of our Bar in grace of manner and classical propriety of diction. I had therefore

no sooner received the congratulations of my friends on my admission, than I turned into one of the Courts to enjoy a first specimen of the forensic oratory of which I had heard so much. A young barrister of about twelve years standing was on his legs, and vehemently appealing to the court in the following words—"Your Lordships perceive that we stand here as our grandmother's administratrix *de bonis non*, and really, my Lords, it does humbly strike me that it would be a monstrous thing to say, that a party can now come in, in the very teeth of an Act of Parliament, and actually turn us round under colour of hanging us up on the foot of a contract made behind our backs." The Court admitted that the force of the observation was unanswerable, and granted his motion with costs. On inquiry I found that the counsel was among the most rising men of the Junior Bar.

For the first three or four years little worth recording occurred. I continued my former studies, read, but without much care, a few elementary law-books, picked up a stray scrap of technical learning in the courts and the hall, and was now and then employed by the young attorneys from my own county as conducting counsel in a motion of course. At the outset I was rather mortified at the scantiness of my business, for I had calculated upon starting into immediate notice; but being easy in my circumstances, and finding so many others equally unemployed, I ceased to be impatient. With regard to my fame, however, it was otherwise. I had brought a fair stock of general reputation for ability and acquirement to the bar, but, having done nothing to increase it, I perceived, or fancied I perceived, that the estimation I had been held in was rapidly subsiding. This I could not endure—and as no widows or orphans seemed disposed to claim my protection, I determined upon giving the public a proof of my powers as the advocate of a still nobler cause. An aggregate meeting

of the Catholics of Ireland was announced, and I prepared a speech to be delivered on their behalf. I communicated my design to no one, not even to O'Connell, who had often urged me to declare myself; but on the appointed day I attended at the place of meeting, Clarendon-street-Chapel. The spectacle was imposing. Upon a platform erected before the altar stood O'Connell and his staff. The chair which they surrounded had just been taken by the venerable Lord Fingal, whose presence alone would have conferred dignity upon any assembly. The galleries were thronged with Catholic beauties, looking so softly patriotic, that even Lord Liverpool would have forgiven in them the sin of a divided allegiance. The floor of the chapel was filled almost to suffocation with a miscellaneous populace, breathing from their looks a deep sense of rights withheld, and standing on tiptoe and with ears erect to catch the sounds of comfort or hope which their leaders had to administer. Finding it impracticable to force my way towards the chair, I was obliged to ascend and occupy a place in the gallery. I must confess that I was not sorry for the disappointment; for in the first feeling of awe which the scene inspired, I found that my oratorical courage, which like natural courage "comes and goes," was rapidly "oozing out;"—but as the business and the passions of the day proceeded; as the fire of national emotion lighted every eye, and exploded in simultaneous volleys of applause, all my apprehensions for myself were forgotten. Every fresh round of huzzas that rent the roof rekindled my ambition. I became impatient to be fanned for my own sake by the beautiful white handkerchiefs that waved around me, and stirred my blood like the visionary flags of the fabled Houris inviting the Mahommedan warrior to danger and to glory. O'Connell, who was speaking, spied me in the gallery. He perceived at once that I had a weight of oratory pressing

upon my mind, and goodnaturedly resolved to quicken the delivery. Without naming me, he made an appeal to me, under the character of "a liberal and enlightened young Protestant," which I well understood. This was conclusive, and he had no sooner sat down than I was on my legs. The sensation my unexpected appearance created was immense. I had scarcely said "My Lords, I rise"—when I was stopped short by cheers that lasted for some minutes. It was really delicious music, and was repeated at the close of almost every sentence of my speech. I shall not dwell upon the speech itself, as most of my readers must remember it, for it appeared the next day in the *Dublin Journals* (the best report was in the *Freeman*) and was copied into all the London opposition-papers except the *Times*. It is enough to say that the effect was on the whole tremendous. As soon as I had concluded, a special messenger was despatched to conduct me to the platform. On my arrival there I was covered with praises and congratulations. O'Connell was the warmest in the expression of his admiration;—yet I thought I could read in his eyes that there predominated over that feeling the secret triumph of the partisan, at having contributed to bring over a young deserter from the enemy's camp. However, he took care that I should not go without my reward. He moved a special resolution of thanks "to his illustrious young friend," whom he described as "one of those rare and felicitous combinations of human excellence, in which the spirit of a Washington is embodied with the genius of a Grattan." These were his very words, but my modesty was in no way pained at them, for I believed every syllable to be literally true.

I went home in a glorious intoxication of spirits. My success had surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I had now established a character for public speaking, which, independently of the general fame

that would ensue, must inevitably lead to my retainer in every important case where the passions were to be moved, and, whenever the Whigs should come in, to a seat in the British Senate.

After a restless night, in which however, when I did sleep, I contrived to dream, at one time that I was at the head of my profession, at another that I was on the opposition-side of the House of Commons redressing Irish grievances, I sallied forth to the Courts to enjoy the impression which my display of the day before must have made there. On my way my ears were regaled by the cries of the news-hawkers, announcing that the morning papers contained "Young Counsellor ———'s grand and elegant speech." "This," thought I, "is genuine fame," and I pushed on with a quickened pace towards the Hall. On my entrance, the first person that caught my eye was my friend and fellow-student Dick ———. We had been intimate at College, and inseparable at the Temple. Our tastes and tempers had been alike, and our political opinions the same, except that he sometimes went far beyond me in his abstract enthusiasm for the rights of man. I was surprised, for our eyes met, that he did not rush to tender me his greetings. However I went up to him, and held out my hand in the usual cordial way. He took it, but in a very unusual way. The friendly pressure was no longer there. His countenance, which heretofore had glowed with warmth at my approach, was still and chilling. He made no allusion to my speech, but looking round, as if fearful of being observed, and muttering something about its being "Equity-day in the Exchequer," moved away. This was a modification of "genuine fame," for which I was quite unprepared. In my present elevation of spirits, however, I was rather perplexed than offended at the occurrence. I was willing to suspect that my friend must have found himself suddenly indisposed, or that, in spite of his bet-

ter feelings, an access of involuntary envy might have overpowered him, or perhaps, poor fellow, some painful subject of a private nature might be pressing upon his mind, so as to cause this strange revolution in his manner. At the time I never adverted to the rumour that there was shortly to be a vacancy for a commissionership of bankrupts, nor had I been aware that his name as a candidate stood first on the Chancellor's list. He was appointed to the place a few days after, and the mystery of his coldness was explained. Yet I must do him the justice to say that he had no sooner attained his object than he shewed symptoms of remorse for having shaken me off. He praised my speech, in a confidential way, to a mutual friend, and I forgave him, for one gets tired of being indignant, and to this day we converse with our old familiarity upon all subjects except the abstract rights of man. In the course of the morning I received many similar manifestations of homage to my genius from others of my Protestant colleagues. The young, who up to that time had sought my society, now brushed by me as if there was infection in my touch. The seniors, some of whom had occasionally condescended to take my arm in the Hall, and treat me to prosing details of their adventures at the Temple, held themselves sullenly aloof; and if our glances encountered, petrified me with looks of established order. In whatever direction I cast my eyes, I met signs of anger or estrangement, or, what was still less welcome, of pure commiseration. Such were the first fruits of my "grand and elegant speech," which had combined (O'Connell, may Heaven forgive you!) the spirit of a Washington with the genius of a Grattan." I must, however, in fairness state, that I was not utterly "left alone with my glory." The Catholics certainly crowded round me and extolled me to the skies. One eulogized my simile of the eagle; another swore that the corporation would never recover from the last hit I gave

them ; a third that my fortune at the Bar was made. I was invited to all their dinner-parties, and as far as "lots" of white soup and Spanish flummery went, had unquestionably no cause to complain. The attorneys both in public and private were loudest in their admiration of my rare qualifications for success in my profession, but though they took every occasion for weeks and months after, to recur to the splendour of my eloquence, it still somehow happened that not one of them sent me a guinea.

I was beginning to charge the whole body with ingratitude, when I was agreeably induced to change my opinion, at least for a while. One of the most rising among them was an old schoolfellow of mine named Shanahan. He might have been of infinite service to me, but he had never employed me, even in the most trivial matter. We were still, however, on terms of, to me, rather unpleasant familiarity ; for he affected in his language and manners a certain waggish slang from which my classical sensibilities revolted. One day as I was going my usual rounds in the Hall, Shanahan, who held a bundle of briefs under his arm, came up and drew me aside towards one of the recesses. "Ned, my boy," said he, for that was his customary style of addressing me, "I just want to tell you that I have a sporting record now at issue, and which I'm to bring down to ——— for trial at the next assizes. It's an action against a magistrate and a bible-distributor into the bargain, for the seduction of a farmer's daughter. You are to be in it—I have taken care of that ;—and I just want to know if you'd like to state the case, for, if you do, it can be managed." My heart palpitated with gratitude, but it would have been unprofessional to give it utterance ; so I simply expressed my readiness to undertake the office. "Consider yourself, then, retained as stating counsel," said he, but without handing me any fee. "All you want is an opportunity of showing what you can do with a jury, and

never was there a finer one than this. It was just such another that first brought that lad there into notice," (pointing to one of the serjeants that rustled by us.) "You shall have your instructions in full time to be prepared. Only hit the bible-boy in the way I know you can, and your name will be up on the circuit."

The next day Shanahan called me aside again. In the interval, I had composed a striking exordium and peroration, with several powerful passages of general application, to be interspersed according as the facts should turn out, through the body of the statement. "Ned," said the attorney to me as soon as we had reached a part of the Hall where there was no risk of being overheard, "I now want to consult you upon"—here he rather hesitated—"in fact, upon a little case of my own." After a short pause he proceeded, "You know a young lady from your county, Miss Dickson ?"—"Harriet Dickson ?"—"The very one."—"Intimately well ; she's now in town with her cousins in Harcourt-street ; I see her almost every day." "She has a very pretty property too, they say, under her father's will, a lease for lives renewable forever."—"So I have always understood."—"In fact, Ned," he continued, looking somewhat foolish, and in a tone half slang, half sentiment, "I am rather inclined to think—as at present advised—that she has partly gained my affections. Come, come, my boy, no laughing ; upon my faith and soul I'm serious—and what's more, I have reason to think that she'll have no objection to my telling her so ; but with those devils of cousins at her elbow, there's no getting her into a corner with one's-self for an instant ; so what I want you to do for me Ned is this—just to throw your eye over a wide-line copy of a little notice to that effect I have been thinking of serving her with." Here he extracted from a mass of law-documents a paper endorsed—"Draft letter to Miss D—," and folded up and tied with red tape like the rest. The matter corresponded with

the exterior. I contrived, but not without an effort, to preserve my countenance as I perused this singular production, in which sighs and vows were embodied in the language of an affidavit to hold to bail. Amidst the manifold vagaries of Cupid, it was the first time I had seen him exchanging his ordinary dart for an attorney's office-pen. When I came to the end, he asked if I thought it might be improved. I candidly answered that it would, in my opinion, admit of change and correction. "Then," said he "I shall be eternally obliged if you'll just do the needful with it. You perceive that I have not been too explicit, for, between ourselves, I have one or two points to ascertain about the state of the property before I think it prudent to commit myself on paper. It would never do, you know, to be brought into court for a breach of promise of marriage; so you'll keep this in view, and before you begin, just cast a glance over the Statute of Frauds." Before I could answer, he was called away to attend a motion.

The office thus flung upon me was not of the most dignified kind, but the seduction-case was too valuable to be risked; so pitting my ambition against my pride, I found the latter soon give way, and on the following day I presented the lover with a declaratory effusion, at once so glowing and so cautious, so impassioned as to matters of sentiment, but withal so guarded in point of law, that he did not hesitate to pronounce it a masterpiece of literary composition and forensic skill. He overwhelmed me with thanks, and went home to copy and despatch it. I now come to the most whimsical part of the transaction. With Miss Dickson, as I had stated to her admirer, I was extremely intimate. We had known each other from childhood, and conversed with the familiarity rather of cousins than mere acquaintances. When she was in town, I saw her almost daily, talked to her of myself and my prospects, lectured her on her love of dress, and in return was always at

her command for any small service of gallantry or friendship that she might require. The next time I called, I could perceive that I was unusually welcome. Her cousins were with her, but they quickly retired and left us together. As soon as we were alone, Harriet announced to me "that she had a favour—a very great one indeed—to ask of me." She proceeded, and with infinite command of countenance. "There was a friend of hers—one for whom she was deeply interested—in fact it was—but no—she must not betray a secret—and this friend had the day before received a letter containing something like, but still not exactly a proposition of—in short—of a most interesting nature; and her friend was terribly perplexed how to reply to it, for she was very young and inexperienced, and all that; and she had tried two or three times and had failed—and then she had consulted her (Harriet), and she (Harriet) had also been puzzled—for the letter in question was in fact, as far as it was intelligible, so uncommonly well written both in style and sentiment, that her friend was of course particularly anxious to send a suitable reply—and this was Harriet's own feeling—and she had therefore, taken a copy of it, (omitting names), for the purpose of shewing it to me, and getting me—I was so qualified, and so clever at my pen, and all that sort of thing—just to undertake—if I only *would*, to throw upon paper just the kind of sketch of the kind of answer that ought to be returned." The preface over, she opened her reticule, and handed me a copy of my own composition. I would have declined the task, but every excuse I suggested was overruled. The principal objection—my previous retainer on the other side, I could not in honour reveal; and I was accordingly installed in the rather ludicrous office of conducting counsel to both parties in the suit. I shall not weary the reader with a technical detail of the pleadings, all of which I drew. They proceeded, if I remember right, as far as

a *sur-rebutter*—rather an unusual thing in modern practice. Each of the parties throughout the correspondence was charmed with the elegance and correctness of the other's style. Shanahan frequently observed to me, "what a singular thing it was that Miss Dickson was so much cleverer at her pen than her tongue;" and once upon handing me a letter, of which the eloquence was, perhaps, a little too masculine, he protested that he was almost afraid to go farther in the business, for he suspected that a girl who could express herself so powerfully on paper, would one day or other prove too much for him when she became his wife." But to conclude, Shanahan obtained the lady, and the lease for lives renewable forever. The seduction-case (as I afterwards discovered), had been compromised the day before he offered me the statement; and from that day to this, though his business increased with his marriage, he never sent me a single brief.

Finding that nothing was to be got by making public speeches, or writing love-letters for attorneys, and having now idled away some valuable years, I began to think of attending sedulously to my profession; and with a view to the regulation of my exertions, lost no opportunity of inquiring into the nature of the particular qualifications by which the men whom I saw eminent or rising around me, had originally outstripped their competitors. In the course of these inquiries I discovered that there was a newly invented method of getting rapidly into business, of which I had never heard before. The secret was communicated to me by a friend, a king's counsel, who is no longer at the Irish bar. When I asked him for his opinion as to the course of study and conduct most advisable to be pursued, and at the same time sketched the general plan which had presented itself to me, "Has it never struck you," said he, "since you have walked this Hall, that there is a shorter and a far more certain road to professional success?" I professed

my ignorance of the particular method to which he alluded. "It requires," he continued, "some peculiar qualifications: have you an ear for music?"—Surprised at the question, I answered that I had. "And a good voice?"—"A tolerable one."—"Then my advice to you is, to take a few lessons in psalm-singing; attend the Bethesda regularly; take a part in the anthem, and the louder the better; turn up as much of the white of your eyes as possible, and in less than six months you'll find business pouring in upon you. You smile, I see, at this advice, but I have never known the plan to fail, except where the party has sung incurably out of tune. Don't you perceive that we are once more becoming an Island of Saints, and that half the business of these Courts passes through their hands. When I came to the bar, a man's success depended upon his exertions during the six working days of the week; but now, he that has the dexterity to turn the sabbath to account, is the surest to prosper—and

Why should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion
As well as making of a motion?"

These hints, though thrown out with an air of jest, made some impression on me, but after reflecting for some time upon the subject, and taking an impartial view of my powers in that way, I despaired of having hypocrisy enough for the speculation—so I gave it up. Nothing, therefore, remaining, but a more direct and laborious scheme, I now planned a course of study in which I made a solemn vow to myself to persevere. Besides attending the courts and taking notes of the proceedings, I studied at home at an average of eight hours a-day. I never looked into any but a law-book. Even a newspaper I seldom took up. Every thing that could touch my feelings or my imagination I excluded from my thoughts, as inimical to the habits of mind I now was anxious to acquire. My circle of private acquaintances was extensive, but I manfully resist-

ed every invitation to their houses. I had assigned myself a daily task to perform, and to perform it I was determined. I persevered for two years with exemplary courage. Neither the constant, unvarying, unrewarded labours of the day, nor the cheerless solitude of the evenings, could induce me to relax my efforts. I was not, however, insensible, to the disheartening change, both physical and moral, that was going on within me. All the generous emotions of my youth, my sympathies with the rights and interests of the human race, my taste for letters, even my social sensibilities, were perceptibly wasting away from want of exercise and from the hostile influence of an exclusive and chilling occupation. It fared still worse with my health: I lost my appetite and rest, and of course, my strength; a deadly pallor overcast my features, black circles formed round my eyes, my cheeks sank in; the tones of my voice became feeble and melancholy; the slightest exercise exhausted me almost to fainting; at night I was tortured by head-aches, palpitations, and frightful dreams; my waking reflections were equally harassing. I now deplored the sinister ambition that had propelled me into a scene for which, in spite of all my self-love, I began to suspect that I was utterly unfitted. I recalled the bright prospects under which I had entered life, and passed in review the various modes in which I might have turned my resources to honourable and profitable account. The contrast was fraught with anguish and mortification. As I daily returned from the Courts, scarcely able to drag my wearied limbs along, but still attempting to look as alert and cheerful as if my success was certain, I frequently came across some of my college contemporaries. Such meetings always gave me pain. Some of them were rising in the army, others in the church; others, by a well-timed exercise of their talents, were acquiring a fair portion of pecuniary competence and literary fame. They all seemed happy and thriving, content-

ed with themselves and with all around them; while here was I, wearing myself down to a phantom in a dreary and profitless pursuit, the best years of my youth already gone, absolutely gone for nothing, and the prospect overshadowed by a deeper gloom with every step that I advanced. The friends whom I thus met, inquired with good-nature after my concerns; but I had no longer the heart to talk of myself. I broke abruptly from them, and hurried home to picture to my now morbid imagination the forlorn condition of the evening of life to a briefless barrister. How often, at this period, I regretted that I had not chosen the English Bar, as I had more than once been advised. There, if I had not prospered, my want of success would have been comparatively unobserved. In London I should, at the worst, have enjoyed the immunities of obscurity; but here, my failure would be exposed to the most humiliating publicity. Here I was to be doomed, day after day, and year after year, to exhibit myself in places of public resort, and advertise, in my own person, the disappointment of all my hopes.

These gloomy reflections were occasionally relieved by others of a more soothing and philosophic cast. The catastrophe, at the prospect of which I shuddered, it was still in my own power to avert. The sufferings that I endured were, after all, the factitious growth of an unwise ambition. I was still young and independent, and might, by one manly effort, sever myself forever from the spell that bound me; I might transport myself to some distant scene, and find in tranquillity and letters an asylum from the feverish cares that now bore me down. The thought was full of comfort, and I loved to return to it. I reviewed the different countries in which such a resting-place might best be found, and was not long in making a selection. Switzerland, with her lakes and hills and moral and poetic associations, rose before me: there inhabiting a delight-

ful cottage on the margin of one of her lakes, and emancipated from the conventional inquietudes that now oppressed me, I should find my health and my healthy sympathies revive.

In my present frame of mind the charms of such a philosophic retreat were irresistible. I determined to bid an eternal adieu to demurrers and special contracts, and had already fixed upon the time for executing my project, when an unexpected obstacle interposed. My sole means of support was the profit-rent, of which I have already spoken. The land, out of which it arose, lay in one of the insurrectionary districts; and a letter from my agent in the country announced that not a shilling of it could be collected. In the state of nervous exhaustion to which the "blue books" and the blue devils had reduced me, I had no strength to meet this unexpected blow. To the pangs of disappointed ambition were now added the horrors of sudden and hopeless poverty. I sank almost without a struggle, and becoming seriously indisposed, was confined to my bed for a week, and for more than a month to the house. When I was able to crawl out, I moved mechanically towards the Courts. On entering the Hall, I met my friend the king's counsel who had formerly advised the Bethesda; he was struck by my altered appearance, inquired with much concern into the particulars of my recent illness, of which he had not heard before, and, urging the importance of change of air, insisted that I should accompany him to pass a short vacation then at hand at his country-house in the vicinity of Dublin. The day after my arrival there, I received a second letter from my agent, containing a remittance, and holding out more encouraging prospects for the future. After this I recovered wonderfully, both in health and spirits. My mind, so agitated of late, was now all at once in a state of the most perfect tranquillity—from which I learned, for the first time, that there is nothing like the excitement of a good practical blow

(provided you recover from it) for putting to flight a host of imaginary cares. I could moralize at some length on this subject, but I must hasten to a conclusion. The day before our return to town, my friend had a party of Dublin acquaintances at his house: among the guests was the late Mr D——, an old attorney in considerable business, and his daughter. In the evening, though it was summer-time, we had a dance. I led out Miss D——; I did so, I seriously declare, without the slightest view to the important consequences that ensued. After the dance, which (I remember it well) was to the favourite and far-famed "Leg-of-Mutton jig," I took my partner aside, in the usual way, to entertain her. I began by asking if "she was not fond of poetry?"—She demanded, "why I asked the question?"—I said, "because I thought I could perceive it in the expression of her eyes."—She blushed, "protested I must be flattering her, but admitted that she was." I then asked, "if she did not think the Corsair a charming poem?"—She answered, "Oh, yes!"—"And would not *she* like to be living in one of the Grecian islands?"—"Oh, indeed she would."—"looking upon the blue waters of the Archipelago and the setting sun, associated as they were with rest."—"How delightful it would be!" exclaimed she.—"And so *refreshing*!" said I. I thus continued till we were summoned to another sett. She separated from me with reluctance, for I could see that she considered my conversation to be the sublimest thing that could be.—The effect of the impression I had made soon appeared. Two days after I received a brief in rather an important case from her father's office. I acquitted myself so much to his satisfaction, that he sent me another, and another, and finally installed me as one of his standing counsel for the junior business of his office. The opportunities thus afforded me, brought me by degrees into notice. In the course of time general business began to drop in upon me, and has

latterly been increasing into such a steady stream, that I am now inclined to look upon my final success as secure.

I have only to add, that the twelve years I have passed at the Irish Bar have worked a remarkable change in some of my early tastes and opinions. I no longer, for instance, trouble my

head about immortal fame ; and, such is the force of habit, have brought myself to look upon a neatly folded brief, with a few crisp bank of Ireland notes on the back of it, as beyond all controversy the most picturesque object upon which the human eye can alight.

IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Inès de Castro, dame d'honneur de la princesse Constance, première femme de Don Pèdre, ou Pierre Premier, Roi de Portugal, inspira un violent amour à ce prince, qui n'étoit encore qu'infant.

L'infant Don Pèdre épousa Inès en secret, et en eut Jean le Premier ; Alfonse IV., son père, fut instruit de cette union ; et comme il desiroit une alliance plus illustre, il prit le parti de sacrifier Inès à la politique. Don Pèdre furieux, s'unit d'intérêt avec Ferdinand et Alvarès de Castro, frères de sa maîtresse. Il prend les armes, contre son père, et met tout à feu et à sang dans les provinces où les assassins avoient leurs biens. Alfonse ne put le calmer qu'en les bannissant de son royaume. Des que Don Pèdre fut sur le trône, il chercha à se venger des meurtriers de son épouse.

Don Pèdre fit exhumer le corps d'Inès. On le revêtit d'habits superbes, on lui mit une couronne sur la tête, et les principaux seigneurs du Portugal vinrent rendre hommage à ce cadavre, et reconnoître Inès pour leur souveraine.—*Dictionnaire Biographique.*

Morn on the glorious dome, on the red-vines waving bright,
On the streams which sweep from their mountain home, on the flow'rs of dewy light:
Morn on the chesnut glades, on the lemon's living gold,
On the joyous brows of the village maids, which Love's own hand did mould.

There's music in the halls, in the palace halls of state,
Haught banners hang the frowning walls, where gallant warriors wait ;
And the horn is heard again ; while quick from east and west
Comes the gathering tread of martial men, dark plume, and golden crest.

There sits a princely form, to his foot proud knees are bent,
But his look is that of a deep'ning storm o'er a sunlit element ;
And in his full black eye lives a strong undying woe ;
Night hath watch'd long and silently—his tears like rain-drops flow.

He looks on one whose frame hath risen from pall and shroud,
And he calls her softly by her name—he calls and weeps aloud ;
Oh, Ignez ! never more thy voice shall pour its mellow strain,
How would my grieving soul rejoice to hear thee speak again.

Death sits upon thy lip, on thy graceful lip, where oft
Thy husband, Ignez, sweets did sip, while fond arms pillowed soft ;
As then thou look'dst, I see thee yet ; in all that life and bloom ;
O God ! that we had never met, or fill'd the same cold tomb.

Rose of our lovely land, soon thou died'st—and died'st for me ;
For me—and by a father's hand—that hand of cruelty :
The seraphs from their cloud-built seat thy murd'rer's doom have given ;
My father ! canst thou, dar'st thou, meet the lightning eyes of Heaven ?

Be loud the trumpet blown—bid the cannons' thunders peal ;
Upon her forehead place the crown—bid lords and warriors kneel :
'Tis done ; and o'er the solemn scene waves many a laurel wreath,
And the lords and warriors hail their Queen, who sits there dark in death.

Be loud the trumpet blown—bid the cannons' thunders peal ;
 Upon his forehead place the crown—bid lords and warriors kneel ;
 'Tis done ; the skies with voices ring, and banners statly wave,
 And the lords and warriors hail their King, and pray the Gods him save.

He stands amid the best and the bravest of his land,
 In robes of regal purple drest, with sceptre in his hand ;
 He stands with marble cheek, while every whisper sleeps ;
 He strives—but all in vain—to speak : the king, the monarch weeps !

'Tis o'er ; he moves as wont, and the storm of grief is gone,
 Upon his proud and warlike front is seen the king alone ;
 The throne of state he leaves—he leaves his death-cold queen,
 And if the monarch's heart still grieves, it is no longer seen.

LOVE.

“La science est folle parole,
 “Ne suivons que d'amour l'ecole.”

IN the sunny climes of Greece and Rome, love was a much more important affair, than with us cold-hearted mortals of the north. To many, however, who would judge merely from their domestic history, this seems little short of an anomaly ; for in those patriarchal times, the gentle sex were kept in different trim than with us, and were seldom permitted to aspire to higher things, than the making of puddings or baby linen (if such things then were.) There were then no boarding-schools, routs, parks, or theatres, where youthful eyes might throw their witchery over silly swains ; and moreover, many a boarding-school Miss will turn up her eyes with astonishment, when we inform her that their courtships and marriages bear, in general, a much greater similarity to our dealings in indigo and cotton, than our modern traffickings in cupids, flames, and darts. Indeed, if some sturdy old Greek or Roman were at this moment to rise from behind the columns of Athens, or the capitol, and survey our youthful dames—not Penelope-like, at their web and spinning wheels, but gadding about from the bazaar to the park—from the park to the theatre—from the theatre to the rout, and from the rout to bed—he would hold up his hands in horror and astonishment, and point to the slaves and seragios in Egypt, as consider-

ing them to afford more perfect examples of conjugal duties and domestic economy. These facts being premised, and the case stated, as a lawyer would say, the natural inference to be drawn in the absence of all information to the contrary is, that from our tender dealings with the tender sex, we are much more susceptible of the tender passion, than the Greeks and Romans were, who kept the dear little things in a state little short of domestic bondage. History, however, rises up to exclaim that it is not so, and to tell us, that they knew more of love matters, and exhibit more examples of intense and unalterable passion, than all Europe put together ; and grieve we to say, that to silence this comparison, we are not aware of any young lady having made, in our times, a nearer approach to the feat of Helen, than a jump out of the parlour window, or a trip to Gretna Green, or that any modern Pyramus and Thisbe have rivalled their famous prototypes of old, farther than by tumbling into the Paddington Canal, or experimenting on the taste of “a pennyworth of vile arsenic ;” and as for any modern Sappho, we are concerned to state, that all our researches in this respect have been in vain. But what places our gothic indifference on this subject in the strongest light, in comparison with the knowledge and refinement of the

ancients, is, our deplorable ignorance of the science of love, and the various means which the ancients employed to melt the heart of an obdurate fair one to tenderness; or to root out of their own bosoms, some hopeless or unreturned passion. We question much whether any spark of the present degenerate age knows any better way of settling these affairs, than by shooting himself through the head; and we therefore doubt not, but that we shall secure the applause of a grateful posterity, by unfolding the whole *arcana* of the *Materia Medica* of love at a glance, so that, in future emergencies of this sort, all young ladies and gentlemen shall have only to employ an apothecary or herbalist, instead of the old-fashioned artillery of cupids, sighs, and *billet-doux*.

In the Greek and Roman times, when a young man conceived a passion for a certain fair one, his mode of proceeding was as different from ours, as ours is from that of a North American Indian and his squaw; *billet-doux* and all their train of cupids, hearts, flames, darts, &c. were utterly unknown; and as for ogling in the theatre or the park, this was impossible. If the enamoured Corydon was a thick-headed rustic, he generally made a discovery of his flame by writing the name of his beloved *Amaryllis* on trees, walls, doors, &c. But if the innamorato was weakly and of a sentimental turn, he proceeded to work more tastefully. He began by decking the door of his dulcinea with flowers and garlands, and made libations of wine before her house, sprinkling the posts with the same liquor. This is a sad compliment, of which the beauty and force is not felt, till we recollect that this was the manner in which they performed their adorations to their deities, and which therefore raised the object of it to the rank of a goddess. Lovers are in general quicksighted enough to read, in a movement or a glance, the thoughts of their beloved; but the most certain proof which the fair one could give of a reciprocal

flame, was to untie the garlands of her lover, and to compose new ones to present to him. Should all his efforts however prove fruitless, and be repaid by the haughty fair one only with scorn and contempt, then recourse was had to enchantresses, of whom the Thessalians enjoyed the highest reputation. The means which were then adopted to reduce the unrelenting heart under the dominion of Venus, and to dispose it to mutual and tender passion, were most commonly philtres and love potions, the operation of which was violent and dangerous, and often deprived such as drank of them of reason itself.

The effect imputed to these potions being, as may be readily guessed, a subject more of imagination than reality, it is not surprising that, in the selection of the ingredients which composed them, we discover few traces of any laborious research or even delicacy of choice. Had it been a quackery of the present day, lavender water, otto of roses, or some other ladylike article, would no doubt have been employed to secure it a place on the boudoirs of the fair; but the poor Greeks knew as little of these delicacies, as they did of steam-engines or joint stock companies, and our catalogue of their love draughts, we are much afraid, will shock the ears, or, it may be, turn the stomach, of many a delicate *petit maître*, seeing that the ingredients of the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth* are nothing to them. Some of the most remarkable of them were these. The hippomanes, the jynx, insects bred from putrefaction, the fish remora, the lizard, the hairs on the tip of a wolf's tail, the bones on the left side of a toad eaten with ants, the blood of doves, bones of snakes, feathers of screech owls, twisted cords of wool in which a person had hanged himself, rags, torches, reliques, a nest of swallows buried and vanished in the earth, bones snatched from hungry dogs, the marrow of a boy famished in the midst of plenty, dried human liver, and (*mirabile dictu*) the brains of a calf. To these may be added

most plants growing out of putrid substances, and which, indeed, in ordinary and less desperate cases, were usually resorted to. Such were the ingredients which entered into the composition of that infernal draught a love potion! They are of so ridiculous, and some of them of so horrid a nature, as to point with certainty to the source from whence they came, and to show us that the Thesalian hags knew more of the art of working on the credulity and superstitions of mankind, than of the practice of the *Materia Medica*.

But besides the philtres various other arts were used to excite love, in which the external application of certain substances was supposed to have a magical influence on the persons against whom they levelled their skill. A hyæna's udder, worn under the left arm, was thought by these rakes of antiquity to draw the affections of any woman they cast their eyes upon. A species of olives and barley bran or sometimes flour, made up into paste and thrown into the fire, was supposed to excite the flame of love. Burning laurel and melting wax were supposed to have the like effect. When they wanted to harden one heart and soften another, moulded figures of clay and wax were exposed to the fire together. This branch was carried still farther; for after creating wax images of the person to be operated upon, whatever was done to the image the prototype was supposed to feel. This whim of the waxen images is remarkable as being the only one of their love enchantments which appears to have survived the dark ages, as we find the same idea prevalent during the monkish times; and if we recollect rightly, the Ettrick Shepherd has embodied it in a poetical form in one of his early publications. Enchanted medicaments were deemed of particular efficacy, and sprinkled on some part of the house where the object

of affection resided. When the intimacy of the lovers had proceeded so far as the exchange of love pledges, they were preserved with the greatest care, and sometimes were deposited at the threshold of their house, to preserve the affections of the owner from wandering. Love-knots were as efficacious as any, and the number three was deemed particularly favourable in all their operations.

The ancients had no very high opinion themselves of that sort of love which their enchantments were supposed to procure; for they imagined that the flame so lighted might be as easily quenched, by having recourse to more powerful enchantments, as a demon of a higher order, than were deemed instrumental in exciting it, while they admitted that love inspired without magic was without cure. When a passion was supposed to have been inspired by magic, to counteract its effect they had recourse to *agnus castus*, which was believed to have the power of weakening desire; sprinkling the dust in which a mule had rolled herself; tying toads in the hide of a beast newly slain; applying amulets of various minerals and herbs; and invoking the assistance of the infernal deities. The most classical remedy, however, for a hopeless passion, and also the most efficacious, we should think, was the leap down the Leucadian promontory. This experiment has been immortalized by the example of the amorous Sappho. Boats were always in readiness to pick up the adventurers, but still the instances of those whose attempts had a tragical issue, are quite as numerous as those who escaped with merely a ducking, though it is by no means likely that young Cupid would again choose for his abode, a heart which had undergone such a wonderfully cooling anti-amorous operation, as the "*Leucadian Leap*."

TOM TRUELOVE.

TOM TRUELOVE was one of the highest spirited fellows breathing; he was thought, by all his acquaintances, too wild to marry; he was always joking on the subject, and declaring that nothing should induce him to be caught in the conjugal noose. Tom was a handsome fellow, and much admired by the fair sex; he returned their partiality, but his attentions went no further than flirting: he was fond of his bottle at the same time, and although not a spendthrift, was as expensive as he possibly could be, without dipping into his principal; he always rode good horses and spared no price; thus merrily his life run on. Different avocations separated us: the army took me to India, and I there read of Tom's marriage, at Harrowgate; I paid little attention to the circumstance; "a large fortune!" quoth I to myself, "some heavy temptation, powerful charms," but the money seemed the most likely: I gave the matter no further thought until I returned, nearly a dozen years afterwards, to England. Paying a morning visit in Dover street, I saw Mr Truelove's card in a card-rack, and determined to call upon him, anticipating much pleasure in talking over old stories, and in bantering him on his former habits and protestations, his defying the charms of the fair, and his praises of the joys of a bachelor's life; I also promised myself at least one jovial bout, certain that Tom would live in excellent style, and keep a good table, and have all things, particularly his wife, in good order; for he used to laugh men to scorn who failed in this particular, despising petticoat government, undue influence, &c. &c. &c. I knocked at his door, which was opened by a modest-looking footman (*a rara avis*, in the west end of the town). "Is your master at home?" said I. "I don't exactly know, Sir," replied the footman, "I am but just come in, but I will go up stairs and

see; your name if you please." I gave my name, and begged of him to add, that I had been but a few days in town, arrived from abroad, and had been one of his oldest acquaintances, deeming this precaution necessary, as old acquaintances have often very short memories: a flutter seized my heart, for I had a warm regard for Tom, and I felt an emotion which every warm heart must experience at the little interesting uncertainty of how an old friend may be, how fortune may have treated him, whether his regard and sincerity correspond with our own, and the like—sensations easier imagined than expressed. What a blight is a cold reception under these circumstances! how wrinkles, premature age, the bloom of the cheek faded, the impression of sickness, shock the beholder! Poverty I apprehended not: Tom had a thousand per annum as a single man, and doubtless would have provided for an increased establishment, and for the contingent expences of wedlock. I listened attentively, half hoping to be called up stairs, by my Christian name, by himself; I almost prayed that his voice might be strong, and its tone lively and cordial: I heard a female voice only, and now concluded that he was not at home, and that I must be kept longer in suspense, and either wait for his returning my visit, or call again. Whilst fumbling for my address card, the footman came back, saying, "My master is at home *to you*, but to no one else;" very flattering, thought I, and I ascended the staircase, four stairs at a time, in the flutter of pleasure. I entered, and found Tom with a book in his hand, one child between his knees, another teasing him at the back of the chair, a high-dressed lady opposite to him, superintending the work of a pretty little girl, and a fourth child with a paper fool's cap, blubbing in a corner; he rose up and took me by the

hand, I pressed his in mine most heartily, "My dear Tom, I am delighted to see you," exclaimed I, and then made my *obeisance* to madame;—his was a smile in return, but such a smile as that where kindness and regret meet and mingle together,—a sigh and a smile struggling for mastery: he motioned me to sit by him, and then, releasing the little school-boy from his task, and from his situation between his knees, he said, "go away with you, stupid little creature, there's no making you learn any thing; heigh ho!" Away ran the dull scholar, whilst the boy at the back of the chair pulled his father's ears by way of fun. "Have done, you wicked little plague," cried he; at which moment the girl in the corner cried most distressfully, and mama's companion pricked her finger with a needle, and screamed like a screech owl.—"A pretty family concert!" observed Tom to me, with a shrug of his shoulders.—"Yes, but you have very fine children," said I, wishing to calm matters; "you are a very happy fellow." this lit up a smile and a welcome together from madame. I interposed to have the fool's-cap removed, and to have the penance remitted, and was in the act of applying a piece of court plaster to the other girl's wounded finger, when she gave me a slap in the face, and added to it, "you hurt me, you do, you nasty man."—"Turn them all out," loudly vociferated my friend; whereon the whole four gave tongue together, in groans, moans, lachrymose accents, and lamentations, and ran out one after the other. Madame angrily accented, "Stupid man, you always expect more of children than they can perform—I never saw any thing like you." In order to change the subject, I asked if he had any more children? Ah! yes, six more,—ten in all, plenty of children, and plenty of trouble with them." (Madame)—"And if you had none you'd be always complaining; men are the most contradictory beings on earth."—"Will you dine with us to morrow?" said he to me. (Madame).—

"No dear, we are engaged."—"Humph; madame can contradict too," said I to myself; "then on Thursday," resumed he, "I hope so," added she, but never did hope wear such a livery; not the shadow of a smile was to be seen; all insincerity; but I accepted the invitation. I was impatient for the arrival of the day when I was to partake of a family dinner, which had the more attraction for me because it would give me an opportunity of retracing the scenes of our youth, when left *tete-a-tete* with my old acquaintance, after madame had retired from table. The day and hour came, Truelove looked in something like good spirits, but the lines of care were strongly and deeply impressed upon his features; he was much altered. I offered my arm to madame, to descend the staircase from the drawing room to the dining-parlour: "Don't you find your friend much improved since you saw him?" inquired she, adding, "he is grown fatter since he was a single man."—"He is looking very well," replied I, "and how could it be otherwise with so much happiness about him!" I never told a fib with so bad a grace. "We have a fine family," said she, bridling up to look more becomingly. We were now seated at table: there was a great deal of parade,—a show of plate,—much ceremony—but a very scanty, homely dinner, after all, made the most of by wax-lights, flowers round the dishes, and trickery; the circulation of the wine was like that of a miser's coin, or still more like the current of his heart, slow and niggardly: at the second glass of *Cape Madeira* (which I expected *not* to see, and which madame called *Madeira*, forgetting that I had doubled the Cape, and was not to be imposed upon), she asked me, "pray did not Truelove drink very hard when first you knew him!"—"Not particularly," answered I.—"He is very sober now," said she, "I have quite reformed him."—"So I perceive," quoth I, rather *drily*. The desert was long and *dead sober* (as Pat calls it in com-

tradistinction to *dead drunk*). On her retiring, he took my hand and pressed it kindly, filling a bumper and giving "Love and friendship!" I had almost forgotten to mention, that the whole ten children were paraded after the cloth was taken off, and a more noisy and troublesome set I never beheld; they were of all sizes, from one in nurse's arms up to one of nearly eleven years of age, extremely robust and womanly for her age. "A very agreeable lady your wife is," said I, seeing him dull: "very," answered he, in a faint voice; "and money?" continued I—"a little," responded he, in a still more subdued tone, "a few thousands, all spent, and more promised, which I shall never get; I was infatuated to marry, and never calculated on what wedlock might produce; I am really a very poor man with a thousand per annum; have given up

my horses, and all my comforts, and I must either dip into my capital and be ruined in time, live miserably, or go abroad." "I am sorry for that," said I, sincerely—a violent ringing of the bell preceded the appearance of the footman, announcing, in a firm tone, "coffee's ready." Tom asked me to take another glass, but the two decanters only averaged one between us; and so with the half glass each, we walked up stairs. Tom looked pitiable; the evening concluded by an exhibition of the little children's talents, and *talons* also, for the child who had slapped my face, scratched that of the baby, and a family scene ensued: "Is this matrimony?" murmured I to myself, as I went out of the house. I invited Truelove to a coffee-house dinner, but he sent an excuse. Alas! poor Tom.

A TAKE UP.

A KNOWING jirk of the coachman's elbow, put me in mind that I was growing fatigued, that I had two miles of road before me; besides half the town to cross ere I could get home; the jolting of stage-coaches, is recommended by a certain eccentric doctor, as an excellent cure for bile, for rheumatism, obstructions, and others the plagues of Pandora's box, so I answered the signal, and was crammed in with four more into the vehicle, which offered its daily accommodation to merchants, traders, idlers, convalescents, and visitors to the thousand and one boarding schools, seminaries, establishments, and houses of education with fine names to them, such as *Bellerue*, (marked perhaps by a brick kiln). *Belvedere-house*, with *niente a vedere*, (nothing to see) but the Adam and Eve public-house, Rose Mount, standing amongst thistles, and Paradise-hall, as black as Erebus, and such like brick and mortar misnomers in the environs of our colossal

metropolis; such work in fidgeting and footing it, in stowing and quartering of knees, such primming up of a governess, unmarried and fifty, with her *ne quid nimis*, and such squeezing of a fat builder, who was the *ne plus ultra* of a single place figure, and of whom it might be said, as of the Will Waddle of the lively G. Colman;

"So fat he appeared he was just like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one."

Well, at last I was wedged in between two tradesmen, so intent on business that they would not have perceived me, but for the pressure of being dove-tailed on to fit the seat, for feeling has no fellow. By the way, one fellow, and a fat fellow he was too, had a spy-glass in his pocket, which made no small impression on my ribs; and the other was obliged to suspend his account of the meal and money market, in order to beg me to rise up, as I was squeezing a cream cheese in his pocket into an

Egyptian mummy, as he called it; I complied, when the spy-glass again took me in flank, and galled me desperately. "Oh! dear," cried I, and by a forward motion came in contact with Miss Sally Sampler's knee. "Oh, dear!" she echoed, and started as if she had received an electric shock. "Oh! dear Sir, you annoy me most monstrously, I am so tittlish (ticklish); I'm for all the world like a sensible plant." Sensitive, if you please, Miss," (muttered our tradesmen). "Well, sensitive, or sensible, it is my exquisite sensibility which occasions the *sensissement*. I cannot bear to be titched on the knee." I retired, and got a dig with the telescope. "There, again my cheese!" exclaimed t'other neighbor, "it will be as flat as a pancake before I get to Mark-lane." This made me think of the mark that I should have in my side from repeated contusion. "Talking of Mark-lane," said tradesman on my right, (the owner of the goading glass) "corn went off dull to day." "Yes Sir," interrupted builder, the *vis a vis*, "but my corn comes off sharp enough from your treading on it. Zooks, Sir, can't you look about you, stamping on a man's toe, as if it was the step of a door." "Ask your pardon," said the corn merchant. "So you ought," angrily returned the man of brick; "it goes to my very heart." "Oh!" exclaimed the sensitive lady, "oh! Sir, pray, Sir, how you do nudge me on the ribs. I'm sure you've made me all black and blue." "Sorry for that, Miss, but folks must sit as they can." Any change must be for the better in point of color, thought I, for the lady was as dead a lime white as ever I beheld. "Pray, Sir, (recovering herself and addressing herself to me,) "what do they say of the catholic question? are the bishops?" Here a sudden pull up, and an introduction of number six stopped her inquiries for a moment, and she begged the new passenger to take the middle, observing, "I never could ride bodkin in my life, be so complaisant." But passenger number six, with an umbrella

under his arm, was not so complaisant; "Madam!" answered he, "I could not stand the heat a moment, if I was thrust in between you and that gentleman beside you; moreover, I should be sick as a horse, if I did not sit with my head out of the vinder all the way," and so saying, he proved himself to be fond of *backing* his opinions, by turning to the right about, and by shoving Miss on the builder's lap. "I wish you would take less room, Miss," was the consequence of this contact of persons. "I'm sure, Sir, your room would be preferable to your company," quoth she, a little nettled; "I never came in *contract* with so disagreeable a body in my life; but, perhaps, Sir," (meaning me,) "you would change places with me?" "Most willingly, Ma'am," so in she got betwixt cheese and spy-glass—"Oh! my," (trepidatingly articulated she), "what have you got in your pocket? it's an air-gun, or a blunderbush, I dare swear, and if it should go off, we shall be blown up, killed and murdered." "It's only a glass, Miss."—"Yes, but then,"—"Miss, it's in a case."—"Oh! that is a different case; well, Sir, and the catholic question?"—"Get out of the way, you Irish rebel, you ragamuffin, with your donkey, and your potatoe cart," sung out coachee, "or else I'll capsize you and your rubbidge; a pretty pair of you, you are—man and beast, I wouldn't give a mag for the whole boiling of you."—"Arragh! come down from your woosack, if you please, it's only your elevation that *proticks* you, if you'd put yourself on a *futing* wid me, and give me fair play, I'd show you another story;" a smack of the whip in scorn put an end to the colloquy, and a hearty laugh disposed of the catholic question. "Coachee! cried Miss, through the window, "you are carrying matters too far, that is to say, you are carrying me too far; you was to have me set down at Stone's end, and now you are driving me off to Lunnun bridge." A general laugh, "well done, Miss." "Set me down direct-

ly"—"Wo, oh!" cried coachee to his nags, (to the lady,) "well Miss, you got all this way for nothing." "Yes, young man, but then that's out of my way; good morning, gentlemen, your servant, Madam."—Here was another take up, a lame man with crutches: "Where are you going to, Sir," (coachee on his being squeezed in)—"Vy to Crutched Friars," said the cad, which excited much mirth; "I hope," observed the builder, "that he has nothing to do with the friars:" here I was afraid the catholic question would come on again, but the rattling of the pavement, and the passing coaches in the narrow part of the Borough, put all questions at rest, and so shook the corn-factor, that it must have gone *against the grain* indeed—out of his pocket fell a sample, which was all trampled under foot, he was disconsolate, for he had none like it to produce; this came from the introduction of the devil upon two sticks, (for he played the devil with the corn-merchant); an intelligent look between the brother tradesmen conveyed their wishes as to him, namely, that they wished that he had crossed the Styx (or sticks) before he came into their company. "I hope," said the grave builder, "that we sha'n't have *no more* takes up."—"Why

there's no room for any more," contemptuously replied the corn-factor, "unless we set one down soon." "There again!" cried the builder; "you need not set your foot upon mine whether or not—" he was going to rap out an oath; "My good fellow," quoth I, "do not be so hasty, you are more frightened than hurt;" so it proved to be. On we went, but no signs of a move, dead silence, and no *set down* yet. In this interval, I reflected that all life is like a stage-coach, and the journey proceeds with a constant change of passengers, ups and downs, inequalities of fortune and of ground, are encountered together, bad companions and good companions, and all off in a short time. We scarcely make acquaintance together, but separation and regret follow: every stage of life and of the road has its asperities; if we are tacked to a troublesome partner, or fellow traveller, the journey is rough and uncheering indeed. Yes, life and a stage-coach journey resemble very much; but as we have said so much upon "*takes up*" our next communication to our friends, shall be on "*sets down*;" if we are favored with a *place* in your conveyance of knowledge and amusement.

A STAGE-COACH TRAVELLER.

VARIETIES.

LECTURE ON EYES.

WE have heard of Lectures on Heads, Lectures on Hearts, and Lectures on Noses; but never, I believe, Lectures on *Eyes*, which, in my opinion, (and I am sure all the ladies will think with me,) would form as proper and as fertile a subject for a lecturer's wit, humour, and acumen, as any that the whole compass of nature affords. The eyes are not only the most potent of beauty's features, but the most luminous interpreters of our thoughts and passions. What the head thinks, they are generally competent to expound, and what the

heart often feels, no language but theirs can tell. To effect the diversity of their important purposes, nature has endowed them with as various powers. They can look angry or pleased, fierce or mild, threatening or alluring, bold or fearful, bright or dull, according to the settled character, or casual whims of their owner. Hence, we have the sleepy eye, and the sparkling eye; the vacant eye, and the staring eye; the heavy eye, and the piercing eye; the gloomy eye, and the laughing eye; the melting eye, and the fiery eye; the piteous eye, and the disdainful eye; the

complaisant eye, and the frenzied eye; the bold eye, and the bashful eye; the timid eye, and the languishing eye; the leering eye, and the sheep's eye. Thus, while they look into every thing, they express every thing; they both examine and decide, consult and advise, solicit and dictate, inquire and reply; and while they depend on the world's sciences for all their knowledge, frequently tell the world more than it knows. They preside not only at all private, but all public meetings; the language of the senate, the pulpit, and the stage, would often be inexplicable without their illustrative aid; and deprived of their soul-thrilling intelligence, love scenes would lose their very essence and their name.

You perceive then, how ample a scope is that magic circle in which the power of the eye "lives, moves, and has its being." How, as the poet declares it, "in a fierce phrensy rolling, glances from earth to heav'n, from heav'n to earth," and spurns even the extent of nature's verge; and how immeasurable an advantage a judicious lecturer might derive from so transcendent and potent a subject. I am the more urgent in pressing these remarks upon the public attention, on account of the interest the Ladies have in its discussion. Theirs, after all, is the principal province of ocular influence. Theirs is the enchanted sphere in which the eye rolls and rules, lightens and inflames, penetrates and electrifies, kindles and dissolves: a power which, as they best know how to employ, they may best be trusted with; and which (a consideration that I am sure will weigh most with you) belongs to them of natural right, and would not willingly be deprived or diminished by any man.

ART OF BAKING.

A machine for accelerating the fermentation of flour has been invented at Lausanne in Switzerland. It consists, simply, of a round box of pine-wood, a foot in diameter, and two feet long, placed upon gudgeons,

and put into motion by a handle or winch, resembling exactly the cylinder used for burning coffee. An opening is made on one side for receiving the dough. The time necessary for fermentation depends upon the temperature, the rapidity of its motion, and many other circumstances; but, when the paste is properly raised, the operator discovers it by the hissing sound of the fixed air, as it rushes out of the machine. It never fails to work well, and requires, at most, half an hour's attention. The labour is nothing, as a child can turn the machine. If made longer, and divided into compartments, it would serve for the preparation of several kinds of paste at the same time. This machine offers the double advantage of raising paste expeditiously and to the exact degree required.

AUTOMATONS.

The most *wonderful* exhibition—at all events one of the most *curious* exhibitions—in London, is;—a collection of mechanical and musical *automata*, at the New Gothic Hall, in the Haymarket. First, we have "The Juvenile Artist," who (or *which*) in *three* minutes, produces, in the presence of the spectators, a free and graceful sketch—Cupid, perhaps, in a triumphal car—and, if not quite satisfied with his performance, he retouches it; his (or *its*) eyes apparently directed to, and moving over, the paper on which the drawing is executed.

Then appears a "Musical Lady," rather larger than the Infant Lyra, who plays several airs, with much grace of movement and sweet expression of countenance; her tell-tale eyes looked unutterable things, her bosom palpitating with virgin tenderness and truth.

Next we have a "Rope-dancer," of wonderful agility;—a "Walking Figure," self-balanced, the *ne plus ultra* of mechanism;—a "Siberian Mouse," set with pearls, that plays all manner of tricks;—a "Taran-tula Spider," whose rapidity of approach might scare a fine lady;—a

"Humming Bird," that springs out of a gold-enamelled snuff-box, warbles several tunes, and then hops in again ;—a "Serpent," wrought in gold, with diamond eyes ;—an "Egyptian Lizard ;"—an "Eihioptian Caterpillar," &c.

Nothing, however, pleased us more, than "The Magician," who (or *which*) answers questions most oracularly. We inquired—not doubting, by the bye—"whether there were any women in heaven ;" the sage replied, in the true spirit of chivalry, "there could be no heaven without them." We wished him to tell us "whether we were married or single ;" he said "we knew ourselves, otherwise he would inform us."

The whole of this most amusing exhibition is admirably managed, and affords an astonishing, perhaps an unequalled display of mechanical skill.

FRESH WATER.

As a means of preserving water at sea, an officer of the name of Ruyter recommends the use of a composition of resin and olive-oil well mixed with brick-dust, to which he gives the consistence of varnish. He renders the resin adherent by melting it with olive-oil, which unites itself with great facility to iron, with which it becomes perfectly combined when applied to it very hot. Its combination with the brick-dust gives it a sufficient degree of solidity without altering its adherent quality. This plastering, when applied to the inside of the casks, is not liable to be dissolved by water, which, on the contrary, increases its hardness, while it preserves the iron on the outside from being rusted. The author states, that he has employed this composition for several years on casks bound with iron hoops, which underwent no oxydization, and therefore rendered the use of pitch unnecessary.

HONESTY EXEMPLIFIED.

A set of parish officers in a country-village applied to Snetzler, a celebrated organ builder, to examine their organ, and make improvements in it :

—"Gentlemen," said the honest Swiss, "your organ be wort von hundred pound just now.—Vell, I will spend you von hundred pound upon it, and it shall then be wort fifty."

THE INCONSTANT.

Al! Mary, smile not at my woes,
Nor mock my just upbraiding ;
When you to Henry gave that rose,
Your love to me was fading.

I sacred held the oaths you swore,
Then wherefore can you wonder :
When Mary Henry's favours wore,
Our ties were rent asunder.

There's but one love—one way of love—
Whole, changeless, and confiding ;
Let but a doubt th' enchantment move,
And where's the spell abiding.

RAGE FOR DANCING IN IRELAND.

The Irish seem to be as fond of exercise of this kind as the French. Among the middle ranks of the community, says the author of Letters from the Irish Highlands, the servants of the family commonly amuse themselves, on a Sunday evening, by dancing together ; and, among the peasants, it is so favourite an accomplishment, that some of their hard-earned tenpennies are bestowed upon those itinerant masters who move from village to village, remaining just as long in each as they can find scholars and potatoes sufficient for their maintenance. Even in this wild corner, we have our votaries of Terpsichore, and receive occasional visits from the professors of her mysteries. A young man came to us from the county of Mayo, with his violin in his hand ; exercising at the same time two professions, which would hardly be deemed compatible in a more civilized country. He was a tailor and a dancing-master. The remuneration which he demanded appeared to me large when compared with the means of payment possessed by his pupils ; but very inadequate, when compared with the sum that is necessary for a man's support, even on a diet of potatoes. For a course of eighteen lessons he received two tenpennies. The lessons were given four

or five times in the week. The free and hospitable character of the people, I have no doubt, ensured him his lodging in some one of the cabins, and he probably made something by his other trade; for I was told that he was a reputable young man, "a rich fellow enough," as Dogberry would say; "one that had two gowns, and every thing handsome about him." It was from one of my fair customers that I heard an account of the death of this dancing-master, who fell a victim to the typhus fever. She was a shrewd, dark-eyed little woman, who came to purchase some of the English clothes. I brought her out calico, flannel, grey linsey-woolsey. No: they were not what she wanted. What was it, then? "The green petticoat." It was linsey-woolsey of a bright pea-green color. Her eyes sparkled when I produced it. "Sure then, and it's a pretty petticoat. Isn't it elegant now?" But, as soon as it was unfolded, her brow was again clouded. What was the matter? The answer was in Irish, and my interpreter laughed while she translated, "too narrow for dancing." My little friend, who was indeed neither young nor unmarried, nodded her head very sagaciously; "Och sure then, and it's entirely too narrow,"—and she thrust out her legs, in a *pas de Zephyr*, that most certainly required an additional breadth. I smiled to think what our English friends would have said to this strange objection against their petticoats.

ST HELENA.

The sepulchre of Napoleon has occasioned a discussion that has much occupied the attention of Government and the East India Company. Mr Torbet (proprietor of the earth where repose the remains of the man who, at one time, grasped the empire of the world) speculated that he should gain £300 or £400 a year, by imposing a tax on the curiosity of the numerous visitors of the spot. The authorities of the island attempted to do away with this mo-

nopoly, when Mr Torbet demanded that the body should be exhumed, and placed elsewhere. The Government put a stop to this scandalous proceeding, and ordered the East-India Company to pay a sum of £500 to Mr Torbet, on condition that the body of Napoleon be suffered to remain in its present place of interment. This has been accepted; and the celebrated tomb may now be visited without charge.

AUTHOR OF JUNIUS.

A Critical Inquiry regarding the real Author of the Letters of Junius, proving them to have been written by Lord Viscount Sackville. By George Coventry. 8vo. 14s. London, June, 1825.

Like every one else who had studied the controversies relative to Junius, we were strongly prepossessed in favour of Sir Philip Francis's claims; and although the present volume has certainly shaken that conviction, it has by no means removed it. Mr Coventry has made out what our lawyers would term a good *prima facie* case against Lord George Sackville, which, in the absence of other claimants, would be quite sufficient to justify us in pronouncing him to be the author of Junius. That his lordship and Junius were identical, has been frequently suspected. Sir William Draper, to whom the inquiry was one of some interest, attributed the authorship of Junius to Lord George; and Mr Woodfall, to whom an application was made by Mr Coventry, asserted that his father (the correspondent of Junius) at times suspected the same nobleman.

The character and history of Lord George undoubtedly give a colour to the supposition; and it is rather from the general congruity of these with the tenor and spirit of Junius's writings, than from any minute chain of circumstantial evidence, that we are led to infer the identity of his lordship and Junius. Mr C. has traced, with much success, the acerbity and violence with which Junius attacks the characters of various individuals,

to the wounded feelings which the affair of Minden inspired in the breast of Lord G. Sackville towards those who took an active part against him upon that occasion. On the other hand, he has attempted to shew that some of those who suffered from the pen of Junius, were persons whom Sir Philip Francis had reason to regard.

A WARY CREDITOR.

A dashing gentleman, who was not reckoned among the number of the best paymasters, visiting his hatter, fixed upon one of the hats in the shop which he wished to have sent home upon credit: this being refused, he exclaimed "What! do you refuse to give me credit for a hat?" when the hatter replied, I have another trifling objection besides that of merely giving you credit—I should not like to be under the necessity of bowing to my *own hat* till you may choose to pay for it.

SHOOTING.

Two shooting matches took place recently for 10l. each, near Limerick, between Mr P. G. an American gentleman, and Mr B. B. of the county of Clare, and were both won by the latter hitting nine single halfpence flung successively into the air with velocity, and three potatoes similarly thrown at a hat twenty yards distant. Mr G. lost by missing one halfpenny out of the nine, and the three potatoes.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A vixen fox, with three very young cubs, which had been dug out of an earth in the neighbourhood, was brought a few days ago to John Barling, Esq. of Nowdes, near Sittingbourne, Eng. and which were confined in an out-building, from which the mother escaped, and sacrificed those maternal feelings for her progeny, for the love of liberty, which were afterwards in an extraordinary manner evinced by a cat in the complete adoption of the deserted family. She took the cubs, of which she is

excessively fond, and faithfully fulfils all the offices of a real mother, both in suckling them, and showing the same anxiety and care for their protection which she naturally would for her own kittens.

FRENCH STREETS.

It is chiefly to Louis XIV. that Paris is indebted for the improvement of the streets and public roads. At the beginning of his reign the ladies seldom went out except on mules, and the gentlemen wore buskins. A Spaniard, on the day of his arrival at Paris, seeing them thus equipped, inquired, "*si toute la ville partain en poste?*" This monarch opened many new streets, and enlarged and paved those in which carriages could not pass. Dulaure relates, that in each of the streets the bust of the king, wearing an enormous court wig, was placed in a conspicuous situation.

The earliest record of the streets of Paris being lighted at night is of the year 1465, when Louis XI. issued an ordinance, enjoining a lantern to be placed before every house by its occupier. In the reign of Francis I., Paris being infested by thieves and assassins, whose crimes kept the inhabitants in constant dread of the approach of night, that monarch issued an ordinance in 1524, commanding every householder "to place at nine o'clock in the evening, at the window of the first story, a lantern containing a *lighted* candle, as a preservative against the attacks *des mauvais garçons*. At this period no one walked in the streets after sunset without a lantern.

AQUATIC WAGER.

On Tuesday, June 7, an officer of the 7th Hussars laid a wager that he would ride his horse through the centre arch of Hampton-bridge. The current was very strong and deep at the time, and he made two or three unsuccessful attempts, but at length accomplished the task amidst the cheers of the spectators.

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NO. 12.]

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 15, 1825.

[VOL. 3, N. S.]

COUNT KONINGSFELDT AND HIS ANCESTORS:

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH.

"What joys are the life of a hunter surrounding!
For whom foams so richly the cup of delight!
With rifle and horn, through the broad forest bounding,
Or stretched in its shade, by the streamlet so bright;
How glorious to see the fleet stag vainly flying,
The hound in the green-wood, the hawk in the air!
The pastime of princes all others outvying,
No sport upon earth with the chase can compare.
"Yoho, tra la la! &c.

"Not even with day is the hunter's sport ended—
The midnight to him is as dear as the noon:
For when the bright sun in the west has descended,
Up rises to light him his lady the moon.
By her yellow beam led, through the deepest glens hieing,
The wolf or the wild boar he tracks to his lair;
The pastime of princes all others outvying,
No sport upon earth with the chase can compare.
"Yoho, tra la la!"

THE spirited chorus in the opera of *Der Freischütz*, with its accompaniment of forest scenery, the deep green-wood, the rugged rocks and gushing waters, brought recollections to my mind fraught with the wild romance of the northern nations, and forcibly reminded me of a pleasant adventure which occurred to me in a hasty journey through Sweden. My carriage had broken down at the entrance of a forest; many hours were necessary for its repair, ere it could be again rendered serviceable; and, having received such directions as I thought would enable me to reach the next post, I walked forward alone. The scene was to me equally new, strange, and beautiful; the woody labyrinth appeared to be interminable; but here and there a green glade interposed to give it

variety, whilst the inequalities of the ground, the upland paths and deep ravines, the scattered trees and close thickets, presented so many enchanting combinations, that, wholly lost in admiration, I wandered from spot to spot completely at random, and entangled myself at every step still deeper in the mazes of the wild.

I was beginning to feel excessively fatigued, and not a little hungry, and my taste for the picturesque was fast giving way to a strong desire to exchange these profound solitudes for the busy haunts of men, when, much to my surprise and delight, I heard a song, not from a bird, but the voices of men bursting upon my ear in one grand swell, then dying away in soft cadences, and in another instant making the distant echoes ring with the minstrel-strain. Guided

by the sound, I urged my way through winding alleys, and came at once upon the party, a jovial band of hunters lying idly upon the green-sward, under a fir-crowned pile of rocks, and close to a fountain which welled at their feet. An abundant supply of bread, meat, and wine was spread upon the grass, and they were chanting the *Jäger-lied* (hunting song) with that exquisite native melody which is so astonishing and fascinating to an Englishman's ear, accustomed to the unmusical voices of his own countrymen. I met with a hearty welcome from the sylvan wassailers, stretched my limbs upon the green-sward beside them, appeased the cravings of appetite, and then luxuriated in the exquisite sensations which the scene, the season, and the hour produced. The striking attitudes, costumes, and countenances of my companions, the delicious repose of the glen, broken only by the chirping of birds, the humming of insects, and then the fresh smell of the leaves, together with the brilliant glories of the now-setting sun, as it gilded the tops of the trees, tinged the sparkling waters with crimson, and threw long streams of light up the avenues which intersected the surrounding oaks and elms, steeped every sense in calm delight. I thought what a happy change it would be to the imprisoned tenant of the city, reluctantly condemned to toil in dark build-ings for gold, to inhale the reviving air of this rustic haunt, and brace his unnerved frame in healthful exercise; and was ready to exclaim—

“Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to live with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Here shall he see no enemy—
Save winter and rough weather.

The hospitable party whom I had so fortunately encountered consisted of the forest-keeper, Count Koningsfeldt, and his attendants. He despatched a chasseur to apprise my servants of the cause of my detention, and insisted upon my spending

the night under his roof. I accepted his courtesy as freely as it was freely given, and after a sufficient rest we bent our steps to the Count's sylvan abode. It was an ancient structure, spacious, and beautifully situated upon the edge of a wood. I was much pleased with the antique appearance of its architecture, as the dark walls arose in gothic grandeur, and received the last ray of the declining sun on the fretted stone-work of their decorations. The interior was equally striking and pictorial: the hall and dining-room were wainscoted with oaken pannels, highly polished and richly carved; and pictures, representing subjects taken from the chase, were surmounted with the wide-spreading antlers of the buck; whilst rifles, and horns, and powder-flasks, mingled with the relics of ancient armour, both offensive and defensive, were tastefully arranged in appropriate situations. The principal saloon was hung with tapestry, whereon some skilful hand had wrought the death of the stag: it was exceedingly well delineated; the whole group of horses, dogs, and hunters seemed to breathe; and the triumph displayed by the countenances and action of those who surrounded the expiring animal, strongly indicated the brave sport which the gallant brute had afforded. On looking around me, I found the scene repeated on every side; sometimes sculptured in wood, at others painted on canvass, and single portraits of the stag were multiplied by artists who nearly equalled the touch of Snyders. I could not help expressing my surprise at the constant recurrence of the same subject when the wild boar and the wolf offered so much variety.

My host smiled: “there is an incident of deep interest to our family,” said he, “connected with the chase, whose memory is here perpetuated.” My curiosity was now excited, and having expressed a hope that I might be indulged with a relation which promised to gratify my passion for the romantic traditions of his country, he courteously assured me of his

willingness to comply with my request, and immediately after supper commenced his narrative.

"My remote ancestors," said he, "descended from the early kings of the north, were exceedingly rich and powerful; but after a brilliant season of prosperity, their glory began to decline, sometimes involved in rebellion, at others engaged in long and sanguinary wars with their rude neighbours; the family possessions, diminished by forfeiture, and wrested away by conquest, became at length wholly inadequate to the support of the dignity of so illustrious a descent. The only portion of the paternal inheritance which remained to Count Leuthold Koningsfeldt, consisted of a tract of barren and sterile land, yielding a scanty portion of food to the labourer's toil. Gloomy pine-woods alone diversified the rugged aspect of the country, which for the most part was little else than a stony desert. Leuthold had lost his parents soon after he had emerged from infancy; he spent his youth in the service of his Prince, and early distinguished himself by his valorous conduct in the field of war. Returning peace found him covered with honour, but poorer even than when he had commenced his career in arms. The splendour so becoming, and indeed necessary to his rank, which he had been obliged to maintain during his attendance upon the King at the court of Stockholm, had plunged him into debt, and he sought the ungentle soil of his birth with the bitter feeling resulting from a conviction that no means remained to discharge the demands against him, except the sale of these lands; and though the idea of parting with the last acre belonging to a noble but unfortunate race was extremely painful, the danger which existed of not being able to find a purchaser increased the anxiety and despondence of his mind. His estate was surrounded on all sides by the dominions of rich nobles. Luxuriant meadow-land and fertile corn-fields, villages tenanted by a hardy race of happy peasantry,

and green hills dotted with innumerable flocks of sheep, met his gaze whenever he passed the boundary of his own pine-wood and flinty heath. On the right dwelt the wealthy Lord of Stalhohenberg, on the left Count Xavier of Carlstrad. He had fought by the side of the former in many a fierce battle with the Muscovite, and was now a welcome guest at his castle. Adriana, the fair daughter of the Count, the gentlest and the loveliest of her sex, smiled on the warrior. Undazzled by the jewels which shone upon the plumed caps and furred mantles of richer knights, or the proud grandeur of their numerous retinue, she welcomed the plainly attired and unattended Leuthold with frank cordiality, extended her hand to him in the dance, and motioned her maidens to make room for him whenever he approached the bower where she sat, plying the busy needle and joining in the song of the blythe spirits around her.

"The unhappy young man found a balm for his wounded spirit in the soothing attentions of this lovely creature. Visions of happiness sprang up in his breast. He paused not to examine the foundations upon which these sweet hopes rested, but abandoned himself to the delight of the hour, and indulged in fond anticipations of felicity, though he knew not how they were to be realized. Adriana had already a host of lovers in her train, and of these Xavier of Carlstrad was particularly favoured by her father. To him, however, she manifested coldness bordering upon aversion; yet, notwithstanding the evident marks of her indifference, he persevered in his attentions; for, vain of his person, and priding himself upon his wealth, it was long ere he perceived the slight chance which he had of success, or the preference which Adriana accorded to Count Koningsfeldt.

"A circumstance soon occurred which opened the eyes of all parties to their respective situations. The birth-day of the fair daughter of Stalhohenberg drew near, and all her

relations and friends were preparing rich gifts for the occasion. The whole world appeared to have been ransacked for baubles to please her eye and to gratify the most exquisite tastes. The silks of Persia were brought from the banks of the Caspian sea; Siberia presented costly furs; feathers and perfumes came from the deserts of Africa, and Arabia the blest; strange gorgeous birds, in gilded cages, the productions of India; cambric and lace from Flanders; a lute from Italy, the land of song; and carpets and shawls from the Turkish looms. Valuable and beautiful, however, as these offerings were, they were far surpassed by the splendour of Count Xavier's present: he laid at her feet a sparkling coronet, wherein the ruby, the amethyst, the topaz and the emerald, contended for magnificence with the diamond. Adriana stood in the centre of her father's hall, with her sweet face lighted up with joy and gratitude, to receive the congratulations of her kinsfolk and friends. To the knights and noblemen who approached her, she gave kind smiles and gracious looks; to her young female companions tender kisses and warm embraces. One gave her an embroidered scarf, wrought with her own hand; from the others she received a fan, a rosary of amber, a musk-ball, a bracelet of Bohemian garnets, a box of sweetmeats, a Venetian neck-chain, an ivory basket;—and where was Leuthold? He, too, had a gift; but just as he was about to withdraw it from the concealment of his mantle, with an apology for its worthlessness, Xavier stepped before him, and kneeling upon one knee, placed the jewelled diadem upon the floor, and solicited its acceptance from the lady of his affections. Adriana lifted the splendid trophy from the ground, and gazed with wondering admiration upon the rich clusters of precious stones which adorned it; and Koningsfeldt, not without a sensation of shame, seized the moment to make his humble offering, in the expectation that it would be instantly cast aside and

disregarded amidst the shining ornaments which had been heaped upon the queen of the day. It was a simple wreath of white roses, woven by the pious nuns of a neighbouring convent. "Ah, how beautiful!" exclaimed Adriana, as she hastily gave the glittering gems which had so lately won her attention to the care of an attendant, and stretching out her hand for the flowery garland, placed it with a glance of delight among the silken tresses which waved over her brow. Every body was struck with the action, and with the additional loveliness which the chaplet of roses conferred upon the fair wearer. It was the only improvement which could have been made to her dress, the most appropriate ornament and finish to flowing drapery of snowy texture, edged only with a satin braid of the same spotless hue. She looked like one of Flora's nymphs; that one who, rejecting the garden's gaudy blossoms, chose by her modest emblems to personify simplicity.

"The eyes of the whole assembly were turned upon Count Koningsfeldt's roses, and all were loud in their praise of his taste and discrimination in the judicious selection of a birth-day gift, for one whose delicate beauty approximated so closely to that of the pure and tender flowers which crowned a brow of parian whiteness. Xavier alone felt mortified: but he dissembled his indignation at the careless indifference with which his sumptuous present had been thrown aside, and kept a watchful eye upon the unconscious lovers. The morning was spent in wandering through the green wildernesses of Count Stalhohenberg's garden; Leuthold seldom quitted the side of Adriana, or if by chance they were separated, each manifested a restless uneasiness until they met again. In the evening there was a ball. How lightly and how gaily both flew down the dance together, and what an animated portrait did she present as she threw back her fair head, and shook the clustering curls from her temples; whilst he, encircling her slender

waist with his arm, bent down his eagle eye to gaze upon her, checked the rapid movement of his feet to give her breath, and then supporting her with a firmer clasp, darted round and round as the exhilarating music struck forth a livelier strain ! Carlstrad observed all this as he leaned against a pillar situated in a shadowy corner of the illuminated hall. Twice his hand grasped the hilt of his sword, and twice he stepped forward resolved to fling his gauntlet in Koningsfeldt's face, and dare him to immediate combat. But prudence restrained him. He read the genuine effusions of tenderness in every glance, every smile, every word of Adriana ; and even should he prove victorious in the strife, and stretch his rival, bleeding, maimed, or lifeless at his feet, what could he hope from one who would turn with horror from the destroyer of all that she held dear ? These reflections determined him to have recourse to less obvious, but far more certain means to ruin the prospects of Koningsfeldt, and send him an exile from the land of his birth ; and, that point accomplished, he trusted that absence would work its usual remedy in the mind of an individual, belonging to a sex which he had been taught to esteem as fickle as the winds. Then the field would be open to him, and he doubted not that, a favoured object removed, his zeal, his perseverance, and his assiduity would win for him the prize he coveted.

“ In pursuance of this plan, he approached the maid and her lover with a friendly aspect, and dexterously contrived, without appearing to attempt to supplant the envied Leuthold, to insinuate himself between him and Adriana, speaking in the most friendly manner to both, and at the same time effectually preventing them from conversing on the subject nearest their hearts. It was a fortunate, though disagreeable interruption. Koningsfeldt, more in love than ever, his spirits raised by the flattering compliment which the loveliest maiden in Sweden had paid

him, animated by the song, the dance, the blazing lights, and the sparkling of the wine cup, had nearly forgotten his poverty ; and the fond intreaty that the soft white hand which he clasped in his own, might be linked forever with his fortunes, was upon his lips, when Xavier's intrusion checked the utterance of the rash desire. No opportunity occurred at the banquet in which he could whisper his tender tale unheard, and they parted, convinced of each other's attachment, but unbound by the mutual vow which would have engaged the honour as well as the affection of each.

“ The rivals rode home apparently in cordial amity together. Already guessing the state of his companion's affairs, the Lord of Carlstrad's artful questions soon drew a very important piece of information from the unsuspecting Count. He had borrowed money from Amos Golshen, a rich Jew of Stockholm. The next day Xavier despatched a confidential messenger to this man, whose persuasions wrought upon the Israelite to persecute his unhappy creditor for payment. Reports of Leuthold's debts, extravagance, and, what was still more disgraceful, his want of means, were industriously disseminated throughout the neighbouring castles. His vassals and servants, too, who had hitherto borne their hard lot with patience, began to murmur at the privations which they were obliged to endure ; and Koningsfeldt was not slow to perceive a change in the deportment of his acquaintance and dependents. He was either entirely shunned, or coldly regarded by the former, and the majority of the latter neglected his commands. His hawks were suffered to grow wild, his hounds were unfed, and his horses unhandsomely caparisoned.

“ In the midst of these vexations, the Count of Carlstrad offered to become the purchaser of the Koningsfeldt estate. Leuthold would gladly have put off the evil day which should see him bereft of the last relique of his ancestral dominions ; but the pre-

tended friend so strongly urged the necessity of upholding his character and honour at any sacrifice, and the unfeeling taunts of the Jew chafed his lofty spirit so grievously, that he consented, with infinite anguish, to the only means which were left to avoid reproach. A day was appointed for the purchase, and Xavier, hardly concealing his joy, kept close to his victim, inspired with a vague fear that there might be a possibility of his meeting with succour in his adversity. Refusing upon cruelty, he proposed that the Count should take a farewell of his lands by hunting over them on the last day in which he could call them his own. The plan was extremely repugnant to Leuthold's feelings ; but the more anxiously he declined it, the more eager was his tormentor to induce him to consent. Weary with fruitless contention, he conceded the point, and prepared for the chase with a heavy heart. The day was remarkably fine ; the sun threw its brightest beams upon crag and tree ; and even the dark forest of pines, and the bare surface of the rock, seemed to smile in its radiance. The dogs soon roused a gallant buck from his green retreat : he bounded rapidly before them ; and away swept the whole train, spurning the earth beneath their feet, awakening the echoes of the distant hills, and making the valleys ring with the sound of hoof and horn. Every heart was inspired with joy, save that which beat in Leuthold's aching breast. He almost envied the fate of the stag so vainly flying before him, and so speedily destined to sink beneath the fury of his assaults ; for, though all other ills might have been borne by a soldier and a knight, the loss of Adriana, the worshipped object of his soul's idolatry, was a misfortune which no fortitude could withstand, no time could assuage. He was miserable, and forever.

"The wearied animal, now slackening his speed, was driven against a rocky barrier, whence there was no escape. He turned, and made a

desperate stand at bay ; the dogs fell mangled around him ; and Leuthold, first taking an interest in the chase, sprang forward, fronted the enraged brute, and plunged his javelin into his heart. The buck fell amid the clamorous shouts of the whole field. Koningsfeldt, in gazing upon the prostrate monarch of the wood, so lately cropping the dewy grass or reposing in safety in his lair, felt all his melancholy reflections revive ; and just as he was withdrawing his eyes from a spectacle which grieved him, he observed a strange appearance upon the antiers. He stooped to examine them more closely : they were covered with an ochreous incrustation, and he needed no other evidence to assure him of the existence of a copper mine, whose rich ore, hitherto concealed under a flinty soil, would exalt him at once to a proud equality with the most powerful and wealthy noble of the land. He imparted the discovery to his companions. Cries of 'Long live Leuthold ! joy to the house of Koningsfeldt !' proceeded from every lip except Xavier's. He retired to Carlstrad, unable to conceal his disappointment ; whilst the buck, wreathed and crowned with oaken garlands, was carried in triumph to the Count's ancestral hall. Leuthold flew with the intelligence to the castle of Stalhohenberg, secured the hand of Adriana by her own promise, and the consent of her father ; and on the first day in which the toils of the labourer revealed the treasures of the mine, their nuptials were solemnized with a splendour which still forms a theme for conversation with the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets.

"The pictures of Leuthold and his fair consort hang in the great banquetting hall, together with a numerous progeny of their lineal descendants. There are tales connected with their old portraits which might serve to beguile an idle hour, and at some not very distant period, I will, with your leave, resume the chronicle of the house of Koningsfeldt."

ACCOUNT OF THE PASCO MINES.

BEFORE the traveller arrives at Pasco, he passes over an elevated plain, covered with cattle during the pasture season, forming an agreeable contrast to the mountains that encircle it. At the beginning and end of the rainy season, that is, in the months of December and May, it is considered dangerous to cross this plain, in consequence of the tremendous thunder and lightning prevailing there. It is thought that the clouds are attracted by the hills, and by the quantity of metallic substances contained in them: they seem to vent all their rage on this level spot, and spread terror, and even death; scarcely a season passing without accounts of new victims to the fury of the storms.

The town of Pasco is situated among the mines, in a valley enclosed by mountains, and many of the buildings are erected on the slope of the hill from which it derives its name, and which is the source of its consequence. It is a large straggling place, composed principally of inferior dwellings, with a few good houses interspersed among them, without forming any regular streets. The climate is at all times unpleasant, and in winter it rains almost incessantly, accompanied by thunder and lightning. In summer the atmosphere is clear, but the cold is greater than in the winter. Instead of fire-places or stoves, so necessary in cold countries, the natives make use of *braseros*, or brass pans, in which they burn either charcoal or a thin kind of mossy peat, which covers the valley. It is placed in the middle of the room, and the family huddle round it; and it is said to be in a great degree the cause of the listlessness and unhealthiness of the inhabitants, their legs in general being ulcerated from the effect of the fire. None of the necessities of life are produced in the immediate neighbourhood; provisions, pasture, and even water, are brought from a

distance, but the market is always well supplied.

The minerals in the vicinity are extremely rich and various. In addition to the silver, which is often found almost pure, the country abounds in copper, iron, and tin, which are thrown by, as comparatively worthless. There are also gold mines about five leagues from Pasco, and veins of quicksilver were begun to be worked a short time before the revolution. A mine of quicksilver is valued by the Peruvians as highly as a mine of silver, the supply from Spain and Germany, for refining the ores, having always been very limited, and the price consequently dear. The only quicksilver mine in Peru, before the discovery of the mines near Pasco, was that of Huancavelica. This place is one of the greatest singularities in the world, with a complete town and its cathedral in the bowels of the earth. In addition to its abundant ores, Pasco has mountains of excellent coal in its immediate vicinity, which, when the country is free from contending parties, will afford the greatest facility to the working of the mines by steam-engines.

The most curious mine near Pasco is that of Matagente, probably called so from the number of persons who, from time to time, have perished in it. It occupies a large space under ground, and in the interior there is an extensive lake, in perfect darkness. The mine itself has been unworked for years; but the Indians sometimes venture to rob the pillars of ore which have been left to support the roof and many losing themselves in the labyrinth of turnings, have been starved to death. The friend who gave me this account of it once went over the mine, properly attended by lights and guides, and discovered the body of an Indian with the fingers gnawed off: doubtless the poor wretch had fallen a victim to his

cupidity, and in the extremity of his hunger had begun to devour his own hands.

Mining, as every body knows, is a very speculative business, and may be compared to gambling on a great scale, as it has the same influence over the passions. Vast capitals have been lost in it in Peru, and some splendid fortunes made. The proprietor of the richest mines in the district of Pasco inherits them from his father, who was in the first instance a Spanish ship-carpenter, and afterwards went to Pasco with a small stock of wares and set up a shop. His name was Vives, and being frugal and industrious, he had amassed some money at a time when the proprietors of some valuable mines wished to dispose of them: they asked Vives if he would buy them. He was of course surprised at their offer, and answered that he had no adequate means of paying for them; but the proprietors, having a good opinion of him, agreed to allow him a certain length of time for paying the installments, amounting to about 300,000 dollars. This sum Vives paid off in a short period, and purchasing other mines, he subsequently became the richest man in Pasco.

The ore is all brought out of the mines on the heads of Indians, who each carry in this manner about three arrobas, or seventy-five pounds. From the mouth of the mine it is conveyed on mules, or llamas, to the *haciendas*, where the *ingenios*, or smelting-houses and mills for grinding the ore, previous to amalgamation, are situated. This operation is sometimes a distinct business, and the miner in that case, pays so much per cent. for the work, according to the richness of the ore. The silver, after being extracted from the ore, is called *Plata Pina*, and is without alloy; and in this state it is purchased by the capitalists, who advance money to the miners. The silver is then melted into large bars, and, after paying the king's fifth, which amounts to about 15 per cent., it is

sent to Lima on mules, and exchanged at the mint for the same weight in dollars, which are immediately transmitted back to Pasco. The purchase of the silver, the transmission of it to Lima, and receiving back the dollars in exchange, occupied, on an average, a month, and was calculated to produce clear of expences, from 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. profit on each journey, so that a capitalist would realize from 24 to 30 *per cent. per annum* on the money thus employed, without risk, as the price of silver was always steady.

The machinery employed in Pasco belonged to the house of Arismendi and Abadia: it is supposed that it cost them about a million of dollars, and was just beginning to work, when the commencement of hostilities destroyed all the golden prospects of this once famous house. Having mentioned the names of this house, once so celebrated in Peru, and indeed throughout Europe, I will here give a short account of its fall, connected as it is with the history of Peru. Abadia, a Spaniard by birth, was a man of enlightened principles, and of a cultivated understanding; he spoke English and French fluently, having learned the former during his residence in the United States. His house was always open, and his table was frequented by the foreigners who happened to be in Lima: English officers, before the arrival of San-Martin from Chili, were always especially welcome in the *Casa de las Philipinas*. Arismendi appears to have been the plodding man of business, and to have had the whole management and superintendence of the counting-house. They rose to such a height of importance in Lima, that the viceroy never did any thing without consulting them, and it was by the persuasion of Abadia that the royalist troops first evacuated Lima. A short time before this event, general Arenales, having been detached by San-Martin to raise the inhabitants of the interior, behind Lima, had penetrated through the Sierra to Pasco, where he defeated

the Spanish general O'Reilly. In this conflict Pasco suffered severely: the machinery was much damaged, and all working of the mines suspended. San-Martin having entered Lima, Arismendi and Abadia were as useful to him as they had before been to the viceroy, and the Spaniards in consequence determined to do their utmost to ruin the establishment, at once to gratify their own revenge, and to destroy their influence with the enemy. With this view Loriga, who commanded for the Spaniards in Xauja, employed two monks, spies of San-Martin, whom he had taken in the Sierra, to carry back to San-Martin, a forged letter, purporting to be from Abadia to a royalist general, detailing a series of events in Lima. The friars readily undertook the office; San-Martin was deceived, and Abadia was thrown into prison, and he with difficulty escaped with his life. In the mean time Arismendi, to support the credit of the house, shaken by these events, and by the heavy losses they had incurred, forged bills of lading of silver by the Hyperion and Superb; and finally, to avoid detection and punishment, having got together all the property he could collect, he one night disappeared. He had previously embarked his property on board of an English vessel which waited for him at Ancón, a few leagues north of Lima.

Abadia (the suffering, and, as is believed, the honest partner) was thus entirely ruined: he has since

continued to reside at Guayaquil, respected but poor, while his wife and child, and a junior partner, live in Lima, on some little property which could not be taken from them. The remainder of the mining machinery, belonging to this once powerful house, was destroyed on the last visit of the royalist general, Loriga, who entered Pasco with 600 men, and thus completed the vengeance which had been commenced by the forgery of the letter of Abadia. This last calamity took place while I was in Lobrojillo, on my way to Pasco. Several English engineers came out from Cornwall with the machinery, and were much respected and beloved by the Peruvians; but, since the destruction of the works, most of them have quitted the country, but have left their representatives behind them in a number of light curly-haired children, known in Pasco by the name of *Los Inglesitos*. These scientific men invariably gave an extraordinary account of the richness of the mines of Pasco, and asserted that they should be satisfied with what the natives threw away in their careless and slovenly mode of working: the refuse contained sufficient silver to enable them to realize fortunes, by extracting it, if they were allowed to do so.

* * These mines are now under the superintendence of British capitalists, and we confidently hope that they will be as beneficial to the people of the new state as to our enterprising speculators.

NIGHT-STORM.

THE storm is up: and with a giant's wrath,
Whom wine has madden'd, on their smoking path
The elements in frenzy all have sprung.
Deep calls to deep, as with an earthquake's tongue;
And, like wild war-steeds to the charge, bound on
The foaming billows to the wreck-strewn shore.
The whirlwinds combat with the oaks, and o'er
The forests rave in joy, to list their groan.
Destruction shouts upon his tempest-car,
As heaven and earth are mingling in the war.
Terror, the tyrant grim, smiles dark as hell,
To mark his vassals work his 'hest so well.
Ye Atheists! tremble at the Almighty power
Of Him who summons forth this awful hour.

A SET DOWN.

[SEE PAGE 442.]

I HAD almost forgotten, that as Miss Sampler was set down, a drove of horned cattle passed near the coach, and she gave a shrill scream, and begged to be *purlected* from those *orrible* dangerous *hoxen*. The cad stood betwixt her and the supposed danger of half a score of poor passive animals, driven by a boy, (such is the ascendancy of mind over mere corporeal power) fatigued, and on their way to be sold. Coachey thought fit to be witty on the occasion, and to remark, that they were not of the neuter gender; whilst the cad observed, that he never saw such a *frightful, timbersome*, (meaning frightened, timorous) thing in his life as the decayed spinster, whom he called that *ere* lady. On this, one of the two tradesmen observed, that he hated old maids, and old women, and old prejudices, and every thing that was old, except old wine. Now the man on crutches was a *sexagenaire*, and he considered this as a left-handed compliment, and took exception at it, so that a war of words soon commenced; and as the obstructions of horned cattle, bipeds, and quadrupeds—of coaches, carts, and caravans, became many, and of some duration, the two friends had time to support each other in a joint attack upon the man of wood, whilst the man of brick enjoyed the joke, and occasionally threw in a random shot. How words do multiply! How ignorance does acquire strength by endurance! From *personal* jests, the corn merchant and *Co.* came to general strictures on men and manners, trades and avocations, church and state, king, lords, and commons; whilst the builder seemed astonished at the general information of the speakers, arising out of the confidence which they had in themselves, and the toleration which they experienced. In the course of their wordy wanderings, one of them *took*

leave to ask crutches what trade he was of; to which he answered, after some hesitation, "A chemist." The one observed to the other, that he gave but a *lame* account of himself. I looked grave and disgusted; the chemist blushed; this was triumph enough; and my disapprobation was noticed by the impudence of one of the speakers, with "Perhaps, Sir, you are a chemist too? If so, you ought to *support* your friend." I considered this as unworthy of reply, and seemed as if I heard it not. This caused a momentary confusion, to relieve which the brick-maker remarked, that if I had been of the same trade I should have been likely to have done the very reverse, for two of a trade can never agree. This the grain vender *civilly* said was not true; and here his humour took a wide field;—there were trades which played into each others hands,—for instance, the brewers and the bakers, wine merchants and grocers, played into the doctor's and the apothecary's hands, by mixing up cocculus indicus, and alum, and coperas, and sand, and vitriol, and rectified spirits in liquors, bread, tea, nutria which required the doctor's advice, and the apothecary's drugs to work off; and then the doctor and the apothecary played into the undertaker's hands, (a loud laugh, whilst crutches looked *grave*) and cut out work for him, ay, and for the parson too, who liked a fat burial, and who taxed us from the moment of our coming into the world to that of our going out of it; and (by way of digression) the speaker ventured to assert, that the parson was as great a rogue as any of them, with his titles and his rich living, for which he did literally nothing, except preaching a sermon which perhaps he bought, together with the reading of a chapter or two out of the Bible, which our freethinker impa-

dently called the story book. Returning to trades, he said that the shoemaker played into the corn-doctor's hands—a subject on which his neighbour could speak *feelingly*; and the tailor and the lawyer leagued together, the first to take your *measure* for a suit of cloths, the second to take *measures* to get payment;—one brought in a bill as long as a man's arm, for wearing apparel, and the other produced a longer bill of costs: this was *measure for measure*, bill for bill, *suit for suit*, until the customer was *nonsuited* at all hands; he believed too that the upholsterers and the tailors had a fellow feeling, since the former oiled and gummed, varnished and japanned their furniture in such a way, that a man could scarcely sit down without spoiling his coat and trowsers. It would be almost endless to give an account of the conspiracies and combinations of trades to make work for each other, according to the account of trade and commerce given by these informants, who supported each other as they had described the classes of tradesmen. They now came to politics, and he who took the lead was as sweeping on this subject as on the former. "The rotten boroughs," said he, "were the ruin of the country; they injured the body politic as much as the tradesman's drugs and deleterious ingredients impaired the body corporate (meaning the human body); kissing went by favour (what kissing had to do with politics we know not); every thing was corruption: bought places, bought boroughs, bought majorities, bought magistrates: the army, the navy, the bench, the church, law, and gospel, all was bought." "Well," modestly replied crutches, "but when was the country so prosperous?"—"Fiddle-ty-dee, (a pretty expletive!) all stuff, an unnatural state of things, a good war would be better for the country than all this humbug statement of the blessings of peace. There was no confidence, nothing but bankruptcies: a war (he repeated) would be better"—"For the high price of

grain," interrupted the lame man; the builder laughed, and now began to side with the opposition. "God bless the king!" cried he. "Amen!" responded I, putting in a word for the first time, and indignant at this loquacious blockhead, who was sapping the solidity of our credit, national honour, and tranquillity, for the love of gain. "With all my heart," answered the long winded speaker, "the king is as good as most kings, better indeed, but I don't like kings," "Humph!" quoth the builder, "well, I do." "Why look at Europe," continued our reformer, "there's a pretty set of crowned heads! I would not give half-a-crown for the whole lot; (a partial laugh) there's Ferdinand the Beloved, the friend to the Inquisition, the petticoat embroiderer, the royal swindler, the king of bankrupts, a pretty fellow indeed! and King Charles his cousin, or brother king, whichever you please to call him, another blessed Bourbon, a bigot, a saint in his old age, and a profligate when young, and his monk of a son, *d'Angleam* (meaning d'Angoulême) or the *Dolphin*, he's a queer fish, and there's the old Stadholder taxing his people to death, and a fool of a King of Portugal, and the old Pope, (of whom he knew as much as Pope Joan,) and a tyrant of an Emperor of Germany, (a very quiet man,) and your popular Emperor of Russia, the great autocrat, who meditates the overturning of England and the conquest of Europe, see what a sheep's eye he casts at Greece: he's a sly fox, that he is." The man on crutches turned from him and his discourse, and by way of changing the subject, said to me, "By the bye, I am sorry to hear that our good king has a slight touch of the gout in his elbow." "He has been fiddling too much," simperingly said the impertinent, he likes a crack o' the whip, or a touch of the bow." "Hark you, Sir," cried I, "we have had enough of your verbosity, I will not hear the king spoken lightly of." "Nor I neither," said the builder, "pull down my houses, if I would

not pull any fellow's nose as would insult the king. This was "*set down*" the first. This accession of strength, upon a division, not of the house, but of the coach, gave courage to the infirm man, it was really helping a lame dog over the stile; the Britannia was in sight, and the signal for unloading the live stock was given, the step was down, but the chemist had *another* step to take, and was determined not to part with his saucy fellow travellers thus. "You are a pair of empty headed, impertinent fellows, let me tell you at parting," said he; "you first thought to make a joke of the old maid, as you called her, which was unmanly, and you next turned your wit against my infirmity, which was base and cowardly. Then, fond of hearing yourselves talk, you run over trade and religion in the same hasty and unbecoming way, confounding names and things in the most incoherent ignorant manner, kings and emperors, parson and pope, peace and politics; you are of that set of coffee-house and tap-room orators, who are accustomed to harangue the idle and unlettered, who come to pass a vacant hour with vacant-pated newsmongers, you possess a glib cant which just suffices for a trade-meeting dinner, and you glean injudiciously from the common-place declamation of very common people, bribery and corruption, ruin and destruction, bigotry and priestcraft, holy alliance, legitimacy, sacred rights of kings, Ferdinand the beloved, and Louis (now no more) the desired of his people, have for years, been the standing dishes for bad taste, the offals for the dregs of society; to mark these out to derision requires nothing but memory and effrontery, and where the former has failed you in point of truth and connection, the latter has most ably seconded you. In many instances you may carry your point in a stage coach or a public-house, but in many you may

meet with the chastisement which you merit; you have spared no rank or condition, trade or profession, with the roguery of which two last you seem to be perfectly acquainted; but let me tell you one thing, Sirs, the greatest rogue of all is a *rogue in grain*," "Come out, *genimen*, step out if you please," (from the cad,) relieved the culprits, and we all stepped out before them without salutation, or bidding farewell. They were the last *set down*, but the *set down* which they got from the lame man was the most to be remembered, and might be a useful lesson. In public vehicles and meetings of men, appearances cannot be trusted, and a prudent man never advances that which may offend another, nor aims at a preeminence or taking the lead, where it is impossible that the rank or talent of his companion can be known to him.

The defeat of these stage-coach orators did not end there; one of them refusing to give the cad a trifle to drink, drew down upon them the unceremonious remarks of the disappointed claimant. "A pretty geniman indeed! shall I treat you to a pint if you please? Coachee, that's a Birmingham (pronounced Brummi-jum) *genimen*, all chaff, an't he?" His choler rose, and he was about to return, but his companion persuaded him that cad was below his notice; on his proceeding forward, a loud laugh marked the estimation in which he was held by them all. The man upon two sticks got on very lightly after his victory, and was nearly out of sight: the builder went into the Britannia to wet his clay, joining in the laugh at the corn dealers, whilst I stood still for a moment contemplating the *dramatis personæ* and ruminating on the adventures of a stage-coach, being, from circumstances,

A STAGE-COACH TRAVELLER.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF COLONEL CLOUD.

IN A LETTER BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, TO THE HON. MRS A—R—Y.

Dated Edinburgh, August 11, 1816.

HONOUR'D MADAM,

WHEN I visited you in May last, on my way to Glen-Lyon, what did you think of my companion? You certainly showed him every attention and kindness; and, on the whole, appeared a good deal captivated by his manner and conversation. But I have some impression which did not strike me till very lately, that on the day we took the ride up the river, you either said something, or looked something, or hinted something, in one way or other, that you had suspicion of something equivocal in his character. I assure you, dear madam, that I had none; and whether I had any reason or not, the following detail will fully evince.

In December last, I chanced one evening to stray into a billiard-room with a Mr Robertson, a friend of mine; but being only a looker-on at that engaging game, I had to saunter about, waiting for Mr Robertson, with whom I was going to sup at a tavern. I had not well entered, till my eye caught a gentleman with whose face I felt conscious of being intimately acquainted. He was an on-looker like myself, and was watching the game very attentively through a quizzing-glass. I was assured I knew him perfectly well, and, as I thought, for something very remarkable; but for all that I could toil in a confusion of reminiscences, I could not recollect his name, (indeed, I rarely ever recollect anybody's name at first,) so, for the present, I was obliged to defer addressing this intimate and interesting acquaintance. The party at the table where we both stood, were playing a pool, and some of the on-lookers were making casual remarks, when this mysterious gentleman made a chance reference to me, naming me at the same time in that easy fami-

liar way, as if we had not only been daily, but hourly companions.

I was now more puzzled than ever, and before I left the room, I asked Mr Robertson, I asked Captain Harper, the master of the billiard-room, and several others, who was the gentleman in black, with the gold chain and quizzing-glass? All of them declared an acquaintance with his face—none with his name; and for several days and nights I could not forget the circumstance, but neither could I tell why I was so much interested in it.

Some weeks subsequent to that, as I was sitting in the Turf Coffee-room, an officer, dressed partly in a Highland uniform, came in, and began reading the papers straight opposite to me. I knew the face quite well, and he likewise tipped me a nod of recognition. I do not know what I would have given to have been able to recollect that officer's name, for it struck me that I had been particularly obligated to him at some former period; but his name I *could not* recollect, so I was obliged to go away highly dissatisfied with myself for my stupidity, and suspecting that I had lost my small portion of memory altogether.

On the same day I again perceived this gallant and respectable-looking officer, coming up the street after me, still walking by himself; and so much did I feel interested in knowing him, that I determined to wait his coming up, and address him at all hazards. I thought him one of the Highland chiefs that had entertained me in the north, but where, Heaven knew!—I did not. I moved my bonnet to him, and bade him good day. He instantly held out his hand, gave mine a hearty shake—named me, and expressed much satisfaction that I re-

cognized my old friend, having of late suspected I had forgot him.

"I am in a worse predicament now than ever," thought I; and I am sure I looked very sheepish; for, indeed, no situation could be more awkward than the one in which I stood, having forced an introduction of myself on a gentleman of whom I still knew not the least circumstance. I am sure, my dear Mrs A——, you will think that was a dilemma that must soon have come to an end? I thought so too; but, on the contrary, it still increased—never came to an end—and never will come to an end while I live. There was one thing, however, that I now discovered, which stunned me still the more. I perceived that he was the very individual whom I had met in the billiard-room, but so transformed, that a witch could not have known him.

It was necessary for me to say something; and so I did. "I beg pardon, Sir," says I. "But I was so sure we were old acquaintances when we met at billiards the other evening, that I have been both grieved and angry with myself ever since for forgetting your name."

"And what was the great matter for that?" said he. "You might have called me *Captain*, which never comes wrong to one of my countrymen; or *Colonel*, which would have sounded a little better; or Duncan, or Donald, or McDevil, or any patronymic you listed. What was the matter how you denominated an old acquaintance? It is a long time, Mr H——, since you and I first met. Do you remember that morning, at a fishing-party, in Major Campbell's boat?"

"Perfectly well, sir," says I, (which was not true.) "Was it at Ensay, in the sound of Harries, that you mean?"

"Yes, to be sure!" said he.

"I was at so many fishing parties at Ensay, that I can hardly at this distance of time recollect one from another," said I. "Was it that morning that Dr McLeod, and Luskinder, and Scalpa, were with us, when we

caught the enormous skate, that weighed 300 weight?"

"Yes, to be sure, the very same," said he, "that was such a morning, and such a day, ay, and such a night!"

"We had sad doings at Ensay, certainly," said I, "but shame fa' me, if I remember of meeting you there, Cornel? I hope I am right in calling you Cornel?"

To this last question he shortly nodded assent, and then went on. "It is very likely you may not, for I was then only a sort of a—a—a—boy, or a something between a boy or a lad—a stripling, in short. My father, the Colonel, had set me out on a ramble that summer, and happy I was to come several times in contact with you. We met again at Tarbet and at Greenock, you know."

I was utterly confounded. "Tarbet? Tarbet?" says I. "Sure, Colonel, I never *did* meet you at Tarbet? You were not of that ridiculous party, when we sailed away with the man's two daughters to Cowal, and then took them with us to Bute for two or three days."

"Was I not? But I was though," said he; "For though I could not get my father's brigandine, the Empress, left, as he had allowed me to take her out on a pleasure jaunt that summer, I treated your party at the inn, and saw you fairly away. We met again at Greenock, and had a brilliant party at the Tontine.—But this is my domicile for the present," added he, stepping up to the door of a hotel in Princes' Street. "Dine with me here to-day at half past five, or six—say six, punctually, and we will have a chat about old matters, and some literary things. We shall have a quite sober dinner, and I promise you that we shall not have above a bottle and a half a-piece—or *two* bottles—well, say *two* bottles each. Will you come, now? Give me your hand on it."

"With the utmost pleasure, sir," says I. "At six o'clock precisely? And whose party shall I ask for?"

"Oh, no party. We dine by ourselves in my own room," said he. "Ask for me—just for me."

I went away over to Charles' Street, scratching my ears and beating my brains to no purpose, trying to find out who the devil this grand Colonel was. I had been engaged in all these scenes that he had mentioned, but I could have made oath that he was not present at one of them, unless it had been as a servant. As to his father the Colonel's splendid pleasure-vessel, the *Empress*, I could remember nothing, either at Ensay, Rothsay, or Tarbet. I recollected something of a Mr McNeill coming into Loch-Fine in a little stout square-rigged vessel of his own from some of the western isles, and of his being bound to the Clyde, but nothing at all of ever coming in contact with the gentleman. I was fairly bamboozled, and began to suspect that that the man was a warlock or an enchanter.

At the hour appointed, to a very second, I went to the hotel, rung the porch bell, and taking the waiter aside, asked him very ingeniously for the proper designation of the Highland gentleman who lodged there, for that I was engaged to dine with him privately, and it looked so exceedingly awkward to have lost his address.

The lad said, there was no Highland gentleman lodging there at present but Major Cameron, who was dining out; but there was a gentleman in No. 6, who had ordered dinner for two, and whose address he supposed was Colonel Cloud.

"McLeod, you mean," says I.

"No, no," said he; "not *Mac-Leod*; that is my own name, which it is not likely I would forget. The gentleman, I think, gave his address as Colonel Cloud of Coalpepper. But he does not lodge here. I never saw him before to-day."

"You astonish me, callant, more ways than one," says I. "Such a designation as Cloud of Coalpepper I never in my life either heard or read, and this gentleman and I are old and intimate acquaintances.—

That cannot be the gentleman I want."

"Come up stairs and look at him," said the lad; "and if he is not your man, you have nothing ado but to beg pardon and come down again."

I did so, and found my friend in the full insignia of his honourable office. He was, as I judged, extremely polite, only that he took the greater part of the conversation on himself, which proved a great ease for your awkward friend in his awkward predicament. To have heard him talk, you would have thought that I had been in his company for the greater part of a number of years. He never instanced a party in which I had not been; but then he never represented one of them as they were; the greatest part of the particulars he mentioned, I was certain, were purely imaginary, but yet I did not like to tell the gentleman to his face that he was lying. He mentioned the Right and Wrong Club with great *sang froid*—said he was only one night there, and had no inclination ever to go back again. I asked who was in the chair that night?

"Confound me, if I recollect," said he. "But whoever it was, he was as often on the floor as in the chair. However, there was a great battle that night, so that you cannot have forgot it, unless you had one every night."

"Cornel, I declare, I never saw any fighting at that famous club," said I. "I think there was a sort of row one night between some McLeods and McDonalds, which gave the designation to the club, but there was nothing serious; merely a drunken rally."

"What! have you forgot your rising to knock Norman McLeod down? and how he tripped the feet from under you, so that you fell against a green screen, and down went you and screen together with a tremendous rattle? And don't you remember what you said when you arose, which set us all into such a roar of laughter, that, saving two at the farther end of the room, we all took to

our seats again, and no one could ever tell that night again, what we quarrelled about?"

"I remember nothing about it at all," said I.

"But I do," said the colonel; "you got up, and held your elbow, which seemed to have got some damage,— 'D—n the Hieland blude o' him,' says you, 'an it warna for his father's sake, I wad pit the life out o' him.' I may well remember the circumstances of that night's fray, for, being a stranger, I had meddled too rashly in the dispute, and had like to have paid very dearly for my temerity. 'This won't do, thinks I; I must show the lads some play before I am overpowered in this way. I had, at one time, five of them floored at once, all lying as flat as flounders. And don't you remember of two that fought it out?—That was the best sport of all! After the general row, we had all taken our seats again, and sat I know not how long, when the president, whose name I think was Mr Gildas, or Gillies, or something of that sound, says in a queer quizzical voice, 'Gentlemen, I wish you would look in below the table, for, I think always that there are some of the party missing.' The room being very large, there was a screen set round behind us, and, on a search commencing, it was discovered that there were two still fighting at the farther end of the room. 'I wonder when they began?' says you; 'for if they hae feughten *very* lang, it wad maybe be as gude to part them,'— 'I think,' says the president, ringing the bell, 'that we had as well ascertain that fact.—Pray, waiter, do you know when these two gentlemen began fighting?'— 'About two hours ago, sir,'— 'That is very illustrious,' says the president. 'And have they fought all this while?'— 'O no, sir; I don't think it.' 'They were both sleeping when I was last up,'— 'O, very well!' says the president. Bring two stoups more of bordeaux."

"They were both on the floor at that time fighting like men in a dream, and neither of them could get above the other. We never regarded them

in the smallest degree, but set to work again. We never noted when they joined the party; and when supper was set at one in the morning, not one amongst us knew who the two were that had fought all the night, and I suppose none ever knew to this day."

This was certainly an amusing picture, and I believed it; not because it was so like truth, but because it was so unlike truth, that I thought I was sure no man could ever have contrived it. I was sure, meantime, that my distinguished entertainer was never at the club when I was present, else he had been there either as a waiter or an invisible being. He had the wit, however, of never suffering me to make any remarks on his narrations, for he always began a new subject with the same breath in which he ended the preceding one; and here he began with the query, "When I had seen our worthy friend, Mr M^cMillan?"

"M^cMillan, of Millburgh?" said I. "Is he an acquaintance of yours?"

"Yes; an intimate one, and a near neighbour," was the reply. "Do you not remember of his sending for me to a shooting-party in the Wood of Culloch-More, one day?"

"I remember of being there a roe-shooting two days," said I, "but knew not who the laird had sent for besides."

"My father, the Colonel, had a party of fourteen that day, all engaged in the same sport," said he. "I would gladly have been of your party, but our own could do nothing without the assistance of my dogs. Without them, the sport would have been entirely blown up. I shot seven roebucks that day for my own part, and never once fired at a doe. But my dogs are so completely trained to the driving, that it would be an easy matter to root out the whole breed of roes in the kingdom with their assistance."

He then entered into a long detail of the marvellous feats he had performed on the moors, describing them with a great deal of animation, and I

fairly set him down as a most wonderful and highly-gifted gentleman. He next described his various breeds of dogs, which were without end. He had three Russian pointers, and two Russian terriers, most valuable and interesting animals of their kind; but he had a handsome bitch, of a Transylvanian breed, that surpassed every thing. He never took less than 100 guineas for every one of her blind pups. I never had heard of such a beast in the world as that! He had far too high a value for her, that was the truth! for she had been the cause of much mischief to him. Owing to some disputes about her, he had been compelled to cove one young nobleman on the moors, and challenge another, so that she had very nigh cost him his life; but he did not value her a bit the less of that, he rather valued her the more. Besides these, the breeds he enumerated were prodigious, so that I rather got confused among them, never knowing which he talked of; till at last he was so good as to give me all their names, every one of which was either German or classical.

All this time I had never been able to recollect where I had seen this distinguished officer and sportsman; and, in order if possible to effect this, I asked bluntly, what regiments they were which he and his father commanded? He did not answer the question directly, but began a long explanatory story, the substance of which was as follows:—

That though he allowed his companions to call him Colonel, he was not one in fact, having the title and emolument only in reversion. His father, the Colonel, held the lucrative office of Deputy-Adjutant-General, under the Emperor of Austria, which office he had secured for this his only son, long ago, the Colonel's hope and delight. That his father had reared him solely with the view of filling that important station; and though he had restricted him in none of his pleasures, he had kept him at hard work as a student, both in arts and arms. He said a great deal more

to the same purpose, for he was very long and very minute on this interesting topic.

At a late hour we parted, with mutual professions of esteem, and I had, before that, accepted of an invitation to the mansion-house of Coalpepper, close beside the celebrated village of that name. The Colonel and I were to leave Edinburgh together in the spring, make a tour of the middle Highlands, and arrive at his father's house by a certain day—have fishing-parties, and pleasure-parties in the Empress, and I cannot tell you what all.

From that day forth, I saw not the Colonel for three months, nor did I ever, during that period, meet with a single individual who knew him either by name, title, or appointment. I applied to the Almanack, but found it vain to consult it for the staff-officers of the Emperor of Austria. Matters remained *in statu quo*.

It approached towards the end of March, at length; and as I had engaged to be in Alloa on the 23d of April, and in Athol and Glen-Lyon early in May, I began to be impatient at not meeting again with my friend, the Colonel, for I intended introducing him to all my friends and correspondents in that tract, and show him that I had honourable, noble, and respectable friends, as well as he. One day, about that period, I had been walking with my friend Mr Forbes, the wine-merchant, and as I knew he had a great number of the nobility and gentry on his books, I stopped him on the street, just as we were going to part, and asked him if he could give me the Edinburgh address of young Cloud of Coalpepper. Forbes fell a-laughing, until he had almost fallen down on the street, and, without giving me any explanation, left me standing there quite dumfounded. As I was turning round to go away, what should pop out of Mr Laing's shop but the very image and likeness of the gentleman I was in quest of, but in such a dishabille habit, that I knew not what to think. He looked me full in the face, but

did not see me, and away he went, carrying three books below his arm. "I'll see where this singular apparition goes," thought I; and accordingly I dogged him until he entered a lodging down two pair of stairs, in an elegant eastern street in Edinburgh. I followed close at his heels, and said to the girl that opened the door, that I wanted to speak with the gentleman who entered just now. Accordingly, I was shown into a darkish shabby apartment, and there was my friend, the Colonel, who had just set himself down amongst an immense number of papers and a few books. I could not help addressing him by his title, though still dubious as to the identity of my man. He received me with perfect ease and great kindness, and at once assumed his high ground and exalted character. He said his father the Colonel (and Deputy-Adjutant-General to the Emperor of Austria) had compelled him, as a test of his improvement, to write out essays in thirteen different languages, and that in order to finish these in time for our northern and western jaunt, he had been obliged to conceal himself in that most quiet of all retreats, and study almost night and day, but that he would now be ready to set out with me in the course of a fortnight.

We had settled every thing, before we parted, regarding our tour, but in place of sending for the Colonel's carriage, as had been previously intended, we resolved to proceed to Alloa in the steam-boat, take a chaise the length of your mansion, angle from that to Crief, and so on to Athol, Glen-Lyon, and Glen-Orchay, and then turn to the southward on our way to Coalpepper Castle, where pleasures without number awaited us, and where we were to remain for a whole month.

Accordingly we set out together on the 20th, attended the annual festival held at Alloa in commemoration of the anniversary of Shakspeare; spent eight or nine days with the kind and intelligent gentlemen of that place, and for several of these

days the Colonel and I went a-fishing in the Devon, on the forenoons.

It was here that I experienced the first disappointment in my illustrious friend; and, trivial as it may appear in your eyes, it made me feel very queer. He had boasted fully as much of his angling as his shooting, and as I had determined not to be beat at that sport, on any consideration, I went from Edinburgh, fully provided with fishing apparatus; and lest the trouts of the Devon should despise the Edinburgh flies, I went to M^r Isaac of Alloa, and picked all his. The Colonel had nothing—he had not so much as a fishing-rod, which I thought very shabby, but Mr Bald supplied him with every thing, and away we set.

When we went to begin, he could not so much as put on his flies, for his father the Colonel's servant, who always went with him, was so completely master of these things, that neither he, nor his father the Colonel, ever paid the least attention to them. This was very well. So accordingly he put on magnifying glasses, which he kept for the purpose of angling, that he might trepan the trouts the moment they were so imprudent as to snap at his fly, or even to toy with it. I never saw a gentleman go forth to the water side with such an important look: it was so knowing, and at the same time so confident and so profound, that I did not know whether to quake or laugh. "I shall be beat at the fishing for once, though I had a thousand guineas on it," thought I, with a sigh, as I followed this champion down the bank.

But an experienced angler knows another the moment he first sees him throw the line. The mason word is a humbug; but the very first wave of a rod is sufficient between anglers. Colonel Cloud, younger of Coalpepper, and, in reversion, deputy adjutant-general to the Emperor of Austria, began that finest and healthiest of rural sports. Good and gracious! Madam! if you had seen how he began it! With what an air! What a look of might and majesty through

the magnifying glasses ! I never was so petrified in all the days of my life. I cannot describe to you the utter absurdity of his address in the art, as I am afraid you have never regarded it ; but, in the first place, he fixed upon a smooth, shallow part of the river, where no fish in his right judgment would ever take a fly ; and then he held the rod with both his hands ; set out his lips, as also an immense protuberance behind, and threshed on the smooth stream with such violence, as if he intended to strike the trouts on the head, in the majesty of his power. I was like to burst with laughter, and wist not what to do, yet still I contained myself. But at length a par rose at his fly, a small, insignificant fish, not thicker than a lady's little finger—the Colonel perceived this through the magnifying glasses, (magnifiers they were with a vengeance,) and he pulled the line with such force, that his rod sounded through the atmosphere like a whirlwind. Yea, with such violence did he pull it, that his feet slid in a reverse direction, and he fell. "By the L——, I had on one a stone weight," cried he. "Nay, he was more. I'm sure he was more."

This was altogether beyond my capacity of bearing any longer. I crept in beyond an alder bush, laid me down on my face, and laughed till I was weak. The tears ran from my eyes till the very grass was steeped ; but it was in vain that I held my sides, and tried to refrain laughing. I had some fears I should never do more good. I waded across the river, and no more durst I come near the Colonel that day, but I despised him in my heart. He lost in my good opinion that day more than he has ever since regained. He caught not one fish, either great or small. I filled my basket. I overtook him at the village of Cambus, about two o'clock. Mr Alexander Bald had come up to meet us ; the two were sitting on a rock conversing, when I came immediately opposite, and I heard him informing Mr Bald that he had not caught any, but that he

had hooked one which was fully a stone weight. The whole scene again presented itself to my imagination in vivid and more vivid colours, my knees lost their power, and I had no shift but to turn about, lie down on the bank, and fall again into a convulsion of laughter. Mr Ball called again and again, what ailed me, but I was unable to make him any answer, and never knew till he had waded the river, and was lifting up my head. "What ails you ?" said he, "I think you have been crying ?"

"Yes," said I, "I suppose I *was* crying."

The Colonel was a great favourite with the good folks of Alloa, for he was eminently intelligent, and well versed in both ancient and modern literature ; argumentative, civil, and courteous. But at length we left them with regret, as I had often done before, and that night we arrived at your hospitable mansion.

This was precisely the bearing of our acquaintance before we visited at your house ; and you yourself acknowledged to me that you thought me lucky in my travelling companion. There is no dispute with regard to his capabilities and general intelligence, yet I know now that there had been something about him, of which, or *with* which you were not perfectly satisfied ; and as I have learned a good deal more of him since that period, I shall, as in duty bound, proceed to communicate that knowledge very shortly to you.

If you at all regarded the thing, you might remember, that before we took leave of you, every thing was amicably arranged between my honoured friend and me regarding our tour ; we were to fish up to Crief that day, and so on by Glen-Almond and Amblerree to Kinnaird. But before we had proceeded two miles, he informed me, with apparent regret, that he was compelled to abandon his northern tour, as he had received an express from his father the Colonel, ordering him home. I was greatly astounded at this, being perfectly

convinced in my own mind that he had never received a letter since he left Edinburgh. He had no possible chance save at Alloa, and on sounding him a little, I found he did not so much as know where the post-office of that town was situated. It was vain, however, for me to expostulate, after he informed me that there were some foreign dispatches arrived at the castle of Coalpepper, which required both dispatch and decision; that his father required his immediate assistance; and the carriage was to meet him at Dunira that day. I was compelled to submit to the emergency, and we parted; but before doing so, he again exacted my solemn promise, that I was to spend a month with him at his father's mansion. I repeated such promise for the thirtieth time, and with a bow so profound that my bonnet, which I held in my left hand, touched the ground, I parted from my illustrious friend.

I spent the month of May in Strath-Tay and Glen-Lyon, the month of June in Appin and Lorn, and though the weather was eminently ungenial, I never enjoyed any excursion with greater zest. Often in my heart did I pity Colonel Cloud, younger of Coalpepper, and ASSISTANT DEPUTY ADJUTANT-GENERAL to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA!

With a heavy heart I was at last obliged to turn my back on the romantic lands of Ossian and of Fingal; and, descending on the populous valley of the west, on the 9th of July I arrived at the environs of the far-famed village of Coalpepper; but instead of going straight to the house of the Austrian staff-officer, I went to Millburgh, Mr McMillan being my oldest acquaintance. I had not been many hours in the house ere I began to ask for my friend the Colonel. No one of the family understood who I meant, and I found it impossible to explain myself.

"It cannot be Mr Jacob Cloud whom Mr H. means?" said one of the young ladies.

"The very same man," said Mr Millan, "and that will be some title

given him in banter among his associates at Edinburgh. Do you style Jacob the Colonel now?"

"Yes, I understand he gets that title for the most part," said I. But hearing them call him *Mr Cloud*, or simply *Jacob*, I recollected the honour and integrity of my friend, who had previously informed me that he was only a colonel, and adjutant-general in reversion; and, admiring his modesty about his own native place, I mentioned his name no more. But the next day Mr McMillan says to me, "Were you not saying that Jacob Cloud was an acquaintance of yours?" I answered in the affirmative, when he added, "Very well, I will invite him to dinner to-day. I have always been wishing to have him here since he came home."

The dinner party was very numerous, and among the last who came into the drawing-room was my friend the Colonel, with the very identical magnifying glasses across his nose that had exaggerated the par of the Devon to such an enormous bulk. I felt some very tickling sensations, but behaved myself middling well. He came up to me, shook hands with great frankness, and far more affability than I had any right to expect, welcoming me to that district, in which he hoped I should never be so great a stranger again, &c. &c.

It so happened, that the Colonel and I were placed at different ends of the table, and during the whole evening I never had an opportunity of exchanging another word with him save one. I called on him at dinner to drink a glass of wine, and asked him if he had reached home in time to get the dispatches written out?

"O, yes, thank you; quite in good time," was the answer.

I then heard Mr McMillan inquiring what papers they were to which I alluded, and he said they were "some of those ridiculous formal affairs. A great botheration, certainly, and quite FOREIGN to all useful purposes."

I noted that he pronounced the term *foreign* very loud and sono-

ronously, while the magnifying glasses gleamed in the light of our candles. As I am never among the first risers from a social board, I saw no more of my friend that night, nor did I hear aught of the invitation to a month's diversion; and, in spite of many appearances rather equivocal, I that evening believed every thing to exist precisely as he had so often described them to me at the Castle of Coal-pepper. It was not till next day that my eyes were opened to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and never in my life shall I again be as much astonished at any thing I shall hear or see.

We were to have a fox-chase the following day in Glen-Sheagy, and there were sportsmen laws laid out for us, which we were not to transgress. We were to be allowed to shoot a roe-buck or a brocket, but neither a doe nor a fawn on any account. The description of that day's sport would take a long paper by itself: I must stick by my text for the present. I never doubted that my friend the Colonel would be the leading man in the sport. How could I, after the descriptions he had given me of his unequalled prowess in that line? I thought it would be a day amongst a thousand with him, and a party in which I should see him then appear in all his glory. I thought of the Transylvanian bitch Penelope—of the Russian pointers, and the terriers from the sources of the Wolga, that would tear either a fox or an otter to pieces—of the Hungarian dog Eugene, that had once belonged to the Archduke John—and Hector and Cressida—and, though last not least, of Sobieski, the great blood-hound from the forests of Poland; and I thought what a day there would be in the woods of Sheagy More!

When we were making ready, I says to Mr M'Millan carelessly, "Mr Cloud will be of the party, of course?"

"O, no! he cannot enjoy such a thing," said he; and "he is of no use either,—that's worse."

I was petrified and speechless.—
"Do I hear with my ears and under-

stand with my heart?" thought I; "what was it the malicious, ill-willie man was saying? 'He cannot enjoy such a thing! and is for no use at it neither! that's worse!' Worse with a vengeance! The gentleman is raving, or speaking through his sleep. Mr *Mac-Millan*!" exclaimed I aloud, (for I had been exclaiming internally before for the space of a minute or two,) "Mr *Mac-Millan*! ye dinna mean, or pretend to say, that Cloud is not a good shot?"

"It is impossible for me, or any man living, to determine that point," said he, "for one very good reason, he never fired a shot in his life." My ears tingled, and I was struck dumb.

Not being able to bring my mind to think about any thing else, however, in the course of our preparations, I was obliged once more to propose that *the Colonel* should still be of our party, for the sake of his *dogs*.

"Dogs! What do you mean?"

"Why, hath not Jacob a variety of very superior dogs, bred from foreign countries?"

"He a breed of dogs? pooh! He never had a single dog in his life. His father had once a half-blind terrier that lay in below the loom, but it is dead, and has been for these three years and a half."

I grew dizzy, my head birlled round like a mill-wheel, and I could not help repeating into myself an hundred times these words, "*Lord, what is man?*"

We hunted a whole day—got no foxes; but I caught a beautiful young roe-buck alive, and Mr M'Millan shot a fine old one. We drank some whisky at the Strone of Sheagy, and on our walk home I took Mr M'Millan apart; and the *blind terrier* and the *loom* having been uppermost in my mind from the morning, the following dialogue passed between Mr M'Millan and me. I give it verbatim, without colouring or addition.

"What rank does old Mr Cloud hold in society?"

"He is a manufacturer; a very honest, worthy man."

"Has he not some foreign commission?"

"No, no; he just works for the people of the village."

"He does not attend to the manufactory in person, surely?"

"That he does. He has no other to attend to it. In plain terms, he is a common weaver, and has just two looms in the house, one for himself, and one for an apprentice, or an occasional journeyman in a strait."

"Did he never serve in any army, either abroad or at home?"

"Never. He has lived in the village all his life, and his father before him."

"What sort of character does my friend sustain in general?"

"He has some strange peculiarities about him; there are, however, good points in his character. He is sober, industrious, and a most kind and affectionate son. His father has pinched himself to bring him out as a dominie, and he has requited his parent by a course of the hardest studies, as well as the utmost gratitude and attention."

"That is enough for me," said I in my heart; "Jacob and the shepherd shall be friends still. I hold these qualities in higher estimation than a reversion of a lucrative post at the court of Austria." I said not a word to Mr McMillan how I had been hoaxed. He continued:—

"The truth is, that if the young man had not too fertile an imagination—a fancy that has a scope beyond that of any other man's that ever existed—he would have been a first-rate character."

Well might I assent mentally to that remark, when I thought of the Castle of Coalpepper—the great staff officer—the square-rigged brigandine

—the Empress—the Colonel's carriage with three outriders—the dogs—the rural sports—and a thousand things beside, all vanished in a breath. All the creation of a fancy, over which truth, reason, and ultimate disgrace, had no control. Mr McMillan perceiving me thoughtful, went on. "He was once in our family teaching the children, and gave us much satisfaction by his attention."

Never was there a day so fertile of disclosures to me. I was sure, from the beginning, that I had been intimately acquainted with this singular person. It was true, I had. But never, till that moment, did it strike me how, where, or when. "We had him teaching our children," said Mr McMillan. I then recollected that I had, indeed, known him previously, but in circumstances so extremely degrading, that they cannot be mentioned to you along with the name of the Hon. Colonel Cloud of the staff of Austria.

Were some people to read this long epistle, they would regard it as an extravagant romance, so far does truth sometimes overreach fancy. You know that it is true, and to you it needs no confirmation, as I introduced him to you in all his borrowed plumage, for which, madam, I humbly ask your pardon: Not for introducing to you the son of a poor operative weaver; as such, he had as good a right to be there as the son of a poor shepherd, but it is for introducing to your kindness and hospitality an impostor. There's the rub! But I entreat that you will only laugh at it, and regard it as a harmless and unaccountable lunacy. I am, with the utmost respect, my honoured and esteemed friend, yours most faithfully.

JAMES HOGG.

THE DREAM OF ENDYMION.

BY H. BRANDRETH, JR. ESQ.

THE sun had just set o'er the green isle of Patmos,
The bright star of eve had just risen o'er the steep,
Where, hard by his flock, the young shepherd of Latmos,
All fair in his beauty lay cradled in sleep.

He slept—but it was not that undisturbed slumber,
Which, while it refreshes, oppresses the soul ;
Strange visions, of darkness and light, without number
Appeared in chaotic confusion to roll.

Earth seemed all deprived, as by magic, of motion—
E'en Jove's mighty self stood tranfix'd with despair—
No tide, not a wave, swelled the surface of ocean,
For Neptune no more was omnipotent there.

Still, still, he dreamed on—not a night-breeze was playing
In soft fairy whispers the laurels among ;
The sheep on the thyme-banks no longer were straying—
All nature was hushed save the nightingale's song.

'Twas thus as he slumbered, a bright cloud of glory
Came o'er him, yet broke not the while his repose !
It vanished—and from it all chaste as in story,
Yet fairer, the form of Diana arose.

" Long time, hapless shepherd ! I've seen, and forever
" Am fated to see," she exclaimed, " thy distress ;
" Not idly, though vainly—since never, oh ! never
" Must Dian accept of a mortal's caress.

" Yet still what I can I will give to thee—(languish
" No more then for pleasure thy birth-right above)—
" I'll give thee fair Friendship—the soother of anguish,
" Not dark as Despair, nor yet lambent as Love.

" Yes—Friendship, which, free from Love's selfish caresses,
" Enchains, but beguiles not th' affections the while ;
" The dark cloud of sorrow, which often oppresses
" The spirit, disperses if Friendship but smile.

" Then, fare thee well, shepherd ! should Venus around thee
" Her Cyprian mantle endeavour to roll,
" Dispel the illusion ! say Dian has bound thee
" With that which enchains—not the heart—but the soul."

And still on the verge of the moon-crested mountain
The form of Endymion is fabled to move,
And many a Greek girl, as she weeps by its fountain,
How often for Friendship would barter young Love.

EASTERN STORIES.

IT was long since well remarked, that we can be hardly said to have a *new* story in the world. All the new tales, says Chaucer, were in his time come out of the old books. And the farther we trace back into the East, the more remote does the origin of our most trivial and popular legends appear to be.

It is impossible for the reader of the *Odyssey* not to be struck by the similarity which many of the adventures of Ulysses bear to those of

Sinbad the Sailor. There have been many hypotheses framed to account for this fact. I admit that it is *possible* that the teller of the Arabian story may have read Homer, or received his "*speciosa miracula*" at second hand, but it is not very *probable*. My theory is, that the Greek in Ionia, and the Arab in Bagdad, drew on a common source, the origin of which it would perhaps be difficult to trace. A slight acquaintance with the stores of Sanscrit knowledge

makes me think that it is to that literature that we are to look for the germ of many of our fictions.

* *Fortunatus's Wishing-Cap* is a common story. The site of the tale is placed in Famagosta the famous city of Cyprus. This location was chosen by the story-tellers of the middle ages to whom that island, in consequence of the crusades, Richard's exploits in it, the House of Lusignan, &c. &c. became a sort of country of romance. Tracing farther back, we find the tale to recede eastward, and told in the *Bahur Danish*. If we pursue our inquiries we shall trace it to India. In the *Vrikat Katha*, which is a collection of Hindoo tales, derived from the Sanscrit, we are told the adventures of Putraha, one of which is—

“While wandering in the woods he beheld two men struggling with each other. He enquired who they were. They replied that they were the sons of Mayasar, and were contending for a magic cup, staff, and pair of slippers—the first of which yielded inexhaustible viands, the second generated any object which it delineated, and the third transported a person through the air. The stronger of the two was to possess these articles. Putraha then observed to them, that violence was a very improper mode of settling their pretensions; and that it would be better they should adjust the dispute by less objectionable means. He therefore proposed that they should run a race for the contested articles, and the fleetest win them. They agreed, and set off. They were no sooner at a little distance, than Putraha, putting his feet into the slippers, and seizing the cup and staff, mounted into the air, and left the racers in vain to lament their being outwitted.”

Here the slippers play the part of *Fortunatus's Cap*, and the magic cup, which yields inexhaustible viands, is not very unlike his purse. The trick

which Putraha plays resembles one in Grimm's German stories, where a prince obtains possession of a sword, the drawing of which cuts off heads in a similar manner. But in general our northern legends do not turn so much on the exploits of stratagem as of open force. The Eastern evidently prefer the clever and ingenious trickster. Reynard the fox, who comes to us from the East, (witness the common story of his looking after grapes, which our western foxes do not eat,) is a greater favourite than Irgoin the Wolf, or Bruin the Bear. Homer in this, too, shows his eastern origin, for Ulysses the *POLUTROPOS* is evidently the hero for whom he has most respect and affection.

The *Fabliaux* are generally admitted to be directly oriental. I do not remember that their Indian origin has been pointed out by any of their commentators in any instance. I shall therefore avail myself of another story, translated from the *Vrikat Katha*. It is the foundation of the famous fabliau of *Courtant Du Hamel*, ou la dame qui attrappa un Pretre, un Provost, et un Forester.

“Whilst I, Vararuchi the Story-teller, was thus absent, my wife, who performed with pious exactitude her ablutions in the Ganges, attracted the notice and desires of several suitors, especially of the king's domestic priests, the commander of the guard, and the young prince's preceptor, who annoyed her by their importunities, and terrified her by their threats, till at last she determined to expose and punish their depravity. Having fixed upon the plan, she made an appointment for the same evening with her three lovers, each being to come to her house an hour later than the other. Being desirous of propitiating the gods, she sent for our banker to obtain money to distribute in alms; and when he arrived, he expressed the same passion as the rest, on her compliance

* I am indebted to the *Calcutta Quarterly Magazine* for the two stories I am going to quote.

with which, he promised to make over to her the money that I had placed in his hands ; or on her refusal, he would retain it to his own use. Apprehending the loss of our property, therefore, she made a similar assignation with him, and desired him to come to her house that evening, at an hour when she calculated on having disposed of the first comers, for whose reception, as well as his, she arranged with her attendants the necessary preparations.

“At the expiration of the first watch of the night, the preceptor of the prince arrived. Upakosa affected to receive him with great delight ; and, after some conversation, desired him to make a bath, which her handmaids had prepared for him as a preliminary condition to any farther intimacy. The preceptor made not the least objection, on which he was conducted into a retired and dark chamber, where his bath was ready. On undressing, his own clothes and ornaments were removed, and in their place a small wrapper given to him, which was a piece of cloth smeared with a mixture of oil, lamp black, and perfumes. Similar cloths were employed to rub him after bathing, so that he was of a perfectly ebony colour from top to toe. The rubbing occupied the time till the second lover (the priest) arrived, on which the women exclaimed, ‘Here is our master’s particular friend—in, in here, or all will be discovered ;’—and hurrying their victim away, they thrust him into a long and stout wicker basket, fastened well by a bolt outside, in which they left him to meditate upon his mistress.

“The priest and the commander of the guard were secured, as they arrived, in a similar manner ; and it only remained to dispose of the banker. When he made his appearance, Upakosa, leading him near the baskets, said aloud,—‘You promise to deliver me my husband’s property ;’ and he replied, ‘The wealth your husband entrusted to me shall be yours.’ On which she turned towards the baskets, and said, ‘Let

the gods hear the promise of Hiran-yagupta.’ The bath was then proposed to the banker. Before the ceremony was completed, the day began to dawn, on which the servants desired him to make the best of his way home, lest the neighbours should notice his departure ; and with this recommendation they forced him, naked as he was into the street. Having no alternative, the banker hastened to conceal himself in his own house, being chased all the way by the dogs of the town.

“So soon as it was day, Upakosa repaired to the palace of Nanda, and presented a petition to the king against the banker, for seeking to appropriate the property entrusted to him by her husband. The banker was summoned. He denied having ever received any money from me. Upakosa then said, ‘When my husband went away, he placed our household gods in three baskets ; they have heard this man acknowledge his holding a deposit of my husband’s, and let them bear witness for me.’ The king, with some feeling of surprise and incredulity, ordered the baskets to be sent for, and they were, accordingly, produced in the open court. Upakosa then addressed them,—‘Speak, gods, and declare what you overheard this banker say in our dwelling. If you are silent, I will unhouse you in this presence.’ Afraid of this menaced exposure, the tenants of the baskets immediately exclaimed,—‘Verily, in our presence, the banker acknowledged possession of your wealth.’ On hearing these words, the whole court was filled with surprise, and the banker, terrified out of his senses, acknowledged the debt, and promised restitution. The business being adjusted, the king expressed his curiosity to see the household divinities of Upakosa, and she very readily complied with his wish. The baskets being opened, the culprits were dragged forth by the attendants, like so many lumps of darkness. Being presently recognised, they were overwhelmed with the laughter and derision of all

the assembly. As soon as the merriment had subsided, Nanda begged Upakosa to explain what it all meant, and she acquainted him with what had occurred. Nanda was highly incensed, and, as the punishment of their offence, banished the criminals from the kingdom. He was equally pleased with the virtue and ingenuity of my wife, and loaded her with wealth and honour. Her family were likewise highly gratified by her conduct, and she obtained the admiration and esteem of the whole city."

This tale is also in the Arabian Nights Entertainments—in that portion translated by Dr Jonathan Scott, under the title of the Lady of Cairo and her Four Gallants, thereby affording a proof of the Sanscrit origin of these far-famed stories. I cannot mention the Arabian Nights Entertainments, without expressing my gratification, that we shall soon have an opportunity of reading a further portion of them. It is well known, that Galland did not translate a fifth of the entire—and though it is universally agreed that he chose the best, and executed his task admirably, yet great light would be thrown on Asiatic manners, and literary history in general, by the translation of the entire: I mean such as are translatable, for some of the *escapades* of the Asiatic writers are too free for our northern ears. The Reverend Doctor John Wait of Saint John's College, Cambridge, has undertaken to fill part of the hiatus, by translating two or three volumes of them from the Arabian manuscripts of the public library of the university, which contain at least a thousand unpublished stories. The great oriental knowledge of Doctor Wait amply qualify him for such a task.

If there be any story which has quite an English air it is that of Whittington and his Cat. Are not, as Jack Cade's voucher would say, the very bells of London alive at the present day to testify it? Yet the unrelenting East robs us even of that story. I can trace it no farther than

Persia, where it was told by the Persian ambassador to Mr Morier, from whose journey I copy it.

"In the 700th year of the Hejira, in the town of Siraf, lived an old woman with her three sons, who, turning out profligates, spent their own money and their mother's fortune, abandoned her, and went to live at Kais. A little while after, a Siraf merchant took a trading voyage to India, and freighted a ship. It was the custom of those days, that when a man undertook a voyage to a distant land, each of his friends entrusted to his care some article of their property, and received the produce on their return. The old woman who was a friend of the merchant, complained that her sons had left her so destitute, that, except a cat, she had nothing to send as an adventure, which yet she requested him to take. On arriving in India, he waited on the king of the country, who, having granted him permission to trade with his subjects, also invited him to dine. The merchant was surprised to see the beards of the king and his courtiers incased in golden tubes, and the more so, when he observed that every man had a stick in his hand. His surprise still increased, when, upon serving up the dishes, he saw swarms of mice sally out from the walls, and make such an attack upon the victuals as to require the greatest vigilance of the guests in keeping them off with their sticks. This extraordinary scene brought the cat of the old woman of Siraf into the merchant's mind. When he dined a second time with the king, he put the cat under his arm, and no sooner did the mice appear than he let it go, and, to the delight of the king and his courtiers, hundreds of mice were laid dead about the floor. The king, of course, longed to possess so valuable an animal, and the merchant agreed to give it up, provided an adequate compensation were made to its real owner. When the merchant was about his departure, he was shown a ship finely equipped, laden with all

sorts of merchandise, and which he was told, was to be given to the old woman for her cat."

The dates of the English and Persian story strangely correspond. The 700th year of the Hejira falls in our 14th century, the very era of our Whittington.

It would not be hard to extend the catalogue ; but I do not wish to

keep my readers from more entertaining matter. I may remark, that among the amusing fairy legends of the south of Ireland lately attested by Mr Crofton Croker, is one of an Enchanted Lake, with castles and palaces beneath. This is originally Sanscrit, as witness the city of Mabalalipoor, to which I ought to say Mr Croker refers it.

LINES TO W——.

No more I'll twine these roses red,
They are too bright of hue ;
They whisper me of hopes now dead,
Of hopes which dwelt with you.

But I will cull these simple flowers
Impearl'd with morning dew ;
Primroses sweet shall deck my bowers,
Entwined with violets blue.

And fairer still the valley's pride,
The gentle lily-queen,
Who seeks her modest head to hide
'Midst leaves of emerald green.

Heart's-ease, though stranger to my heart,
Shall here be seen to dwell ;
The humble snow-drop too shall rest—
The flower I love so well.

And every bud of modest mien
Shall grace my lowly cot,
And though the last, not least to me,
My own " Forget me not."

Then take away those roses gay,
They are no longer dear ;
A little while and they may serve
To decorate my bier.

And when at last some friendly hand
Shall strew them o'er my grave,
I charge you from the wither'd band
One luckless floweret save.

And, in your glowing hours of mirth,
Oh ! let it sadly tell
How once like it I bloomed in peace,
Like it untimely fell.

And when you mark the lowly grave,
Where I so calmly rest,
Oh ! let one sigh to Mary's truth
Escape your sorrowing breast.

For all I ask, and all I seek,
Is but one generous tear ;
That lucid drop will plainly speak,
How once you held me dear.

TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

I NEVER hear thy trembling string
Its wild, its mournful notes prolong,
That fancy does not quickly bring
To mind some bard of early song :
For once, like thee, his magic tale
In music's wildest lore was drest,
When sorrow bade his numbers wail,
Or hope delusive soothed his breast ;
But now—he wants the zephyr's breath
That hovers o'er thy trembling wire ;
That poet's voice is stilled by death,
And cold those lips that could inspire :
So—shut thee from the airy sprite
That gives thy mournful song its breath ;
The swell that erst gave such delight,
Shall close its lingering notes in death,

To sound no more—for damp decay
Upon thy mouldering strings shall dwell,
And thou shalt breathe no further lay,
And thou shalt raise no future swell.
The bard whose harp is now unstrung,
Whose eye is closed, whose cheek is cold,
Again shall hear his anthems sung,
And see them played on lyres of gold ;
A lovely muse, with sparkling eye,
Shall wake him from his listless sleep,
And lead him to the orient sky,
Where merit is not doomed to weep ;
But where a fairy minstrel's hand
Shall strike such lingering notes as thine,
While Shakspeare, with the poet-band,
Shall rouse the organ's peal sublime.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND.

On! ask me not to love again,
That word is idle now ;
In grief, and bitterness, and pain,
Too long I wore the fatal chain—
Its trace is on my clouded brow.

But tho' my breast with Passion's thrill
Can never wildly beat,
Tho' love's warm pulse is hushed, yet still
Believe not that my heart is chill,
And owns no kind and genial heat.

It yet can kindle at the light
Of friendship's steady ray ;
Can bless the star serene and bright,
Which, in despair's dark fearful night,
In safety led me on my way.

That beacon light was shed by thee,
My best, my truest friend ;
And while the hallowed beam I see,
Its radiance, hope and joy shall be,
And peace, which love could never lend!

VILLAGE SKETCHES.

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

"Imagination fondly stoops, to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place ;
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day :
The pictures placed for ornament and use ;
The twelve good rules ; the royal game of goose."—GOLDSMITH.

MY GRANDMOTHER.

MY grandfather was a farmer in Derbyshire, who cultivated an estate consisting of a hundred acres, which had descended to him from his ancestors. The village in which he dwelt was a compact one, composed of four streets which ran out from a centre, and in this centre was a square cross, formed of large rude stones ; the second story being laid within the first, and the third terminating in a single block.

The population of the village included several farmers, inferior to my grandfather ; a parish clerk, who cobbled shoes six days in the week, said "Amen" on Sundays, and taught children to read and write in the church in the evenings ; and an old schoolmistress, who was an excellent sempstress. Besides these, were those necessary appendages to a village, a public-house and a shop ; the former of which sold ale only ; the latter eatables, wearing apparel, hardware, and drugs for men and cattle. Labourers, with their families, made up the remainder of the inhabitants of

the village. At a small distance from it were a 'squire and a rector ; but, though their habitations were near, they and their families were at an immeasurable distance from the villagers ; none of whom ever passed them without taking off his hat, or stopping to drop a courtesy.

My grandfather was a ruddy, handsome young man, of greater polish than his neighbours ; for he had been to London, and, on Sundays, wore a cravat, the ends of which were fringed, and hanging on his breast : in a word, he "at church and at market was reckoned a beau." At market, he met with a beautiful young woman, whom he loved, wooed, married, and conducted to the paternal mansion. It is true it was still occupied by his father and mother, and two unmarried sisters ; but these formed no obstacle ; it was the custom of the village for fathers and mothers to retain their station ; for where could they go ? The land which had hitherto supported them must sustain them still, and the sons must wait their turn to be master.

My grandmother was cordially received by the parents of her husband, and she proved a great acquisition to the family ; for her prudence, industry, and good temper were equal to her beauty. Though the daughter of a farmer, she had had the advantage of a good education ; for, living only a mile distant from the county town, she had there learned to read and write at one school ; to embroider muslin, and work silken strawberries on canvass purses at another ; and to raise fabrics and make flourishes in pastry at a third ; yet, with all these attainments, she made no innovation, suggested no *improvement* in the house of her husband's family ; but performed her share of the domestic duties in the precise way they had been performed by his mother. Indeed, her discretion was such, that though she wore a muslin head, and laced pinners, on a Sunday, she never carried her head above her neighbours ; and though her manteau was of the finest *faradine*, she never looked down on their camlet.

I must not omit a circumstance in which the information of my grandmother shewed itself superior to that of the family with which she was incorporated. All had heard of tea—as who had not ? but none had seen it. In the absence of my grandmother, a pound of tea, a present from a friend, arrived from London. The daughters were impatient to taste it ; the mother said, “ I know nothing about it, I cannot cook it ; let it be till Sarah comes home.” The curiosity of the daughters, however, was not to be repressed ; they slyly took a handful, which they boiled in a kettle, and, after draining the water from it, they buttered and ate it ; at the same time declaring to each other that tea was the worst stuff they had ever tasted in their lives. My grandmother, at her return, set all right by discarding the tea-leaves, instead of the water in which they had been boiled, and filling the porringers of the family with the bitter decoction, ameliorated with sugar and cream.

In process of time death carried off the father and mother, and husbands carried off the daughters. My grandmother, now sole mistress of the mansion, began to turn her thoughts towards its *improvement*. The house was composed of wood and plaster, and covered with thatch. It contained five rooms on the ground floor, ranged along the farm-yard like a rank of soldiers ; the left-hand man next to the “ town street,” and from the right ran an excrescence called the buttery. Stairs there were, which led to chambers above ; but some were ill-lighted ; others quite dark ; and all were open to the beams and the thatch. These were in the several occupations of men-servants and maid-servants, pigeons and cheese, wheat, malt, and apples.

My grandmother added a handsome parlour to the family mansion, with a handsome chamber over it, and placed beds in both ; in the former for the accommodation of her husband and herself ; in the latter for that of a guest. For the first time, in that house, beds had four posts, and were wholly surrounded by curtains. These, which were of woollen, with the blankets, bed-linen, and ticken, were spun on domestic wheels, and the feathers were furnished by home-bred geese. Nothing, for family use, was imported that the productions of the farm, aided by household labour, could supply.—Bread was made from the wheat of the land, malt from the barley, cheese and butter from the cows ; poultry and eggs were taken from the farm-yard, and hogs from the sty. Wine was unknown, and tea was not to be found. Rich cake was always in the house, and this, with mead made from the honey of the hives, or a posset milked under the cow, was given to visitors.

Clothing was derived from the same source as provisions. The linen of the family was supplied by the flax of the farm, the outer garments by the fleeces of the flocks, and all was spun at home. Hats and shoes, cra-

vats, caps, and handkerchiefs alone were purchased. I must not, however, for the honour of my family, forget to mention, that my three aunts, when grown up, were the first in the village to wear gowns of printed linen. Before this time, their gowns of fine scarlet stuff of their own spinning, and their black velvet hoods, had produced a great sensation among the daughters of the other farmers; but when the linen gowns, with the large stripes of blue flowers, appeared at church, they created general envy and astonishment. Even the 'squire's lady viewed them with some displeasure, as she stood up in her pew; and afterwards said, as her maid, Mrs Busy, told my aunt Mary, she wondered what farmer's daughters would come to.

Time rolled on till my grandmother was left a widow, my three aunts were married, and my two uncles settled on farms at some distance; each child having received a portion of one hundred pounds, and a large stock of homespun linen; the family estate being reserved clear for my father. This was the time for him to marry; but the young woman of his choice made some scruples to enter a house in which she should not be mistress. My grandmother gave way to this unusual instance of fastidiousness, and exchanged the dominion, which should have lasted for life, for an annual pittance which would not have maintained her in a lodging. Happily, her daughter-in-law gave her no cause for removal or repentance.

MY MOTHER.

My father brought his bride home on his mare and his pillion; and she was found to be a neat little woman, in a dark blue camlet habit of her own spinning, with vellum button-holes, covered with silver thread. My father, on this momentous occasion, wore a suit of broadcloth, and the first pair of boots which had entered the family.

Mistress though now my mother was, and also mistress of some refinement, her proceedings were re-

gulated by due respect for the feelings of my grandmother. In what was called "the house," that is, the spacious room in which the family lived throughout the day, my mother left the dresser with drawers, and the rows of pewter, from the dish which held the sirloin to the plates from which it was eaten, that shone above it. She left the four-legged oaken table, from which the servants dined in the presence of their master and mistress; each continuing to eat his broth from a wooden noggin, or little pail, and cutting his meat on a wooden trencher, with a clasp knife taken from his pocket. This table never moved from the wall, and attached to it were some buffets, or high oaken stools, which were drawn from under it, for the servants' seats at meal times, and shoved under it when the meal was ended. My grandmother left in the place it had occupied for ages, an oaken table far more ponderous, which moved only, with the pewter plates and dishes, at Christmas and the wake, when all the collateral branches of the family assembled in the family mansion.

Having made these concessions, which, perhaps, were full as great as could have been expected from the silver button-holes, my mother began her *improvements*. She took the scanty curtains, of thick and ancient woollen, from her own bed, converted them into carpets, and supplied their place with curtains of blue-and-white striped linen, spun by her own hand. She had a recess in *the house* formed into a closet, in which she placed her tea china, her silver cream jug, and her plates and dishes of earthenware. My father, however, set his face manfully against the earthen plates, so far as they regarded himself, and it was many years before he could be persuaded to part with his trencher.

A heavy oaken arm-chair, which was probably coeval with the mansion, and had, for the same length of time, claimed the chimney-corner as its right, was deprived of its dignity by my mother, and placed behind

the door, to make way for an upstart couch called a *squab*. My mother always *liked to be like other people*; and it happened that the wife of a farmer in the village, whose estate consisted of only four-score acres, had lately got a *squab* in her chimney-corner; a *squab* was, therefore, declared by my mother to be indispensable. I cannot help suspecting, however, that in addition to the necessity of being like other people, my mother had a secret motive; for she had, in her maiden day, formed a magnificent piece of patchwork, composed of stars and circles of silk and velvet, which exactly covered the cushion and bolster of the *squab*. My grandmother did not see the removal of the chair, in which her father-in-law and her husband had dozed away their latter days, without some concern; but she was too wise to complain; and she was somewhat comforted to see that the *lungsettle*, an ancient oaken seat, with high back and solid arms, and capable of accommodating three persons, was permitted to retain its station in the family apartment.

Though tea, with all its appendages, was formally introduced, it made no part of the family aliment, but was provided for visitors. Posset was forgotten, and mead was discarded for wine, which, with the rich cake, was served at the entrance of the guests; a bottle of port, and one of mountain, being always kept in the house for this purpose.

The spinning-wheel was not laid aside, but it did not move with its former activity. It supplied the house with bed and table-linen, and my father, to the day of his death, refused to wear a shirt of bought cloth, even at church; but silk and cotton, in great variety, were seen on the persons of my mother and her daughters; and homespun woollen was not worn by my father, or his sons.

After the death of my grandmother, the buttery was called the dairy, and the adjoining room, which had been appropriated to washing,

brewing, baking, and auxiliary cooking, at good times, by a fire of sticks on the hearth, was denominated the kitchen, and made the domicile of the servants. The oaken chair underwent a farther exile, and was sent hither; its last remove towards the fire. My father did not altogether like to see his ploughman in the seat of his ancestors; but it being the custom of our family, from time immemorial, for the husbands to let their wives do what they pleased, he did not oppose it.

In due time, I and my sisters married, and my two younger brothers took wives and farms in the neighbourhood; my father giving each of us a portion of five hundred pounds. He died soon after, having been severely injured by a fall from his horse. My brother did not wait long before he married a young woman to whom he had been some time attached: but my mother did not see the expediency of giving up the farm to a son, on his marriage, which she had seen when she married herself; she therefore kept the reins in her own hand. This was greatly to the mortification of my sister-in-law, who had even hesitated some days before she consented to marry my brother; but her fortune being small, and her person not very attractive, she thought it prudent not to carry her scruples too far.

Every year I visited the paternal mansion, and was cordially welcomed by my mother and brother. No alterations appeared; for the most powerful of all reasons—that none could be made without my mother's consent. The same hospitality prevailed: every cousin who came to visit was offered a bed; every man who entered the house had ale set before him; and every woman cheese-cake and cowslip wine. I did not, however, quite like the looks of my sister-in-law, who was frequently troubled with head-aches; and, at such times, she would sit silent, leaning her head on her hands, during several hours. At length I lost my beloved and respectable mother, and

circumstances, over which I had no control, prevented me from visiting my native village for some years.

MY SISTER-IN-LAW.

As soon as it was in my power I went into Derbyshire. Ah! said I to myself, as I approached the village, there is the church in which reposes the dust of my ancestors! Under that roof lie all that remains of my father, my mother, and a long line of progenitors to me unknown. There, not far distant, in its park, inclosed by pales, is the hall, which once appeared to me as the summit of architectural grandeur. Its inmates were, in my apprehension, a race of superior beings; and now, by one of the common turns of fortune, how nearly do we approximate! How the people I pass bow to my carriage as to theirs! As I advanced, here, said I, is the old sign of the coach and horses, the symbol of the landlord's former profession, when he lived with the squire, and the invitation hung out to the tipplers and newsmongers of the village. And there is the cross, the summer resort of the aged and the idle, and the rendezvous of the young and the active, when the labour of the day, and the athletic sports which succeeded it, were ended.

The village seemed nearly in the state in which I had left it, till, on turning a corner, I saw that a bow-window had sprung from the dwelling of my fathers, and the sober grey paling, which divided the farm-yard from the "town-street," had become a bright red.

The sound of the carriage brought out my brother, who received me affectionately. His wife, who was standing in the passage, in slatternly attire, thought only of apologizing for her dress. As I proceeded along the passage, "Ah" said I, looking on my right, "there are the well-known and well-remembered kitchen and dairy, which have sent forth such a profusion of good things." Then turning to my left, into *the house*, I stood petrified with astonishment. "Yes," said my sister-in-law, with an

air of triumph, "I knew I should surprise you. There have been great *improvements* made since you were here; the old lumber is all gone into the kitchen, or into the fire."

True it was; I could recognize nothing but the windows and the clock. The dresser and the pewter had given way to prints, framed and glazed; the ancient chairs and tables were exchanged for modern; and the bright grate, with its knobs as large as warming-pans, had been dismissed for a Bath stove. "And, pray," said I, "where are the polished brazen tongs and fire-shovel, which hung in the chimney-corner, and had no other business in the house, than to be looked at and admired?" "I have sent them into the kitchen," replied my sister-in-law, "because they were not fit to be seen."

I made no farther inquiries after the fate of my old domestic acquaintances; but, directing my thoughts towards present times, "I do not see my nephews and nieces," said I; "I hope they are well."

"Quite well, at the last vacation," answered my sister-in-law. "Louisa and Caroline are at a boarding-school at Nottingham; Edwin, who is intended for the law, is at school at Wirksworth; and Frederick is apprenticed to an eminent surgeon and apothecary at Bakewell." Here again was *improvement*: for the family baptismal names, hitherto, had not reached higher than John and Sarah, William and Mary, Thomas and Elizabeth; nor had the education of an individual extended farther than the parish clerk, and the village school-mistress.

I waited two hours for an ill-dressed dinner, without having been offered any refreshment; my sister-in-law being engaged in trimming the cap, and adjusting the treble flounces of the white dress, in which she afterwards appeared at dinner. When we rose from table, she proposed our going into "the other room," and led the way to what had been the bedchamber of my father and mother. At last, thought I, my passion for old

times will be gratified, for I reckoned on seeing the blue-and-white striped curtains of my mother's spinning, and the bed on which she reposed during her married life and her widowhood : but I reckoned without my hostess ; for she had sent the bed up stairs for the accommodation of the maids. The plaster floor was covered with a carpet ; the white, washed walls were covered with paper ; the tables and chairs were of mahogany : the valences of the window-curtains hung in graceful drapery ; and my sister asked me if I did not admire the bow-window.

Sick at the sight of the altered dwelling of my ancestors, I retired early. I was shewn into the chamber built by my grandmother, where I found a bed with handsome chintz furniture ; I lay down on it, and I found it damp. This determined me. I had intended to revisit the scenes of my childhood and youth, and to shake hands with such of my neighbours as remained on the spot : but, rising early from my blankets, and not deigning to look at the hunting-pieces which had usurped the place of the twelve apostles, I contented

myself with a walk in the garden and orchard.

In the orchard I viewed the fabrics raised by three generations ; magnificent walnut trees planted by my grandfather, flourishing apple and pear trees planted by my father, and cherry and Siberian crab trees by my brother. In the garden I looked diligently for my mother's flowers, but could find no traces of them ; and the bees had disappeared, with the sweets on which they fed.

At breakfast I declared my intention of quitting the village ; and neither the intreaties of my brother, nor the civilities of my sister-in-law, could detain me.

My brother did not long survive our parting. Not having the same taste for *improvement* as his wife, and not having the resolution to contradict or control her, he drank rather more freely of his own ale than was consistent with the patriarchal age attained by his ancestors. After the death of her husband, my sister-in-law let the farm, and took up her residence in the market town ; and the hall, as well as the farm-house, is now occupied by a stranger.

HARRY AND LUCY CONCLUDED.*

MISS Edgeworth, the indefatigable instructor of youth for the last thirty years, once more appears before us to fulfil higher tasks, and offer more advantageous lessons, so far as regards the progress of scientific attainments, than she attempted before. Her present work consists of four volumes, filled with easy explanations of subjects connected with natural philosophy, the useful arts, &c. and, whether considered as a compendium of general knowledge, or a stimulant to youthful exertion, is alike estimable. The ease and spirit of the dialogue, and the wonderful power with which Miss Edge-

worth contrives to render her *dramatis personæ* childlike, without being childish, render the work not less fascinating in composition than valuable for its information. Although we are informed in the preface that it is designed for children from the age of ten to fourteen years, many persons more than twice the former age may read it with great interest, and either imbibe much knowledge that is new, or revive much that is forgotten. At the same time it is not beyond the comprehension of clever and well-instructed children ; and nothing can be conceived more interesting and delight-

* Harry and Lucy concluded ; being the last part of *Early Lessons* ; by Maria Edgeworth.—4 vols.

ful than the picture presented to the mind's eye, of an affectionate and cultivated family, drawing on every incident in the ordinary walks of life for an increase of knowledge, which may tend to render them alike happy in themselves and valuable to others.

We are assured by the fair author, that in her own family the existence of as much sound reasoning and patient exertion of talent, as are here imputed to Henry (the little hero of this and other similar works) has been exemplified, and we cannot therefore doubt the fact; but we must take leave in that case to combat one of the conclusions frequently made both by Miss Edgeworth and her father. We must venture to say, 'that such children have genius or something equivalent to it;' they are not children of *common* abilities, with *uncommon* education,—which is the doctrine inferred in all their works on the subject. It is a good doctrine to maintain to children, 'what a boy has done a boy may do;' but every parent of a large family knows, that even where there is an equality of disposition to labour, among his progeny, there is by no means an equal power of progress. Every school-master must be still more convinced of this fact, and must know that there is in families a distinct character, or a bending of the mind to certain attainments, errors, or virtues, as decidedly as there is a cast of features. Perhaps few persons have ever lived whose domestic experience went so far as that of the late Mr Edgeworth on this subject, because his family was very numerous and diversified; yet even his knowledge was inconsiderable when compared with that of the head of a seminary, who receives probably three generations in succession, from twenty or thirty families; and where shall we hear one of these persons tell us that his boys are all alike in their original capacities? In fact, Mr Edgeworth himself was a proof of the fallacy of his conclusions: he had a decided *genius* for mechanics; he was the father of a woman of *genius* in its

most positive sense, and of many sons who partake the character; and hence his lessons took an effect which could not have been produced in minds of less natural ability, however strongly excited.

The following extract, relative to the art and philosophy of pumping, will be a sufficient specimen of the skilful manner in which the work is continued.

'Well, now to business,' said the father. 'What do you wish to learn first, Lucy?'

She said that she wished to be made perfectly acquainted with the air-pump, because Harry had reproached her with not having understood that fine poetic description of it, which he had learned by heart, and repeated. He said that, to be sure, he could easily make her understand his uncle's air-pump, because she already knew the principle of a common water-pump.

'Do I?' said Lucy, smiling; 'I did not know that I knew it;' and here she again thought of the man who had talked prose all his life, without knowing it; but she refrained from making an allusion to him, though it was ready on her lips. Harry recalled to her mind the experiment which her father had shown them two years ago.

'Do not you remember,' said he, 'the experiment he showed us with a roll of tape that was put under a wine-glass, which was turned down, and plunged into a basin of water; and then the tape was pulled out, and unrolled by degrees!'

Lucy remembered all this.

'And what happened,' said Harry, 'when the tape was pulled from under the glass?'

Lucy answered, 'That the water rose in the glass.'

'And why?' said Harry.

'Because, when the tape was taken out, there was left in its place a vacancy, a *vacuum* you call it; then the water which was in the basin rose into that vacant place.'

'And why did it rise?' pursued Harry.

'Because it was pressed by the weight of the air, pressing on all the water in the basin, and it was forced up in the glass, where there was no air, nothing to prevent or resist it.'

'Very well; now I am satisfied,' said Harry. 'You remember it clearly.'

'Because I understood it clearly at the time it was first shown to me,' said Lucy; 'my father was so patient, and explained it to me so slowly and clearly.'

'Well,' said Harry, 'you have proved to me that you understand the first principle on which pumps are made, for all depends on making a vacuum, into which the water rises, or is raised. The first thing to be done is to make a vacuum. Now, Lucy, in a common pump, such as there is in the yard for pumping up water, *where* do you think the vacuum must be before the water can rise?'

Lucy said, she supposed that it must be in the inside of the body or *tube* of the pump.

'Yes, we call it the *bore*,' said Harry. 'Now tell me how you would make a vacuum within it.'

'Oh! my dear Harry, that is too difficult a question for me,' said Lucy. 'How can I tell how to make a vacuum in the *bore*, as you call it of a great pump?'

'Where is the difficulty?' said Harry. 'Do not be frightened by the word *bore*; or, if you are alarmed by the idea of a great pump, suppose a little one, as small as you please! as small, suppose, as the glass tube of the barometer.'

'That would be easy to suppose; but could there be so small a pump?' said Lucy.

'To be sure, as well as of the largest size; only it would raise less water. But now go on straight forward, Lucy, my dear; do not ask me any of your starting-off questions. You must let me ask you questions, and you are to answer.'

'If I can,' said Lucy.

'You can, I assure you, my dear,' said Harry, in his most persuasive tone, 'If you will only believe that

you can, and keep steady. I ask you how you would make a vacuum in this tube?'

'Let me consider—let me recollect. What did my father do when he made a vacuum in the wine-glass?' said Lucy to herself. 'He put in a roll of tape, which filled up the whole glass, and then drew it out, little by little, so as not to let any air into the glass, while he was pulling it out again. But I cannot get a roll of tape into the small tube,' said Lucy.

'No, not a roll of tape,' said Harry; 'but if you consider what was the purpose or use of putting the roll of tape into the glass, and drawing it out again, you will perceive that putting in and drawing out any thing else in the same manner would do as well.'

'The purpose was first to force the air that was in the glass out of it,' said Lucy, 'and to prevent any more afterwards from getting into the place which the tape took up, and which remained vacant as it was drawn out, leaving a vacuum at last.'

'Now you are coming on very well, Lucy,' said Harry.

'If I can put any thing of any sort into the little tube, which forces the air out, and then if I could keep the air out, there would be a vacuum for you, Harry.'

'Very well, you will now quite understand a pump, and you will soon know how to use it, Lucy.'

'As to that,' said Lucy, 'I know how to pump already, only I am not strong enough.'

'Stay! stay! Lucy; knowing how to pull a handle up and down, which I suppose is all you mean, is not understanding what I mean by knowing what pumping is, or how it is done.'

'I have seen men and maids often pumping in the yard,' said Lucy.

'What happens when they pump?' said Harry.

'The water comes out of the spout, after they have pumped a little while,' said Lucy.

'What do you mean by pumping?' persisted Harry.

'I cannot tell you exactly, Harry, because I never saw the inside of the

pump. I only know that they move the handle up and down; and I believe there is something fastened to it, which I suppose brings up the water; but I do not know how exactly.'

'I believe not, indeed,' said Harry: 'then you see, Mrs Quick-Quick, you did not understand what I meant by pumping. Now come with me, and I will show you in my room the nice glass-pump which my father made for me. You cannot see into the inside of the pump in the yard; but, when once you have seen my glass-pump, you will understand the inside of all others.'

'He showed her, in the first place, a glass tube, in which there was a spout near the top. The tube was open at the top, and at the bottom there was a little door or valve, which opened upwards only; he poured water into this tube, to show her that the water would rest upon this valve, without its letting any of it through: he then emptied out the water. 'Now,' said he, 'you know there is nothing but air in this tube. Look at this, which is called the piston.—It was a cylinder which fitted tight into the tube; at the top of it there was a valve like that at the bottom of the tube, which also opened one way, and that was upwards. Harry pushed it up several times with his finger, to show Lucy that it opened easily, and he made her feel that it did so. He then put the tube into a tub of water, the tube resting on two blocks of wood, which raised it from the bottom of the tub, so that there was room for the water to flow in through the lowest valve. Lucy, as he desired, held the glass-tube upright, while he pushed down the piston, to which there was a long handle.

'Now, Lucy, what happens within-side of the tube?' said Harry.

'Nothing that I know of,' said she; 'but that you have pressed the air in the tube closer together.'

'Very true; do you see the valve at the bottom? Is it shut or open?'

Lucy said it was shut.

'And what keeps it shut?'

'The air that you are pressing down upon it,' said Lucy.

He pressed the piston down farther.

'Now look again,' said he, 'and tell me what happens.'

'I see the little door at the top of the piston open,' said she.

Harry asked her what she thought had opened it.

'The air,' said she 'under it, which I suppose you could not compress any more, and which has forced its way up.'

He now drew up the piston, and again asked what happened. Lucy saw the valve at the top of the piston shut, and she saw the water rush through the valve at the bottom of the glass-pump, and rise in its tube. And when Harry again plunged down the piston, the water came through the valve in the piston, and, when he drew it up again, it carried up all the water to the top of the tube, where it flowed out of the spout.

'Just as it does in the great real pump,' said Lucy.

'And now do you know what I mean by pumping,' said Harry.

He pumped on for some time, and then let her take the handle, and work for herself. He questioned her, and made her repeat her explanation, till he was satisfied, and she was satisfied, that she clearly understood, that the thing to be done in pumping, and by pumping, is to force the air out of a certain space, to produce a vacancy or vacuum, into which the water rushes and rises; 'or rather,' said Harry, 'to speak more accurately, is pressed and supported by the surrounding air and water. Perhaps I ought to tell you, that there is no *perfect* vacuum; but I will not be too exact with you at first, lest I should tire you: therefore I will not tell you all the difference between a lifting pump, and a sucking-pump, and a forcing pump; besides, I am not sure that I know them all myself. I will not tell you even about water always finding its own level.'

'I am very much obliged to you,' said Lucy.

VARIETIES.

DR ABRAHAM REES.

THIS eminent man, who long held a distinguished rank in the literary and scientific world, was a native of North Wales, where his father was greatly respected as a dissenting minister. After receiving the best elementary instruction the neighbourhood could afford, both in the classical languages and in the mathematics, he was removed to London, and placed in a dissenting collegiate establishment at Hoxton, then under the direction of Dr Jennings, the learned author of a work on Jewish Antiquities, and Dr Samuel Morton Savage. Here he passed through the regular course of five years; at the termination of which, a vacancy being created by the death of Dr Jennings, he was appointed mathematical tutor. This situation he held for upwards of twenty years, and only relinquished it on the dissolution of the establishment. On the subsequent formation of the New Dissenting College at Hackney, he was chosen to fill the theological chair. This institution lasted only a few years, and with its dissolution, about the year 1795, the labours of Dr Rees, as a college tutor, ceased. During the time he held these appointments he had under his tuition many gentlemen, who afterwards became eminent as preachers in their respective denominations, and not a few survive who are well known to the religious and the literary world. Dr Rees was first settled, as a minister, in the congregation of St Thomas, in the borough of Southwark, and since removed to Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road. But, for more than forty years, he stately officiated in the large and opulent congregation which met in the Old Jewry, but now assembles in Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street, and which had previously numbered among its ministers Dr Chandler and Dr Amory. Dr Rees was the author of several single sermons, preached

on public occasions, or in aid of public charitable objects. He also published four volumes of selected practical discourses, which have been well received and extensively circulated. For many years he was a frequent contributor to the *Monthly Review*, in conjunction with his able and esteemed friend the late Dr Kippis. But the works by which he is chiefly known to the scientific public are, his enlarged edition of Mr Chambers' *Cyclopædia*, in four volumes, folio; and, above all, by his *New Cyclopædia*, in forty-five volumes quarto. This was a truly gigantic undertaking for any individual, even with the able assistance he derived from distinguished contributors. He had the gratification, however, to live to see it completed, and to enjoy the well-earned reputation which its able execution secured to him. His eminent attainments were at different times rewarded with appropriate tokens of respect, by various public bodies. The University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the honorary degree of D. D. through the spontaneous recommendation of the historian Dr Robertson, when he held the office as Principal. On the completion of his edition of Chambers' *Cyclopædia*, which came out in periodical numbers, he was unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Soon after its institution, he was chosen a Fellow of the Linnean Society, and more recently was made an honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. He was besides an honorary member of some Foreign Literary and Scientific Institutions. In his own religious community Dr Rees held a prominent rank. He was a Protestant dissenter upon principle, scrupling conformity to the Established Church on the ground both of its discipline and doctrine. In spirit he might be esteemed a Catholic Christian: for no sectarian prejudices kept him

aloof from the society of men of other religious denominations, whose public or private worth entitled them to his esteem. He lived on terms of familiar intimacy with persons of all religious opinions, and reckoned among his most valued friends some of the brightest ornaments of the national church. He was an active and influential member of the principal dissenting trusts in the Presbyterian connexion, and from his great age and early introduction into public life, had become the father of almost every institution to which he belonged. For several months his health had been visibly on the decline; but his life insensibly waned to its close without much bodily suffering; and he sank, with the patience and hope of a Christian, into the repose of death, without a struggle.—He died (in the eighty-second year of his age) as he had lived, respected and beloved by all who had opportunities of appreciating the various excellencies of his character; and his memory will be long cherished and revered by a large circle of friends, who have either benefited by his public religious instructions, or enjoyed the pleasure of his interesting conversation in the more intimate and familiar intercourse of social life. We understand that memoirs of his life may be expected in the course of the present year, from the pen of his intimate friend, the Rev Dr Thomas Rees.

TOMLINSON THE ENGRAVER.

Tomlinson had long wished to visit Paris, and a few months since an English gentleman, who resides there, was induced to gratify his wishes; he gave him a lodging at his country-house, fitted up a room for him, and procured him employment from the booksellers. Unfortunately, Tomlinson found that he could get a small glass of brandy for a halfpenny, and a large one for a penny; the consequence was, that he was drunk every day, and in two months had not finished one small book plate. At last, having worked regularly for two or three days, but wanting a pair of

shoes, he asked the loan of money to buy them, and ten francs were given him for that purpose. Instead of buying his shoes, he went and bought a bottle of brandy; he staid out all night and all the next day; on that evening, he laid out the remainder of his money in brandy, and took the road to the river, followed by all the children of the village. Arrived on the banks of the Seine, and having fallen several times in his way thither, he pulled off his coat, took off his cravat and hat, put the bottle to his mouth, and having drained it of the last drop, he threw it into the water, leaped in after it, and was drowned. The next morning the body was found by the fishermen on drawing their nets.

Thus perished this unfortunate man. His fate shews us on what a slender thread hangs human life. Had there been a pair of shoes in the village to fit him, he would not have had the money to go to Paris to buy some, and he would have been still alive: by his talents he could have gained £12 to £15 per month, and had work for twelve months certain already ordered. Only two days before his death, he expressed how happy he was, and how well he lived, having excellent dinners and a bottle of good wine a-day for twenty pence.

FEMALE ACTRESSES.

It is not a little remarkable that the use of scenes and decorations, and the still greater improvement of assigning to females their proper characters, were introduced at the same time, and that at a period much later, than is generally supposed. Sir William Davenant first introduced scenes at the Duke's Old Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, upon the restoration of Charles the Second, and they were soon after introduced into the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. About this period women were taught to act their part in plays which had hitherto been acted by men personating women, but that acting could neither be natural nor excellent. There are several traits peculiar to

the female character which no man can completely personate.

There is a ludicrous anecdote related, which happened when Charles the Second visited the Theatre. The performance not commencing at the appointed time, the Monarch sent to inquire what was the cause of the delay. The Play for that evening was, "The Merry Monarch, Scandalous and Poor." The manager came forward, and begged the indulgence of His Majesty for a few moments, as the queen was not yet shaved.

The first female actress upon the London stage was a Mrs Hughes, who acted Desdemona at Drury Lane in 1663.

—
MY LOVER!

(A BURLESQUE.)

By Mrs Cornwell Baron Wilson.

Who bore with all my whims and ways,
In courtship's bright and sunny days;
And took me out to balls and plays?

My Lover!

Who told me that my eyes were bright,
And far surpass'd the diamond's light,
Or stars, that gem the brow of night?

My Lover!

Who said my shape, and dress, and air,
With nothing earthly could compare,
And call'd me, "fairest of the fair?"

My Lover!

Who, while I bask'd in fortune's ray,
Was like my shadow ev'ry day,
And still had something kind to say?

My Lover!

But when the sun withdrew its light,
And fortune frown'd his hopes to blight,
Who treated me with scorn and slight?

My Lover!

Who made me feel the bitt'rest smart,
That ever cross'd my youthful heart,
'Till reason bade me scorn his art?

My Lover!

And now, from Cupid's fetters free,
I smile at thy inconstancy,
And bid a long adieu to thee,

False Lover!

—
TRAGEDY OF GEORGE BARNWELL.

There is perhaps no drama in our language so universally known, and whose moral influence has been so great, as that of George Barnwell. The author of this popular tragedy was George Lillo, who was born in

1693, in the neighborhood of Moor-gate, London; and by profession a jeweller, which occupation he followed with a fair and unblemished reputation. He was strongly attached to the Muses, and seems to have laid it down as a maxim, that the devotion paid to them, ought always to tend to the promotion of virtue. In pursuance of this aim, he was happy in the choice of his subjects, and showed great power of affecting the heart, and of rendering the distresses of common and domestic life, equally interesting in dramatic representation, as those of kings and heroes. His "George Barnwell," "Fatal Curiosity," and "Arden of Feversham," are all planned on common and well-known stories; yet they have perhaps more frequently drawn tears from an audience, than more pompous tragedies, particularly the first of them. After the death of Lillo, Henry Fielding printed a high encomium on his character in the "Champion," in which he described him as inheriting the spirit of an "old Roman, joined to the simplicity of a primitive Christian."

The place where the fatal catastrophe was consummated, upon which Lillo founded his affecting tragedy of George Barnwell, is traditionally said to be at Grove-hill, in Camberwell Grove, Surrey; which was the seat of the late Dr Lettsom, so well known in the medical, literary, and scientific world. The house is a plain, thatched structure, with low wings, having its front ornamented with the figures of Liberality and Plenty, and the goddess Flora, in artificial stone. Here is a sheet of water supplied by a spring, issuing near the summit of the hill which is supposed to be the spot where Barnwell, instigated by the artifices of Millwood, murdered his uncle.

Though Grove-hill is little more than three miles from the three city bridges, the situation is so uncommonly fine as to afford extensive and picturesque views over a circumference of two hundred miles. In the front, indeed, the city presents

itself; but the eye soon passes over the great emporium of wealth and elegance, to the summits of those high hills, where Hampstead, Highgate, and other hamlets are scattered: among which Caen wood and various charming seats are interspersed; beyond, the Harrow on the Hill, and its lofty spire, arise: and, wandering towards the palace of Windsor, and passing along the counties of Middlesex and Hertford, we enjoy an extensive view in Essex; and crossing the Thames, return, on the east, by Shooters-hill and Greenwich. The south is bounded by Sydenham hills and Norwood; while the west takes in Chelsea, and the upper part of the Thames above the bridges. The spot is well worth visiting for its natural beauties, independent of its associations with one of our most popular dramas. —

NEAL'S NEW NOVEL.

"*Brother Jonathan; or, the New-Englanders*"—the reprint of a *bona fide* American novel—is the emanation of a vigorous and observing mind, wandering, bounding, and luxuriating amongst scenes and characters hitherto almost untouched by the pencil of the imagination. The story is native—affecting—impressive; and as a vivid delineation of manners it must be regarded as of a high order. The character of Bald Eagle, the Mohawk chief, is powerfully drawn: his death-song, and departure for the world of spirits, form one of the most richly-wild and poetical sketches within our recollection. We regret our want of room for analysis and extract. —

CORREGIO.

The admirable Corregio which has just been secured for, and placed in the National Gallery, at the expense of 3,800*l.* is a picture above all price. This perfect specimen of the master, one of the very few of his works which can be authenticated, belonged to the king of Spain; but was taken away by the Prince of the Peace at the beginning of the Revolution. From Spain it found its way to Rome in the possession of Mr

Wallace; and about twenty years ago was in this country. It afterwards got to Paris, and was the property of Pelletier, the banker, at whose sale it was finally obtained to adorn the National Gallery of England. It is a little picture, not larger than an ordinary window pane; in that small compass lie all the choicest treasures of art. The subject is the Holy Family: the Virgin and Child in the foreground, and Joseph in the distance. It is impossible to do justice to this exquisite production by language. The pencilling combines lightness and force;—the colouring, sweetness, purity, and harmony;—the drapery is grand, and imposes on the mind as if the figures were of the heroic class;—the expression of the Virgin is exquisitely fine, and the child is at once noble in form and charmingly natural. The gradation of the aerial tints is another of the extraordinary merits of this production, which will remain, we trust, forever, to enrich that royal collection to which it has been added, and stand as a test of the works of the unrivalled master from whom it proceeded. —

A RETORT UNCOURTEOUS.

A vender of rouge, carmine, &c. having credited a lady of distinction to a considerable amount, found himself under the necessity of waiting upon her very often for the money. Being one day told that she was out, but that she would return soon, he waited, and spoke to her whilst alighting from her carriage; when being again put off, he said rather angrily, "Madam, I am not your lacquey to attend upon you every day. I do not wear *your colours* (your livery), but I rather think you wear *mine*." —

INK.

The bark of the chesnut (*Fagus castanea*) is said to contain twice as much tan as that of the oak, and gives, with sulphate of iron, a beautifully black ink. The colour which this tan produces is less liable to change by the sun and rain than that produced by sumac.

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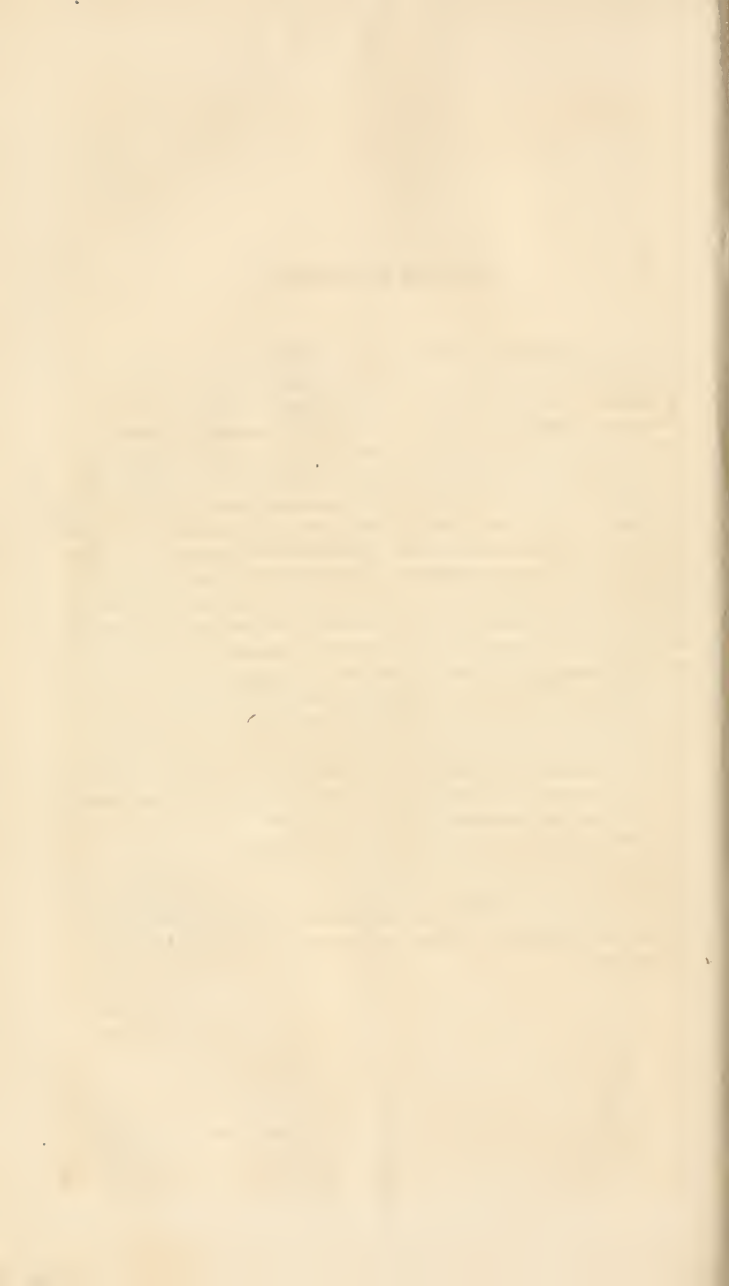
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SPIRIT

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RETROSPECT OF THE EFFORTS AND PROGRESS OF MANKIND DURING THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

[This article is principally taken from the *Revue Encyclopedique*; but the translator has not scrupled to make occasionally either such omissions, additions, or alterations, as might be consistent with his own views of the subject, wherever they happened not exactly to coincide with those of the original author. That author, however, who (according to the manly system of conducting the periodical press of France) stands forth with the signature of his name, is no less respectable an ornament to the literature and science of his age, than the celebrated J. C. L. de Sismondi.

To some of the sentiments we have given a colouring which does not exactly belong to the original, and which M. Sismondi himself (even if he had written in England) would not, perhaps, have given to them. We have done more; we have not only incorporated with this philosophical retrospect, the substance of a considerable portion of another article from the same pen, on the subject of "British India," but have added freely, sometimes to the extent of whole columns, of our own; as will be apparent to whoever may think it worth while to compare the translation with the original.]

EDITOR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE Roman Church was desirous that the year, through two-thirds of which we have now run, should be signalized by public solemnities and rejoicings; and that the church, of course, should be enriched by the offerings and atonements of the faithful. It *innovated*, therefore, upon the secular festivals, which, from the ordinary duration of human life, the greater part of those faithful could never witness; and deeming even the sectional jubilee of fifty years rather too precariously remote for the chances of a majority thereof, considered the fourth part of a century a more convenient portion of mundane existence for that pause of contemplation and reflection heretofore prescribed to the entire, or the moiety of that period.

This, then, said the *infallible* head of the religious world, when the year was approaching, is a proper season for acknowledging our errors, for examining what progress we have made in the infallible course, and for de-

living from the contemplation of the past, new hopes and new motives for the future.

A year of jubilee was accordingly proclaimed. With what little zeal or apparent enthusiasm its introduction was attended—what abatement of pomp—what paucity of pilgrimage to the shrine of St Peter, is sufficiently notorious; and with what grudging contribution to the holy treasury, may be as readily inferred. Those, however, who desire the improvement and melioration of man—his progress in virtue, talent and liberty, and the exercise of those faculties that raise him above the brute, would do well to celebrate this Jubilee, at least in their meditations. The political philanthropist (as well as the religious devotee) may find some advantage in looking backward and examining the course already run, repenting of the errors committed, confirming his faith in the truths that are known, and drawing fresh encouragement from the lessons of experience.

The first twenty-five years of the Nineteenth century have had a character entirely their own. One sole interest has engrossed them;—the struggle between two systems of political doctrine which divide the human race, and upon which depend the disposal of power and the future destinies of the earth. One tends to the advancement of our species; the other arrests its progress, and would compel it to retrograde.

In different countries these systems have been alternately victorious; and violent revolutions and national overthrows have, in this quarter of a century, alternately signalized the triumph of either party. They are still at issue; the event as yet uncertain; and though we are far from pretending to be neutral, we believe we can, without bitterness or partiality, describe their respective positions. And first, we will observe, though in the midst of many distressing and discouraging events, there is some comfort for the friends of humanity, in at length perceiving the real object of these divisions, and the character of the two parties clearly defined. In the course of the twenty-five years under review, it has not been always thus. As each party has, in turn, become tyrannical, and, in the flush of power, braved the lights of reason, the inspirations of morality, or the proud feelings of liberty,—we have seen virtuous men, actuated by conscience, ranging themselves under the opposite standards; equally actuated, perhaps, by the desire of preserving whatever is ennobling to man; of expelling despotism, whatever shape it might assume, and averting anarchy and vandalism; of upholding civilization and virtue, and restoring liberty: all which appear to have been alternately trampled under foot, by the excesses of revolutionary precipitancy, and by the strides of insatiable ambition.

Of the value of these precious gifts there is and can be but one opinion. We differ only as to the means of attaining them; the characteristics

by which they may be known, and the modifications and balances of authority by which they may be best maintained. No man ever voluntarily shuts himself from the light of knowledge, of virtue, and of freedom; or offers his blood as the price of oppression and chains.

“We fight for liberty!” said a republican soldier to an Imperialist. “And do you think,” replied the Austrian, “that we fight to become slaves?”—For a long time one source of error was the incoherent apprehension of motives—the irrational division of objects inherently identified, or, at least, of necessity cooperative; not hostile or incompatible: as if the interests of man depended *separately*, either upon liberty, knowledge, or virtue. They are, in fact, indivisible.

Man must be enlightened, in order to distinguish good from evil; he must be virtuous, that he may cling to the former; and he must be free, that his choice may be effective. The same knowledge which directs his moral choice, will lead him to every other good, and point out the means whereby he may attain it. Every advance of intellect will produce a corresponding progress in virtue, and in liberty.

The conviction of the intimate alliance between these grand objects and characteristics of our nature, which ignorance and sophistry have so frequently presented as opposed, removes one of the greatest obstructions and embarrassments from the progress of the friends of humanity.

But the retrograde party, perhaps, might say—their actions seem to say so—“We believe knowledge, virtue, liberty, and the increase of riches, population and power, which result from them, to be good things; but we desire them only for ourselves.” To this the *progressive* party have a right to reply: “Because these things are good, we wish them for all: we seek the welfare of the many—the *greatest good of the greatest number*.”

But language has been so misused by the upholders and ministers of power, that, however clearly defined the question may be which engrosses the attention of the world, it is not impossible for declaimers to raise doubts, and to confuse the simple mind by the sophistry of words. The facts, however, are now open to inspection that may explain the principles of both parties, and serve as the bases of future action.

NORTH AMERICA.

The *United States of America* exhibit the effects of the progressive system upon the human race. Since the establishment of their freedom, and, above all, during the last quarter of a century, their government has never swerved from its firm determination of favouring, with its whole power, the progress of knowledge, virtue and liberty. The rapid growth and prosperity of these states, surpasses all that has, heretofore, been seen or heard of.

In order properly to estimate these phenomena, we must not forget the point from which these now united and flourishing states set out. The founders were refugees of religious and political sects, who had been alternately the persecutors and the persecuted; and, in consequence, possessed the germs of animosity, resentment, and every species of aggravated fanaticism. At one time they were recruited only by the scum of England—the outcasts of desperation and crime. Afterwards, the country became the refuge of fortune-hunters, intriguants and adventurers of all nations. The colonies received from the governments of Europe the most dreadful of all institutions—slavery; and the greater part of the population was dispersed in woods and forests, and over immense savannahs, remote from courts of justice and social protection.

In such circumstances, the Americans, under a European government, would have been the most vicious of people: they may, on the contrary, rank among the most virtuous. Where shall we find more upright, just and

honourable feeling? where so few crimes? where such reverence for the domestic virtues? and where such freedom of conscience, joined to so universal an influence of religion?

No doubt the traces of the stain, which the Americans owe to their founders, are still perceptible: but, every day, they are rapidly diminishing. In the race of intellect, the Americans, indeed, are but beginning. They were obliged to become agriculturalists, artizans and merchants, before they had leisure to devote themselves to literature, or philosophy. But, already, they have introduced all the arts and sciences of Europe, and there is diffused amongst the mass of the people more rationality, positive knowledge, quickness of perception, and common sense, than is to be found in the mass of European nations. The liberty of America is fortified by her knowledge and her virtue. They have no popular discords, no insurrections, no civil wars. Their security is equivalent to their freedom. And what is the result? At the commencement of the era, the population amounted to four or five millions; it is now eleven. Their towns were small and poor; they now rival in grandeur, population and beauty, the capitals of Europe. They, at first, sustained with difficulty the burthen of the public debt, contracted during the war of independence: their funds are now dependant alone upon their own resources, and their debt is almost nothing. Their commerce, their industry, even their agriculture, was supported by English capital: their own is now sufficient for an extent of enterprise, which spreads their commerce over Europe and the Indies, and carries the overflow of arts and civilization southward, over what was once Spanish America.

This the Americans have done during the last twenty-five years.

Is it strange that we also should feel an emulation to profit by their example, and extend still further our own mighty resources?—to keep pace with their growth, and maintain

at equal distance our splendid, and hitherto unparalleled pre-eminence? Would it not be strange if the civilized nations of Europe did not sympathize in the generous emulation?

Unhappily, however, it is not difficult to find instances of the contrary tendency.

MOLDAVIA, WALACHIA, &c.

In order to give the least possible offence to those who do not wish to hear the truth, we will take one far from us, in a country where the government uses no artifice to disguise its intentions. The country alluded to is situated betwixt the three Imperial and dominant Sovereignities of continental Europe—belonging properly to none:—but each restrains it, and would retain it, under *especial protection*, as it is called, so as to keep it in its present state. It comprises Moldavia, Walachia, Bulgaria, and Servia. Favoured by nature with the most fertile soil in Europe, and the most temperate climate,—its spacious and imperial river (the Danube) was the ancient course of that commerce which formerly linked the East and West, and the civilization of Constantinople with that of Germany and France.

But this country, to which Providence has dispensed so many advantages, whose development should minister to its happiness and glory, has been long under the unmitigated influence of the retrograde system.—Since the time of Trajan, who rendered it flourishing—or of Charlemagne, who opened, through the vale of the Danube, the communication between the two empires, it has never ceased to decline; and the extinction of arts, agriculture, commerce and civilization, have been the lamentable consequences. In that now desolated and deplorable region, neither mind nor morals have a sanctuary; nor is there security of person or of property;—the population is reduced to one-twentieth part; and even that scanty remnant is in a state more savage and more miserable than the wild beasts, with whom they divide the produce of the rich *valley of the*

Danube. There is no other country, whence every kind of liberty is so effectually banished as from this. From the districts, particularly, of Bulgaria and Servia, every refinement and every virtue is banished and proscribed. The peasant is a bondsman; the master without will, or power to protect him: the very language is obscured in barbarism. Virtue is unknown; for *where there are no rights, there can be no duties*. The gross intemperance of the Boyars (nobles), and the coarse manners of their women, are disgustingly contrasted with the luxury by which they are surrounded; and warfare, bloodshed and robbery, have been prolonged for centuries.

Such is the picture upon which the *protectoral* eye of the neighbouring potentates (the most powerful of European monarchs) can look with complacency,—without assembling any congress, without availing themselves of any influence which treaties have given them, to check the anarchy or restrain the ferocious atrocity of that brigandism, which renders so fair a portion of Europe a worse than desert—a scene and a source of devastation.

But there is no danger, in all this, of any revolt from despotism; and despotic sovereigns are apt to trouble themselves but little about that anarchy which interferes not with the acknowledgment, or the exercise of their sovereignty: no matter whether it be over a pestilent desert, or over cities thronged with population, and flowing with the opulence and the enjoyments of commerce, arts and intellect. There is no republicanism, no liberalism here; no new lights, or new philosophy; no innovation in behalf of the representative system; and *Legitimate Alliances* have, therefore, no motive for *holy* interference.

It is well, however, that we should sometimes look towards the Walachians and Moldavians, that, by knowing what is the inevitable tendency of the retrograde movement, we may guard with so much the more jealousy

sy and determination against going backwards.

PROGRESSIVE AND RETROGRADE SYSTEMS.

Let us not be led astray by the use of other terms, invented by fraud, and applied by servility, to confound discrimination, and disguise the tendencies of the two systems. Arbitrary and sophistical distinctions—the misnomers of tradition, and the mystified abuse of words, either meaningless, or perverted in their meanings, have had an unfortunate influence, and have fostered many errors. The two parties have deceived themselves by a declaration of principles which they did not really feel or understand. Even the leading tenet of what is called Liberalism, “the sovereignty of the people,” has been more used than understood: for the sovereignty of the people, in any country that would retain its station, much more, advance in the scale of civilization, cannot consist in a state of things under which the functions of government are to be exercised by the collective body. It must be an organized, not a personal, many-headed sovereignty; for the ignorant are much more numerous than the well-informed; and it is the intellect of a nation that must direct the physical force, or that force becomes worse than impotent. There were seasons, during the French revolution, in which the Sovereign Multitude shewed themselves no less capable of retrograding than the Despots: when they (or such portions of them as, by clamour and violence, assumed the semblance and efficacy of the whole,) waged a war of desolation against every art and every refinement connected with the progress and elevation of man; and seemed likely to have verified even the extravagant hyperbole of Burke, and to have slain the very mind of the nation.

If the voice of the people be the voice of God, it is not that voice which manifests itself in a shout and a roar; for these can accompany pilage and massacre, and are then like-

ly to be loudest and most vehement; but it must be the voice that is deliberately given through some organized medium. In short, the sovereignty of the people is the sovereignty of the intellect of the nation; and all that the *Progressive System* requires, is that every arbitrary restriction should be removed from the course of its development and manifestation.

The adversaries of this party have opposed to this opinion, that of *Legitimacy*, upon which they pretended to rest the sovereign authority. But it is not the object of every upholder of this system to rear the standard of the retrograde party. They have thought only of France, and the example of her days of violence; and, regarding all revolutionary power as necessarily connected with headlong violence, they sought for justice in the concentration of force; and hoped to secure this justice by acknowledging in the sovereign, as in the subject, an indefeasible right, sanctioned by regular transmission, and the prescription of many generations. The retrograde party, however, have availed themselves of the term in a very different sense.

But have those, who talk of “*Legitimacy*,” looked either to the genuine signification of the term, or to the history of the states and governments to which it is applied?—to the legitimacy of Germany and Italy, for example! Have they forgotten the nature of the legitimate order in the Sacred Roman and Germanic empires, as they existed prior to the French revolution, and to the revolutions that have been made under the pretence of putting that revolution down? Established legitimate usage, sanctioned by long prescription, and regular and quiet conveyance from generation to generation, gave to each of these two countries an *elective* chief; electors, of whom three were elective in their turns; and a constitution, which the present pretended Legitimates have destroyed from beginning to end: whilst all the rights and titles they at present

claim, are derived from that revolution which they proscribe, and which their own equally flagrant revolutions have superseded.

The rest of Europe (as now legitimately—or mock-legitimately constituted) will be no less puzzled to show, in the power to which they are subjected, the proofs of a *legitimacy*, of which almost every ancient law (those laws upon which the governments of those respective states were founded) is abolished. Witness Genoa, Venice, the Ionian Isles, Malta, part of Saxony, Poland, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, &c.

But the partizans of the *Retrograde System* have no need of established *principles*; it is sufficient for them that they have established *terms*.

The partizans of the *Progressive System* are called upon for more precision. The duties of those who maintain the Sovereignty of the People, are the advancement of the ends of human society—above all, its happiness: and it is incumbent upon them to shew, that its improvement in this depends upon, or, at least, is necessarily connected with, its progress in virtue; and that moral melioration must depend upon the diffusion of knowledge and liberty. The accomplishment of these ends legitimizes a government, whatever be its form: and is, at once, its most glorious title, and its best security.

Every form of government is not indeed equally suited to the accomplishment of this end; but we must be content with what we have,—provided it does its best: for a perfect form of government, suited to all nations, and accommodated to all circumstances, has not yet been found; and something must be conceded to the prepossessions that result from habitude.

Having endeavoured to show what is the object of the struggle that has so long occupied the attention of the human race, let us also consider the result.

Notwithstanding the changes and disastrous catastrophes which have occurred during the last quarter of a

century, mankind may yet be proud of the progress they have made.

FRANCE.

France, who gave the impulse to all other nations, though she has paid dearly for her inexperience—alternately conquering, conquered and re-conquered,—subject to the wildest transitions and extremes,—and retracing many, even her very best steps, with too evident a retrograde movement—even France has gained, during this period (if she can but retain even what remains,) much more than she has lost.

Napoleon retrograded most when France, under his dominion, appeared most splendid and formidable; and the restoration of the Bourbons has, as might naturally be expected, restored, together with the superstitious veneration for ancient dynasties, the propensity, on the part of the rulers, to recur to the arbitrary maxims and usages associated with Bourbon remembrances. Those who pride themselves in the descent of their title from *le Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV., will be naturally disposed to play the *monarch*, as nearly as possible, in the same despotic style; and, in such a drama, there will never be any want of actors, who are eager enough to support the secondary and subordinate parts.

The instances are sufficiently numerous, in which this spirit has been manifested; and the steps sufficiently notorious, and sufficiently important, in which its operations have been effective. The priesthood has regained a considerable portion of its influence, and some of its power:—and in proportion to the political influence and the power of any priesthood, will be the retrogradation and abasement of the human mind. But all has not yet been undone; and much of what remains, it is not, perhaps, in the nature of things that it should be practicable for effort or machination to undo. The ideas of order and justice are unfolded and fixed; knowledge is universally diffused; and both parties, generally speaking, have relinquished some

portion of their prejudices. Morals, indeed, have suffered alike from the progress of hypocrisy and venality ; knowledge, from opposition to the best methods of instruction ; liberty, from invasions, which it would be useless to recapitulate ; and symptoms are but too apparent of the progress of avarice, or lust of accumulation, which was not, heretofore, a characteristic vice of France. But the progress of prosperity is indisputable ; and national wealth has elevated, in some respects, the national character : for the citizen feels his independence, when he is above the reach of want ; and extended ease and affluence have given to every class a greater thirst for instruction. In compensation for some of its lost rights, France has gained, at least, an extended liberty of the press ; the most effectual guarantee of elevated sentiments, and the most powerful instrument of human improvability.

GERMANY.

Germany, no less shaken than France,—the theatre of war during the greatest part of the period we are treating of—has seen all its institutions overthrown—its sovereignties changed, either in titles, in laws, or in circumscription. Prior to the late violent convulsions, it had the name of a *legitimate* government ; but it has not now, if the term have any meaning, even that. France has caused her own revolutions, but Germany has fallen a victim to those of other nations ; and, instead of improving, has gone back. At the beginning of this century, every state endeavoured to improve its institutions, and to introduce some modifications of liberty. The respective governments sought to merit, from their subjects, some portion of that love which, in times of public danger, is their only surety. The people, relying with confidence on their princes, and obtaining their confidence in return, went hand in hand with them, with a slow but certain pace. The greatest freedom was allowed to literature ; new life seemed to animate their universities ; and,

what is more, those incorporated seminaries possessed, efficiently, a political power ; and the spirit of association, which took its rise in Germany, and which the sovereigns strongly encouraged, gave the philosophers an immediate ascendancy over the multitude.

But every thing, now again, is changed : fear is substituted for love, as the principle of obedience ; morality is invaded by the encouragement given to informers and spies ; and, still more, by the notorious examples of want of faith, in the breach of every promise made to the people, in the hour when the now-dominant governors stood most perilously in need of their assistance. Intellect is checked—the universities are shackled and degraded—and the light of science is forbidden to shine, but upon such objects, and through such discoloured mediums, as suit the passions and the prejudices of rulers. The press is enslaved, and club-meetings are punished as if they were state crimes. The ancient constitution (rude and semi-barbarous as it was, yet limiting, in some degree, despotic power), has been suppressed, without compensation ; there are, in effect, no more electors, princes, prelates, or nobility ;—there are no longer any rights to protect ; and Germany has ceased to be a nation. The princes, weak and feeble, totter on their thrones, in the sight of their subjects and their neighbours ; and the land of jurisprudence and tactic discipline has no longer any importance in the eyes of Europe.

ITALY.

Italy has been still more unfortunate than Germany. During the space of the last twenty-five years, she might have been justified in founding the most splendid hopes. Having roused herself from the indolence and effeminate corruption which had caused her sons, so long, to forget their slavery, she was reassuming her military virtue, and that generous patriotism which elevates a national character, and leads to every other virtue. In the cultiva-

tion of the science of government, she had begun to feel again the value of intellectual pursuits; and the genius of a people, eminently endowed by nature, began, once more to manifest itself.

This, we are aware, is saying something for the memory of Napoleon; and Italy, there can be little doubt, bitterly laments the assistance she lent in effecting his overthrow. Napoleon was indeed to Italy, as to all that he could bring within his grasp of power, sufficiently despotic. He was a despot in the very constitution of his mind and character. How should a military ambitionist be any thing else? His despotism had, however, in many respects, a liberal cast. He was the best *master* Italy is ever likely to have; and his government was doing something towards enabling it sometime or other to become its own. He awakened its mind; he called forth its military and its intellectual energies. He made it in some degree a nation. It had been, and is again, more completely than ever, a chaos of factions—of dependant provinces; and the very means of concentration seem to be destroyed. Alas! for poor degraded Italy in the present blessed *Settlement of the Peace of Europe*.

But let us return to the season of her now dissipated aspirations.

In the midst of this period, her government became changed, without extinguishing her hopes: for, in order to obtain the co-operation of the people, the powers in alliance against Napoleon had promised most solemnly, that Italy should participate in the advantages of the struggle, and be encouraged in the establishment of such institutions as were accordant with the advancement of knowledge, and the improved spirit of the age. These promises, however, being forgotten as soon as the new rulers found themselves established in their power, and the people being not only disappointed in their aspiring hopes, but goaded and trampled by every degradation and

oppression, two revolutions burst forth at the two extremities of Italy.

But even in the midst of these fevers of popular eruption, heretofore always so terrible, we may trace the evidence of the improved character of the Italian people. These revolutions ended without bloodshed, pillage, insult, or violence. In each, the hereditary prince placed himself at the head of the reformers (and, it might be added, in each, cajoled their partizans, secured the objects of their own ambition, and betrayed the confidence reposed in them); and, if this double experience warn the people from trusting to *royal* revolutionists, it also proves that the Italians knew how to join gratitude for the past with hope for the future.

The retrograde system, however, prevails: outlawries, confiscations and proscriptions have followed; and Europe is inundated with the exiled talents and virtues of Italy—with those, in fact, who hazarded the sacrifice of fortune, station and privilege, for the happiness of their fellow citizens. Military commissions, and, still more to be dreaded, commissions of police, have annihilated all legal process, and spread terror through all classes; morality has been attacked by the example of the neglect of oaths, and the encouragement of calumniators or informers; and by leaving no refuge from the recollection of public misfortune, but in idleness and vice. Knowledge has been interdicted; instruction impeded; the studies of the Universities suppressed, by the proscription and destruction of foreign books. War has been declared as openly against intellect as against freedom; and the liberal Arts and Sciences have partaken of the proscription which suppressed freedom of thought. Nevertheless, M. de Sismondi still believes Italy to be in a progressive state and that, in spite of corrupted institutions and oppression, there is more virtue, information, and patriotism in Italy, in 1825, than there was in 1800.

SPAIN.

The state of Spain is much more frightful. This proudest of nations was elated by the applause of Europe for its resistance to Napoleon. Beyond the Pyrenees, fanaticism united with the love of freedom; and the partizans, alike, of the progressive and the retrogressive systems, in the rest of Europe, celebrated the success, which the Spaniards owed more to their climate and their poverty, than to their talents and bravery. But a discord of passions raged in the Peninsula. The enthusiasm of all was excited; but they acted under two opposite impulses. Spain, when the old system was restored by Ferdinand, could neither remain in her ancient barbarism, ignominy and abuses, nor emerge from them, in the distraction of so many prejudices. She, nevertheless, attempted a revolution, which was neither marked by any crime, nor signalized by any extraordinary development of talent. The fanatical classes, who had heretofore (in the war against Napoleon) advanced the projects of revolutionists, would advance no more. The mass of the people, who had been, for ages, in habits of ferocious ignorance and dependance, repelled with stupid horror the advancement of morality, knowledge and liberty; and the revolutionists did not reserve to themselves the power of making the people sensible of the advantages of their liberty. Confounding the equilibrium by which their institutions should be sustained, with the victory on which they had founded them, they annihilated government, instead of daring to make themselves masters of it. They enslaved the prince, without reserving to themselves the power of

satisfying the people; and, by an overacted moderation, failed either to intimidate the factious or to impress their own partizans with an idea that they themselves had confidence in their own stability.—No sooner therefore, were they attacked than conquered, because they had no nation to back them; and the populace, which they had not known either how to gain, or to over-awe, reigned over their nominal rulers. But, do not let us mistake:—royalty is restored, but it is the populace who reign—if reign it may be called. Anarchy is at its height, and Spain is now in that very stage of revolutionary disorder and violence, which in France was viewed with so much horror;—the period of the utmost degeneracy and ferocity,—the tyranny of the basest of the multitude;—though she arrived there by a path directly opposite to that which was trodden by the revolutionists of France. Mob-anarchy, the worst of tyrannies, is the result of a *contre revolution* effected by kings and ministers, under the pretext, and doubtless, with the intention of serving the cause of royalism. The powers that rule are not to be sought in palaces, but on the highways; and the triumph of the retrograders in Spain has been so complete, that they tremble themselves at the victory they have gained. Even religion itself is but a runner to the police; and the confessors are called upon to divulge, to the authorities, the secrets of their penitents.*

It is strange that the Church of Rome has not protested against this sacrilege; for a more dangerous blow has never been aimed at her power.

To be continued.

* In this statement, we find all living authorities, we have had any opportunity of consulting, unanimously to agree—Spaniards, or those who have viewed, with most attention, the affairs of Spain. We marvel that Lord Liverpool did not (upon a recent occasion) find some consolation in this circumstance—some alleviation from the dread he entertained (*expressed*, we mean) of political conspirators having somebody to tell their treasons to, who would be bound by oaths not to tell them again—as if a secret would be more securely locked up when it had been confessed to a priest, than if it had been confessed to nobody!!! The fact is, that one of the great moral and po-

CHURCH-YARD REVERIES.

WHAT a fine field for contemplation does a country church-yard present! and how beautifully has Montgomery painted the calm and soothing attractions of its quiet seclusion.

A scene sequestered from the haunts of men,
The loveliest nook in all that lovely glen,
Where weary pilgrims found their last repose.
The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
With walks between, where friends and kindred trod,
Who dress'd with duteous hand each hal-
low'd sod.
No sculptured monument was wrought to breathe
His praises, whom the worm destroy'd beneath—
The high, the low, the mighty and the fair,
Equal in death, were undistinguish'd there.
Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot,
By one dishonour'd, or by all forgot.
To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear,
From some kind eye the meanest claim'd a tear.
And oft the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with the dead;
Where no dark cypress casts a doleful gloom,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
But white and red, with intermingling flowers,—
The grave look'd beautiful in sun and showers.

'Twas not a scene for grief to nourish care—
It breath'd of hope, and moved the heart to prayer!

I do not marvel that it should have inspired Gray, or that it should have become similarly beneficial to other bards, for he must have a strange heart who can resist the quiet and soothing influence of its sequestered solitude. Who can walk among the grassy tombs—

— transversely lying side by side,
From east to west—

with indifference, or read with unconcern “the short, but simple annals of the poor?” Who, besides, can gaze upon the worms and the beetles, which the sexton has disturbed in preparing another resting-place for frail mortality, without being conscious that the reptiles, writhing in impotent petulance, have been rioting upon the damask cheek of beauty—or, it may be, fattening upon some proud lord of the soil, whose rank and wealth could not preserve him, even though cased in lead, from the common corruption of the grave. There is, also, some instructive lessons to be learned from the mouldering bones, which are kicked about indiscriminately by idle boys. Shakspeare, Sterne—alas! poor Yorick!—and several of our older writers, have deduced many a moral from such relics.

litical evils of the system of Catholic confession is, not that the pledge of confidence will, but that, occasionally, it will not, be kept inviolable; and that, under wicked, oppressive and profligate governments, wicked, hypocritical and profligate priests (and such there are, both Catholic and Protestant) will be made auxiliaries to the police of espionage. While human nature is human nature, it inevitably must be so: and we never yet found reason to believe, that either a cowl or a cassock changed it into any thing better. They are sworn, it is true, not to divulge; but oaths (prospective oaths especially), generally speaking, are binding only upon those who want no oaths to bind them; and instances enough might be mentioned, not solitary or individual, but accumulative instances, to prove that the maxim is not less applicable to clergy than to laity—to monks and parsons, than to custom-house officers and excise-men. And how can we expect that a Spanish Popish priest should feel his conscience more afflicted by dispensing with his oath to keep a confessional secret, than an Irish Protestant priest in dispensing with *his* to maintain and teach a school in the parish, or district in which he discharges the duty of receiving the eight, ten, or twelve hundred a-year attached to his pastoral office?—EDRR.

And then the grave itself! the dark, damp, desolate, rapacious grave! With what different feelings do its numerous victims prepare to descend into its dim recesses! Some are buoyed up with hope.—others cast down, shaken, almost maddened by fear, and hopeless, unceasing, overwhelming despair: some seek its gloomy protection with joy, others descend into its cold profundity with sorrow, and others with calm indifference. The man of “three-score years and ten,” who has lived throughout his brief span, subject to the varied good and evil of humanity, will “go down into the grave” in peace, and with the hope of a renewed and blessed existence in eternity. The strong and lusty sinner, with defiance on his lip, and boldness—the boldness of despair and guilt—upon his unbending brow, will still wrestle with the mortal stroke, till the arrow has pierced his vitals. The young mother, although sustained and elevated by fervent hope, soothed, even in the dark hour of departing life, by a consciousness of her own meek virtues—think you, will *she* leave her weeping husband, her darling babes—the bright sunshine of youth,—the sweet hopes and fears, and joys, aye, or even the griefs of mortality unmoved? Oh! no, no! she would willingly forego her doom, even were it only for a short season, and although that brief season were to afford nought but the bitterness of life—“the wormwood and the gall.” The man of sorrow, whose life has been but sparingly “chequered o’er” with the good things of this world; whose spirit has been bruised and broken by the unfeeling hard-heartedness of his fellow-men; who has languished on in poverty, and nakedness, and hunger—without friends—for who will befriended the wretched?—without kindred—for who will acknowledge the hapless?—without a being to whom he could apply for succour, or from whom he could expect even the uncostly balm of a kind word—to such an one—and many such there are—the grave is

as a bed of down, “soft as the breath of even,” where he may rest in peace, secure at length from the wants, and woes, and bitter humiliations of poor humanity. Then what a blessed thing is the quiet death of the sweet infant!

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls,
And takes the stain of earth,
With not a taint of mortal life,
Except its mortal birth.

The sinless soul of the cherub child, that dies on its mother’s breast, wings its way to heaven, unconscious of the joys it might share here, as well as of the many, many miseries of which it might be partaker. This can hardly be called *death*. It is but the calm, soft ebbing of the gentle tide of life, to flow no more in the troubled ocean of existence; it is but the removal of a fair creature—“too pure for earthly stay”—to make one of that bright band of cherubins which encompasses in glory and in joy the throne of the living God.

But, glorious as the change may be, it is a hard thing for the mother to part thus early with her little one.

’Tis hard to lay her darling
Deep in the cold damp earth—
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
His small mouth’s rosy kiss;
Then, waken’d with a start
By her own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till mem’ry on her soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That she is desolate!

And then to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night
(Feeding her own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight;—

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty, playful smiles,
His joy, his ecstasy,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections
 Round mothers' hearts that cling—
 That mingle with the tears
 And smiles of after years,
 With oft awakening!

But how little does individual misery or misfortune affect the great mass of mankind! "When I reflect," observes Pope, in a letter to Addison, "what an inconsiderable atom every single man is with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory of man passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day!"

I must confess that I have gathered much amusement from the quaint, and often ludicrous epitaphs of a country church-yard. Yet I have met with some inscriptions in my wanderings which, if not actually conceived and expressed with the inspiration of true poetry, yet breathe a quiet and holy feeling, well calculated to impress the reader with the sincerity of the writer. There is something very touchingly interesting in the green grave of a young and sinless maiden. I have gazed on many such, and from two have I transcribed the following inscriptions:

The maid who in this grave lies sleeping,
 Hath left her young companions weeping;
 And thoughts of her have plunged in sadness,

Hearts to whom they once gave gladness.
 Lovely in form, in mind excelling—
 A spirit pure in earthly dwelling;
 She died, and we again shall never
 See one like her, now lost forever!

* * * * *

There was a sweet and nameless grace
 That wander'd o'er her lovely face;
 And from her pensive eye of blue,
 Was magic in the glance which flew.
 Her hair, of soft and gloomy shade,
 In rich luxuriance curling stray'd;
 But when she spoke, or when she sung,

Enchantment on her accents hung.
 Where is she now?—where all must be—
 Sunk in the grave's obscurity;
 Yet, never—never slumbered there,
 A mind more pure—a form more fair.

But all epitaphs do not stretch out thus gracefully. A couplet, or a quatrain at most, is deemed quite sufficient to set forth the mementos of mortality.—At Stoke-Gabriel, in Devonshire, this elegant couplet is placed under the name and age of a young girl.

Sweet flow'r! transplanted by the hand of
 love,
 To bud and bloom in milder bowers above.

There is less gentle feeling in the quatrain in Peterborough church-yard:—

Reader, pass on! ne'er waste your time
 On bad biography and bitter rhyme;
 For what *I am*—this cumbrous clay ensures—
 And what *I was*, is no concern of yours.

In the church-yard of the town of Wrexham, in North Wales, is the following:—

Born in America, in Europe bred,
 In Afric travell'd, and in Asia wed,
 Where long he liv'd and thriv'd—in London dead.
 Much good, some ill he did, so hope all's even,
 And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven.
 You, that survive and read this tale, take care
 For this most certain exit to prepare,
 Where, blest in peace, the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust.

This is inscribed on the tomb of a very singular being, by name Elihu Yale. He was a gay, restless, roving young fellow, who went to India "to make his fortune," and he *did* make it. Why he became so attached to Wrexham it is difficult to say; but he ornamented the church with a very fine altar-piece, which he had brought from Italy; and although he died in London, he desired that his remains might be deposited among the quiet hills of Denbighshire. I may mention, *en passant*, that the vault under the church of Wrexham contains the bones of another extra-

ordinary being, Hugh Bellot, Bishop of Chester. He was one of those austere churchmen who retained an invincible predilection for the severities of the cloister, long after the different orders of monkhood had been suppressed. It is recorded of him that, on account of his superabundant sanctity, he would suffer no female form to darken his doors, and that he practised on his own person the most severe restriction and self-denial. It is somewhat curious that two such opposite characters as Hugh Bellot and Elihu Yale should select, for their final resting-place, a spot so remote from their usual residence. But mark the difference! The austere and self-denying churchman reposes under the floor of the temple—the gay, licentious traveller under the green sod!

The rage for the “sepulchri inscriptio” seems to have been at one time wonderfully rife at Wrexham. Of the two following epitaphs, the first is a good specimen of the simple; the second is light—but nervous, as the Spectator would say.

Joseph Critchley by name,
Who liv'd in good fame;
Being gone to his rest,
Without doubt he is blest.

Here lies interr'd beneath these stones,
The beard, the flesh, and eke the bones
Of Wrexham's clerk, old David Jones.

The rigidly grave and stubbornly sedate are doubtless much scandalized at the levity which is occasionally displayed in monumental inscriptions. But why? Death is, in truth, a serious and sorrowful thing; but if we meet a funeral procession, must we weep because we see others doing so? No: neither should we dissemble, by inscribing on the tombs of the witty, the gay, and the joyous, a grave, sententious, elaborate, canting epitaph. How would Sir ———, or Mr Alderman ———, or any other mirth-loving votary of jollity rest in his coffin, if oppressed with the weight of a formal inscription? And what would the world think of Tooke, Swift, Jekyl, Smollet, Sheridan, Cur-

ran, Norbury, Tom Moore, and a thousand other brilliant spirits, if the stone-mason were to carve upon their tombs a catalogue of virtues which they never possessed, and delight their disconsolate survivors with an enumeration of grave moralities, to which, in their life-time, they never aspired? There would be neither wisdom nor truth in such pastime, but a fair theme for the further exercise of Mrs Opie's illustrative faculties. How much more to the purpose is the following epitaph on George Alexander Stevens, the founder, as I have always considered him, of the magnificent science of phrenology—

A second Alexander here lies dead—
And not less fam'd—for taking off a head!

Again, in Redcliff-upon-Soar, the grave-stone of Robert Smith, “clerk and undertaker,” displays, in four lines, the extent of that useful personage's accomplishments with much greater accuracy than could have been effected by the most pompous inscription.

Fifty-five years it was, and something
more,
Clerk of this parish he the office bore;
And in that space, 'tis awful to declare,
Two generations by him buried were!

At Penryn, in Cornwall, the swift career of a rogue is thus memorialized:

Here lies William Smith, and what is
somewhat rarish,
He was born, bred, and hanged in this
very parish.

Specimens of the “free and easy” style of inscriptive poetry should not always be despised. Many an eloquent bard, ere he has soared, like the eagle towards the sun, into the highest regions of poesy, has tried his wing, and perched upon a tomb-stone, or a sign-post. Who can tell but that those “simple sounds” were the first faint whisperings of some modest and unknown Bloomfield; or the earliest emanations from the quiet spirit of some secluded Clare? Such effusions serve to show that there is still some truth, some unso-

phisticated sincerity among men. Let the rich and the powerful, the proud and the great, go down into their ancestral tomb with their virtues duly emblazoned on the richly sculptured marble. Let their genealogy be accordingly set forth, and let not one worthy or unworthy ancestor be omitted. Let the fretted roof of the temple, and its stony floor,

keep out the light of day and the darkness of night, the sunshine and the storm (they will not keep out the worm); but let *me* lie under the green-sward, with the light-blue sky above me, and one small stone, with merely my name, to point out to my friends and the companions of my mortality, the spot where my bones are mouldering.

THE GOVERNESS.

IT has been said by Dr Johnson, in his preface to the *Lives of the Poets*, that "the history of authors has little that is amusing, since the life of a studious man comprises few incidents, and admits little variety." Perhaps that of a governess comes under a similar description; for it is usually one of much monotony,—of wearisome exertion, but rarely violent affliction,—with many mortifications, and many comforts also, and that calm balancing of good and evil which offers little to the memoir-writer or story-teller, on which he can dilate with any powerful effect.

But the human heart, and especially the heart of a young, ingenuous, refined and amiable girl, is an object of interest to every one, and the very circumstance of her setting out from the paternal home, to find in strangers that protection which misfortune compels her to seek, gives her a peculiar interest in every feeling heart; and when to this she adds our esteem for her virtues, and is so endowed by nature as to excite admiration for her person and qualities, cold indeed must be the breast of that individual who does not contemplate her with affection, and bid "God speed her," as she enters on her delicate and arduous course.

Eliza Rosewood was the eldest of five children, the offspring of a bankrupt merchant. She had been nurtured for the first ten years of her life in affluence; but, during the next seven, her days had passed in poverty, obscurity and privation.

She had been sensible with how much difficulty her excellent parents had procured her the advantages of education, and their kindness, still more than their advice had impressed her with the belief, that for their sakes it was her duty gladly to engage in any task or course which promised assistance to them, and to those beloved little ones, for whom she had long performed every office of affection. But even under this long-impressed belief, and under the most anxious and ardent desire to prove her gratitude and tenderness, the very thought of leaving them agonized her heart. While her father was sinking by slow disease, her mother found in her the only consolation and help their altered situation admitted; and to quit them even for the most essential means of aiding them, seemed almost as cruel as it was painful. Happily that mother was as firm as she was tender, though her heart was wrung with many sorrows and oppressed with many fears, when she looked at her fair child, and remembered that they had never been divided for a day since her birth,—that no school-girl friendship, no social pleasures, even of the most natural and innocent kind, had in their present humble state obtruded to separate them. Still the stern necessity of circumstances admitted no compromise. A situation had been procured for her daughter by a friend, to attend on a young lady who was about four years her junior, the only daughter of a wealthy baro-

net. No human being could be happier in her *entree* into life under such circumstances; for she was treated as a daughter by the heads of the family, and as a friend by the sweet girl who sought her instructions. Her own knowledge every day increased under the baronet's judicious cultivation; and, although the situation was secluded, and with her young charge she saw little company, yet the plenty and elegance, and above all, the aids afforded to her taste and her understanding, rendered the place a perfect paradise, and the inhabitants all angels.

In four years the young lady was supposed to have finished her education, and she then received a desirable offer of marriage, which, it was understood, would be concluded in the course of another year. This unpleasing intelligence had been communicated by Eliza to her parents, who, aware that her home was now even less provided with comforts than at the time of her removal, endeavoured to procure for her another situation somewhat prematurely. The great pecuniary offer of a rich family just arrived from the East Indies, occupying a splendid villa near Highgate, induced them to make an agreement on her behalf, at which her late friends expressed dissatisfaction, but did not resist her acceptance of it.

If Eliza went out a timid child in the first instance, to whom it was a heavy trial to leave a beloved though humble home still less was she now calculated to encounter any species of difficulty. All the enervating influence of luxury and parental tenderness, increased by constant deference and a compassionate regard for her dependence, had its full effect upon a mind whose natural acute sensibilities had been exercised by early sorrows. I remember thinking her at this moment the most attractive person I had ever beheld. She was just twenty-one, and her person, aided perhaps a little by that attention which might be termed in her case a duty, was singularly elegant.

She was above the middle height, and was not only graceful, but majestic in her form; though this character was opposed by the expression of her face, which was remarkable for an appearance of childlike ingenuousness, and that modest, deprecating, yet confiding air, which grew out of her past sorrows and her present happiness. Exquisitely fair, with pleasing rather than perfect features, surrounded by a profusion of tresses which just escaped from the insipidity of the flaxen hue by assuming tints of the softest brown, and with teeth of perfect whiteness and symmetry, Eliza was as nearly a beauty as any woman could well desire to be; but her late pupil had been deemed so decidedly one, and was in that respect of so different a description, that it had not entered the mind of my heroine hitherto, that she had the slightest pretensions. Her dress, her manners, even her graceful motions, were adopted from native perceptions of propriety, or a sense of what was professionally demanded from her in the way of example, and therefore the most finished elegance was in her united with the greatest simplicity and the most retiring humility.

The proud fond mother beheld these traits with an aching heart, though she pointed them out to her youngest children for their examples. At the house of the great nabob, she had been admitted to a short decisive conference only, on the subject of her daughter's qualifications, in which little deference had been shown to her opinions, and little attention to her feelings, although she had not now to learn that both were usually expressed in a manner to strike, or touch, those with whom she conversed, being herself a woman of highly cultivated mind and superior address. The fond hope, that even pride would yield kindness, and rejoice in distinguishing her darling, alone enabled her to give her up to a situation which could not fail to be a much greater trouble than the first removal had been.

Eliza still knew very little of the world, and she felt as if this were indeed her *first* entrance into it, and one that filled her with dismay, when Mrs Swainston, with a languid air of eastern *hauteur*, condescended to receive her by a slight inclination of the head.

"Oh! you are the young person I expected to take charge of the Miss Swainstons—Miss Rosewood—isn't that your name?"—A simple affirmative sufficed for an answer.—"You lived at sir Hugh Somebody's, I remember—where did he live?—in the city, I suppose?"—"Sir Hugh Hardcastle has a house in Hanoversquare, but he resides principally at Hardcastle Manor, in Yorkshire, where his ancestors have lived."—"Oh, I remember—Sowpee, take this person—this lady, to her rooms, and—(heigh ho)—if you find any thing deficient, any thing that—in short, you will inform me what you want, (mighty genteel for certain)."—the words in parentheses undesignedly broke on Eliza's ear, as she followed the steps of her sable conductress, who assured "Misse dat de littel ladie was all true Ingls."

These angelic natures were threefold, and consisted of the pouting, the petulant and the passionate. The "dear open-hearted little creatures" had hitherto shown their several humours without restriction, and, when informed that all around them were persons either bought by papa's money, or hired by it, saw no good reason why the new governess should not be subjected to the same tyranny under which all others had lived within their memories. Yet, as the three girls had no fondness for each other, each would uphold her instructress against the other sisters, and blame them for exacting too much from her ready subserviency. Their dissensions were sometimes even clamorous; but, as children have in general a sense of justice, these young ladies, while they sparred with each other, did not accuse their governess either of neglect or impropriety of behaviour. When

their mama, like a sultana, dragged her supine steps into the school-room, and demanded the cause of the uproar which she had heard, or complained of the summons for her presence, they used to acquit poor Miss Rosewood, while each declared that the poor lady led the life of a dog with her two other pupils.

Mrs Swainston had originally concluded that on coming to England her untaught children would acquire intuitively, and almost instantaneously, all the accomplishments included in the idea of an English education; and she expected this would be done in some very fashionable seminary, where all wants are supplied, and all arts are taught, for that precious commodity of which she knew her husband to be the abundant possessor. On the first arrival of the family, three months before, she had endeavoured to place her darlings in a situation of this kind; but, to her utter astonishment, she found that the mistresses of such establishments were altogether persons who, either from their virtues or vices, their integrity or pride, were altogether as independent as herself:—they would either take the young ladies on the same terms as other children, exercise over them the same jurisdiction, and exact the same obedience, or they would not take them at all. They protested, that, notwithstanding the boasted excellence of the new systems, yet so far as their experience went, it served to prove, that if children were, to be taught they must apply, and that, although they never had any child brought under their roofs who was not one of most remarkable genius, or at least extraordinary talent, every one of these little prodigies required also industry, time and unremitting vigilance to render those talents effective.

Whilst these inquiries were passing, the result of which was every way disagreeable, and almost insulting, Mrs Swainston learned that governesses were exceedingly fashionable; that young women could be

had who taught every thing, provided you paid highly, or that a cheaper article with the addition of masters would answer as well. The idea of the latter was most attractive in the first instance, because it humoured her in the hope of finding that subserviency which hitherto had evaded her grasp, from the hour of her arrival. Even the very housemaids would say, "Ma'am, I knows what's what! I has done my work, an I expects to be used like a Christian." Those who were less vulgar, she thought, would be more complying; and those who could not labor, and yet must live by personal exertion, might have the sense to stoop and to flatter.

The widow of a clergyman, and the daughter of an officer, each of whom had strong personal recommendations, but neither of whom had been educated for the task, were engaged successively, and each, after a month's trial, had preferred other though humbler homes. On this Mrs Swainston changed her plan; she wanted (she said) a superior governess, and offered a superior salary. In this she was wise, since poor Eliza, though harassed almost beyond her power of endurance, and by this time fully conscious that she merited far different treatment, was unwilling to resign her situation; the remembrance of the beloved family at home, to whom her gains were devoted, still held her in bondage. This assistance was the more called for now, as her long-declining father was on his death-bed; her only brother, a boy of great promise, required positive assistance; and three young girls were still uneducated. The thought of their wants and their sorrows not only induced her to struggle with her troubles, but to bear them in silence: the effect, however, could not be concealed; the pure bloom she had brought from Hardcastle-Manor faded fast, and her slight form became attenuated and feeble.

Mr Swainston was a busy, good-natured man, with little of that affection which belongs to eastern specu-

lators. Content with getting money, he left it to his young and handsome wife to spend it, and few persons could labour better in their vocation than she generally did. The house and its entertainments, which were numerous and extravagant, were under her management, and her demands on his purse for dress and personal ornaments were proportionate; yet he knew that there were cases in which his lady was careful even to meanness. Having satisfied himself as to the table generally provided for the young ladies and their governess, he inquired if the doctor had been consulted about Miss Rosewood, "who seemed in a very *peaking* way." The careless cruelty displayed in his lady's answer led him to speak often on the subject to his son; for he had a son, who was a young man of much consequence in the family, and whose attention was thereby drawn to the drooping but not less interesting girl. Mr Swainston, like many other adventurers, married, in the first place, a rich widow for her wealth, and, in the second, a fair maiden for beauty. The former died in giving birth to a son, who inherited a considerable property on attaining the age of twenty one, which was now within a few months of its accomplishment. In order to render him the less likely to marry and demand his fortune, Mrs Swainston had contrived to place him at Oxford; but, as he was now at home for the vacation, and was an object both of affection and pride to the father, they were continually together, and those observations which she refused to hear, were poured into the bosom of the more generous son.—"You have no idea, Alfred, what a lovely girl that was when she came to us, and the poor thing really fades like a flower—take notice how very delicate she looks." Alfred now anxiously observed her beauty, her sensibility, and the wearisome life she led; he became her chivalrous protector, her warm admirer, and finally her professed lover. This

profession was unquestionably facilitated by the painful circumstance of her father's decease, which, however long expected, and in itself perhaps desirable, was deeply affecting. It drew her necessarily for a few days to her own home, and showed her to the young lover in all those endearing points of view which her innate virtues and peculiar situation were calculated to exhibit; and in his eyes she became an object of such transcendent merit and undoubted fascination, that he could no longer conceal his adoration.

"Then blaz'd his smother'd flame avow'd and bold," and was declared, even to his father.

But a flame of a very different nature pervaded the bosom of the lady who held herself sole arbitress on these occasions. Though she had been acting the fine lady for fifteen years, she now betrayed the coarseness of her early habits. Eliza, having recently left the house of mourning, and being rendered only the more awake to vulgar insult, from having so lately received for the first time the language of love, and the tender assiduities of a generous and most respectful attachment, literally sunk beneath the storm, and sought only to fly from its fury. Poor Mr Swainston soothed, and temporised, conscious perhaps that he had first drawn the evil on himself, and not able (as many parents think they are) to justify the first placing of children in temptation, and then condemning them for falling into it,—a thing of perpetual occurrence, as we all know. Besides, he was so far influenced by a sense of equity, as to like better that his son should make honest offers to a good girl than cajoling ones, and repeatedly said to himself, "that the thing might have been worse; that, as her family was good, her conduct excellent, and the boy had a fortune now, and would have a better in due time, there was no great harm in it."

But it was only to himself the good man thus reasoned; for his lady permitted him not to reason with

her. In this she was right; for, as he might have reminded her of her own former situation, and of his son's independence, two points which she seemed to have consigned to oblivion, it was better to carry all with a high hand. It was her pleasure that the young man should be instantly consigned to the care of a friend in Madeira, under the pretence that his health required such a journey, and that by the same rule Miss Rosewood should return to her mother, but only until Alfred set out on his voyage, as she declared "that, when all was *done* and *said*, there was no living without the girl in the house."

Eliza not only complied with this mandate, but positively refused to see the young man, though she did not debar him from writing to her. She earnestly concurred with the request of his father, that he would give himself time to consider maturely a case of so much importance, and finally induced him to limit the period of their present correspondence to the time when he went on board, truly observing, that, if his passion could not stand the test of a few months' absence, it was not calculated for an union for life.

Eliza wept when she repeated this resolution; and, when she returned to her mother, her spirits were evidently agitated, as she reflected on the sorrows and banishment of her lover; but there was something in the calm propriety and firmness hitherto evinced by her which inspired the idea, that, after all, her heart had been affected rather by gratitude than by love. In a heart continually smarting with the wounds inflicted by pride and meanness, and compelled to contrast present troubles with past happiness, a few kind words have a strong effect—no wonder then that the devotedness of a young and handsome man, who in that devotion waged war with contumely and scorn for her sake, should have a positive influence, although he might in happier circumstances excite no decisive preference. It was at least certain, that in a very short time the

long-afflicted girl recovered her equanimity, and resisted with mild dignity every effort to restore her to the situation which she had occupied in Mr Swainston's family; but her health had evidently suffered exceedingly, and the anxious mother was most happy to consign her to those indulgent friends who had long earnestly desired to receive her again at Hardcastle Manor.

In point of fact, Alfred Swainston, though of a very amiable disposition, was ill calculated to be the permanent companion of a mind far superior to his own. His grief on leaving the kingdom was violent, and his resolution to return as soon as his minority should terminate, invincible; but, as he fell into the hands of a very sensible friend on his arrival, these emotions gradually gave way to the suggestions of one who, on principle, dissuaded him from an early and hasty marriage. The conduct of the young lady, as mentioned by Alfred, appeared to this gentleman so wise, that he could not doubt that she had her fears as to the result, and would rejoice in any circumstance which tended to strengthen the character of her lover, whilst it led his friends by degrees to that event which was not to be patiently borne when forced upon them suddenly. When the youth's friend had settled him in comfortable lodgings, introduced him to his father's connections in the island, and seen that he began to be amused with the scenes around him, he set out for Teneriffe.

This gentleman, whose name was Marlow, was about twenty-eight years of age; he had seen much of the world, was a man of sound understanding, cultivated mind, and amiable disposition; and as he knew that his late father had extensive dealings with Mr Swainston, (who was a man of strict probity), he felt himself inclined to render all possible service to the son, and therefore gladly engaged to correspond with him during his absence, though somewhat dreading the receipt of letters full of

lovesick effusions. Of the three which Alfred wrote, one adverted to Eliza, and resented her interdict of a correspondence that might have been his solace; the second gave an account of the arrival from England, at Fonchal, of an invalid lady and her beautiful daughter; and the third was short, but by no means melancholy.

Mr Marlow was detained on his expedition longer than he expected; and it struck him as very probable that, after his return to Madeira and the settlement of his affairs there, young Swainston would accompany him to England, as his minority was now near its expiration, and as so ardent a lover would scarcely brook unnecessary delay. The young gentleman saw him land, but did not meet him with that cordiality which he expected; yet after a short time resumed his usual frankness. Mr Marlow concluded that his reception had been cool, because the last vague letter of Alfred remained unanswered; and he took an opportunity of adverting to the circumstance.—“Oh!” said the youth, “you did right not to answer it; for I know you could say nothing to it. In fact I wanted to see you excessively, as I have much to say which could not be written. I have conquered, quite conquered my foolish attachment, and therefore”—“Therefore you wish to return?”—“Oh no! that is impossible—I am now engaged—yes! positively engaged, to the lovely creature I mentioned in one of my letters; and, her mother being ill, of course we cannot leave her.”—“Positively breaking off one engagement, and as positively contracting another in three months, my dear Alfred, must be considered as”—“Oh! but this is quite another affair. She is a young woman of birth and fortune, and very young indeed—she is in short an angel, and I may as well inform you that we were married on Tuesday. Under the peculiar circumstances of her mother's health, we all thought it desirable to hasten our union.”—“And your poor Eli-

za?"—"Ay, she is a jewel of a girl, I shall always say that, and—I have nothing to say on that point."

Mr Marlow was busy, and for the present not anxious to hear more; but a few weeks afterwards, as he was preparing to embark, young Swainston entered his lodgings with a melancholy air, saying he had just received his own letters in a packet from Eliza, and also a very odd kind of letter from his father, who appeared quite as dissatisfied with his present marriage as with his former engagement; some people, indeed, never were content.—"True, but it is to be hoped you will continue so."—"Of course I shall; but my present errand is to beg you to take back *these* letters. They are of no possible consequence; but, as Mrs Rosewood has sent back mine, it may satisfy her to have those of Eliza. Before you give them to her, pray seal them up—you may read them if you like, you know."

Nothing could be farther from Mr Marlow's intention than to accept a permission derogatory in him who gave it, and intrusive on the amiable and injured female whom it concerned. Notwithstanding these sentiments, as the voyage proved very tedious, he was induced to read first one, and then another, of these letters, till all were read.—He even read them again and again; and never had all that was gentle, elegant, pure, and lofty in woman, been brought so closely to his mind's eye, or touched his heart so nearly:—"yet," said he, "they do not breathe of *love*; nor could such a girl as this love so mere a boy as Swainston has since proved himself; no, no—circumstances might have induced her to marry him, and good principles would have kept her true to him; but she did not, could not, love him."

Mr Marlow's first care, on arriving in London, was to present the properly sealed packet; but he could only place it in the hands of the mother; and when he with the greatest delicacy, hinted his wishes for the welfare of her daughter, he had

merely the satisfaction of learning that the family had lately received such an addition of property upon the bequest of a friend, as to secure them in a state of humble independence. Mortified and disappointed, he withdrew, and soon after left London itself, as a place in which he had no longer an interest; for, the more he thought, the more desirous he became to see a person in whose praise at this time all the Swainstons were unanimous. Having an estate in the west of England, he set out thither, taking Bath in his road, and for want of other employment went to the rooms, where at least he had the satisfaction of seeing many fine women, and feeling that admiration of his countrywomen, which was natural to a stranger after a long absence.

A gentleman who accompanied him from York-house had answered several inquiries, when one arose respecting an elderly gentleman of dark complexion, on whose arm hung an elegant girl of dazzling fairness. "Can that gentleman be the father of the young beauty leaning on him?" said Marlow.—"No, he is the father of the finest woman in the room, lady William; but he is no relation to his companion, though her merits, I believe, give her a daughter's interest in his kindness."—"That is no wonder; for she is a sweet creature."—"She is; but, though as good and accomplished as she is handsome, having very little fortune, I question whether Miss Rosewood will marry as she deserves."—"Miss Rosewood, say you?—is her name Eliza?"—"Yes, do you know her?"—"I do not, but I will," answered Marlow: and he endeavoured to procure an immediate introduction to Sir Hugh, which was not difficult, as there were many persons in the room well acquainted with his family and his high respectability. In approaching Eliza as a stranger, he had the advantage of learning how far the strength of her mind had conquered the chagrin she had experienced—how far he had been right in believing that her attachment to her false

lover had been that of gratitude, rather than affection.

It will not be surprising, that under these circumstances it was to him delightful to awaken the first warmer emotions in her affectionate bosom, and to make amends for past sorrows by pouring the full boon of virtuous love, and abundant affluence, on one who was calculated to enjoy the former and dignify the latter. Every benevolent bosom will also

conceive the pure pleasure enjoyed by the generous Sir Hugh and his excellent lady, when they thus happily disposed of the sweet flower so kindly fostered by their patronage. This pleasure was rendered still more interesting by the circumstance that their little grandson, the heir of their ancient house, was christened at the time when they celebrated the marriage of his lovely mother's amiable governess.

SONNETS ADDRESSED TO ISABEL V.—

I.

WE met in secret in the dead of night,
When none appeared to watch us—not an eye,
Save the lone dwellers of the silent sky,
To gaze upon our love and chaste delight ;
And in that hour's unbroken solitude,
When the white moon had rob'd her in her beam,
I thought some vision of a blessed dream,
Or spirit of the air, before me stood,
And held communion with me,—In mine ear
Her voice's sweet notes breath'd not of this earth,
Her beauty seem'd not of a mortal birth ;
And in my heart there was an awful fear ;
A thrill like some deep warning from above,
That sooth'd its passion to a spirit's love.

II.

SHE stood before me! the pure lamps of Heaven
Lit up her soft and beaming eyes, which turn'd
On me with dying fondness.—My heart burn'd,
As tremblingly with hers my vows were given ;
Then softly 'gainst my bosom beat her heart ;
My loving arms around her form were thrown,
Binding her heavenly beauty like a zone ;
While from her lips of ruby, just apart,
Like bursting roses, sighs of fragrance stole,
And words of music whisp'ring in mine ear
Things pure and holy, none but mine should hear ;
For they were accents utter'd from her soul,
For which no tongue her innocence reprov'd,
And breath'd for one who lov'd her, and was lov'd!

ON FASHIONS.

THE fashion of a thing is the form thereof. "Thou hast fashioned me," thou hast made me : we pay a silversmith five shillings an ounce for the silver of our tea-spoons or our epergnes, and five or fifty more for

the fashion, for the making. Fashion is derived from *facio* to make ; the etymology is abstruse.

Hence it is that a man is fashioned by his tailor, or a lady by her mantua-maker and milliner. It is

the tailor who fashions the man : he makes him a man : him, who before that, without the tailor's aid, would have been a thing. The man-midwife produced the substratum into the world—a thing of nought, a *rasa tabula*, a simple *ens*, an *ens nonentical*, unformed, unlicked, endowed with susceptibilities, with susceptibility of clothing, and aspect, and form, and character ; and the tailor forms him, licks him, makes him, fashions him, endows him with a shape and a character, and he becomes fashioned ; and if the tailor be Stultiz, he becomes a man of fashion—a fashionable man.

Nature made animals—she is a vile step-mother—and the tailor makes man. Thus the mantua-maker, and the milliner, and the shoe-maker make woman ; woman—heaven's best gift to man, Christian man, below—her best gift to man, Mahometan man, above. What would woman be without those aids ? a nothing ; a variable, inapprehensible, inexplicable, unintelligible, bundle of caprices—not even a thing, as the Romans considered her—not even a moveable, though moveable enough ; but a metaphysical *ens*, a wind influenced by every wind that blows. But she is solidified by muslin, and silk, and crape, and gauze ; and she becomes a tangible substance—a woman of fashion, provided that she is fashioned by Madame Hippolyte or Madame Triaud.

What, indeed, is human nature but a bundle of clothes. What are all the distinctions of society but distinct suits of clothing. And properly, therefore, is man the produce of a tailor. It is he that is the real creator of man ; and such is the importance of his office, that it requires nine tailors to make a man. Much injured race—that is the true solution of this proverb. The tailor taketh satin, and he cutteth it, he carveth ermine, and slasheth velvet—he maketh a suit of clothes and he clappeth a crown on its top, and he falleth down and worshipping, and he crieth, Aha ! it is a king. Again,

he taketh scarlet, and gold, and fur ; and he tacketh them together with needles and with thread, and he putteth a sword into its sleeve, and he presenteth it with custard, and he crieth—I have made a Lord Mayor.

What would the pomp, pride, circumstance of glorious war, nay, the very army itself be, but for the tailor. It is not the man, but his coat, that fights ; the courage lies in the uniform ; it is the courage of the 42d suits of clothes ; and hence also the burning valour of the 10th dragoons, the valour of its sabretashes and gilded boots, as all the energy of a lancer is embodied in his trencher cap ; just as the learning of the Almas, the triangles of Cambridge and the Greek of Oxford, are the produce of a square bit of board and a silk tassel. Hence it is, that all great conquerors, such as Frederic William and his Majesty, (God bless him and the Duke of York,) are also the great clothiers, the great tailors, the fabricators of collars, and facings, and courage, and victory. What is a battalion ? see it at a review : it is a long line of coats and pantaloons, red above and white below. What makes the unfledged, unformed, nothingless youth, an ensign, a cornet, a soldier, a hero ?—It is the red coat. What makes all the young ladies “fall in love” with him ?—It is the red coat. The silk and the muslin fall in love with the scarlet and the lace ; they elope together to Gretna Green : the rest is nothing. Strip the army, and what is an army ?—Nothing. It is the tailor who makes armies and conquers victory.

Thus also do twenty-four wigs sit on a bench covered with red cloth, to prove Paddy a Pagan. A man cannot even be hanged without the order of a square cap ; and such also is the difference between prunella and silk, that it costs a man twice as much to be plundered of his property by the latter as by the former. And thus the gown of prunella envies the gown of silk, and frets itself, and goes into opposition, because the

produce of a sheep is not that of a silk-worm.

The very law acknowledges that the suit of clothes is the man itself, and that the rest is nothing; a post, a horse, to hang them on. We may steal the child as we please; but woe be to him that steals the suit of clothes. Doctors may resurrect the body, cut it into pieces, and cram it into bottles; but the doctor who resurrects the clothes, goes to Botany Bay. In short, from the coal-heaver to the chancellor, from Drury to Almack's, human nature is a Monmouth Street, a collection of suits—black, white, and grey—silk, gauze, and frivolity—leather and prunella—goats' hair and gold lace.

Thus is fashion all, and all in all. And, according to the fashion of the clothes, are the fashion of the man and the fashion of the woman.

Hence is its sway predominant, as it ought to be. Being all, it ought to be every thing. To be in the fashion is to exist, it is existence itself: to be out of it, is non-existence; it is oblivion, death, and the grave. It is beauty, morality, every thing—not dress alone; its sway is unbounded, its powers unlimited, its sanctions unquestionable, and its decrees, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, irreversible.

For, if the coat makes the man, and fashion makes the coat, then does fashion make the man. And thus the man who is fashioned, is fashioned in every thing; not only in his coat, but in his carriage, his horses, his wife, his house, his conduct, his principles, his politics, his literature. All is fashion, and fashion is all, in every thing.

There is a metaphysical concatenation which links the whole together. Or, as the full-fashioned man must be perfect, whatever he chooses, follows, drinks, performs, thinks, rides, votes, or bets, must be equally fashioned and fashionable. It is the model and the pattern to follow by him who would also be fashionable. It is his opinion, conduct, morality; his dictate of conscience, his moral law.

Thus have we traced man, society, every thing, to the tailor and the mantua-maker; and to them also we trace beauty, grace, taste. And hence have moral writers justly laid down that great principle, that there can be no standard of taste. Now, indeed, should there be a standard of taste, an unerring principle of grace, an undeviating line of beauty, as poor Hogarth imagined, unless Mr Stultz and Madame Triaud were as eternal as the wandering Jew, unless all the essence of all the tailors and mantua-makers, and milliners, and hat-makers, and boot-makers, and shoemakers, and coach-makers, and upholsterers that ever will exist, were concentrated in one man or woman of each species, and that species invariable, unchangeable, immovable to all winds of doctrine.

The thing cannot be. And, therefore, there is no standard of taste; and beauty is a creation varying with every new patent, every new crotch-et; a thing to be made, and unmade, and remade, as Stultz shall succeed to Stultz, or Brummel to Brummel, as Tailor shall yield to Vanderveide, and Vanderveide to Schaller, or as Hertford or Conyngham shall reign Venus ascendant in the first, second, or third, or in all the houses of Mars.

Thus it is that we endeavour in vain to fix this fleeting spirit, this "essential form of grace," which is unessential, changing with every wind that blows. And thus it is that we admire and adore the fair, that lovely part of creation, fashion's favourite child, whether rustling in silk, angled with satin, or flowing in muslin like white-robed innocence. Whether mounted on heels of wood, peaked like a lance, squared to the obtuseness of Paris, or rounded to an ellipse, the foot of beauty is always beauty: it carries its arrows to the heart, whether of morocco or kid, or prunella, or satin, lilac, scarlet, white, blue, green, or black, sandalled or Wellingtoned, Brunswicked, or Yorked.

Thus, too, whether gipsy prevails, or Oldenburgh, coal-scuttle, or Quaz-

ker ; whether she fan the idle air with topgallantsails of Leghorn, or wave in plumed or hearsed, chivalry, or undertakery, she cannot err ; fashion is beauty, and beauty is fashion. Waists contract and expand, anon she is a wasp, and anon a barrel : now she diminishes the equatorial diameter, and now she enlarges it ; zones ascend and descend from the seat of honour to the seat of the heart ; the seat of honour itself undergoes a sudden development, and again it vanishes : cushions are transferred from region to region, from the Hottentot region to the head ; the bosom now is hidden, that the spectator may riot in scapular charms and spinal vales ; and, again tuckers descend till descent becomes once more precarious, while the balance of compensation restores to concealment that of which the repose should never have been disturbed. Yet, like the moon through all her changing phases, she is always beauty, for she is always fashion.

Is it possible to be serious on all this folly ? We ought, at least, to attempt it. Whatever moralists, metaphysicians, and artists may dispute about taste or beauty, it is certain that, if we take extremes at least, there is a wrong and a right, something that pleases and something that displeases, independently of all custom and all fashions. It is scarcely possible that the opposed extremes of form shall be beautiful, and that the same shall be true of all the intermediate stages ; it is still less possible that the form which is beautiful in 1824 shall be hideous in 1825 ; or that the beauty of dress, of shape, substance, colour, disposition, which delights us in April shall be that which makes us faint with horror in June.

Yet so it is with all those who are guided by fashion—by that magical term, the sound of which conveys, in itself, beauty, grace, taste, every thing. And as it is chiefly the lovely sex which is under this influence, to them must we direct our remonstrances. It is a lovely sex ; and yet, with all its charms, it owes more

to dress than it is always willing to admit. The experiment is easily tried. Take the whole bright parterre at Almack's, every lily and rose-bud that blooms in that garden of sweets, and dress it up in coats and pantaloons and cropped heads. It would prove a kind of Westminster school, where the lover would be at a loss to know the object of his adoration ; and we suspect that beauty would soon discover the debts which it owes to gauze, and feathers, and silk, and to all and every thing which segregates it from the pantalooned and shock-headed part of creation.

And, by the way, this is an experiment by which the fair might learn to profit, would they but perpend it. Woman gains nothing by being reduced to the nudity of man ; and the nearer she approximates to him, the greater hazard she runs of forfeiting those charms which she will find to be rather more adventitious than she sometimes thinks. She loses something by every inch that she approaches him in her aspect and adornments, in the one as in the other. It is her interest to remain as far separated as possible, to surround herself with every *prestige* that can make her a distinct sex, whether to that she add the ornaments over which she has the command, or not. The petticoat is the essence of woman ; it is woman ; and woe to her who, in more senses than one, would "wear the breeches." We know not how to approach a delicate female in woollen, the very idea of the touch of wool is unfeminine—masculine. Even the riding habit is scarcely justified by its apparent necessity (for it is not necessary) ; and when combined with a beaver hat and Hessian boots, we would as lieve think of making love to an officer of dragoons. We doubt the whole invention, riding and all ; and let the equitant race be assured that they lose much more than they gain by this "vaulting ambition."

There is not an atom of the male attire in which the charming sex does

not suffer, in male estimation ; and if dress is to be the labour and object of their lives, if it is the *primum natu* and the *ultimum moriens*, the end and purpose of their lives here below, that end is to charm man, to gain his approbation, and excite his love. The sex is too apt to dress to itself, and to forget him to whom alone it ought to dress ; and let it be assured that man is the true judge and critic, that critic which it ought to study and please. It suffers by every male assumption, by even that of the masculine shoe ; a national dis-

tion exciting the scorn and reprobation of Paris, better skilled in the charms and *chaussure* of a female foot, and better knowing that

From the hoop's enchanting round,
Her very shoe has power to wound.

It has wounded, from King Solomon to Cinderella's monarch, from Holofernes to the wife of Bath ; but what other wound than a good kick is likely to be inflicted by a great hulking, double-soled, English machine, well blacked by Warren, Hunt, Day and Martin.

Concluded in our next.

A LECTURE, &c.*

BY W. ELLERY CHANNING, D. D. BOSTON, NEW-ENGLAND.

THIS is an unassuming little work, of six-and-forty pages, thrown upon the world, unrecommended by any pompous display of deep learning or metaphysical subtlety. We had scarcely read half-a-dozen pages, however, before we were quite convinced that the author was a man of sound judgment and clear understanding, and the remainder of the work proved that he was equally correct in feeling, and refined in taste. We think that it unites all the requisites of a standard treatise on the Christian religion. In the first place, it is short. In the next, there is much for the head, good plain common sense, intelligible to all ; and, in the third place, there is very much for the heart.

Paley's evidences, excellent as it is as a work, is much too long. Not one man in twenty thousand has a command over his attention sufficient to sit down doggedly to understand his two propositions, each of which, if we remember right, requires eight or ten chapters to develope it entirely. The distance between the first

and last links of the chain of reasoning, is too great to allow us to retain all the intermediate connexions. Then the style is as uninviting as it could be, at least to us. Addison is too diffuse. Grotius, which in our opinion is by far the most satisfactory work upon the subject, is too dry and learned for the generality. Christianity is preached to the peasant as well as to the philosopher. Its evidences, therefore, should be accessible to the one as well as to the other. There is nothing incompatible in the idea, the best works are those which are always most popular. Leslie's most excellent work contains irrefutable arguments in favour of Christianity, but it is rather too logical, requiring more attention than men in general are willing to afford any subject, however important.

A treatise on the evidences of Christianity should be deeply imbued with the spirit of Saint Paul. It should be, "All things to all men." The reasoning should be plain, manly, and profound, for the logician. The style should be elegant for the

* A Discourse on the Evidences of Revealed Religion, delivered before the University in Cambridge, at the Dudleian Lecture, March 14, 1821. By William Ellery Channing, D. D. Minister of the Congregational Church in Federal-Street, Boston, New-England. R. Hunter, St Paul's Church-yard, London.

man of taste—and the man of feeling should be moved by the portraiture of the most exalted characters that ever sojourned on this earth. For our own part, we must own that our Saviour's character, considered as that of a man only, affords one of the strongest proofs of his being a God, that we can imagine. And yet how rarely is this view of the subject ever brought forward! The saints may talk as they will of our depravity, but we assert, that it is out of our power not to be moved with the good and the beautiful, and equally so, not to detest the vicious and the deformed. Who ever rejoiced in the successful villainy of Iago—or who does not feel his detestation of vice strengthened, rather than weakened by such a display? It is a principle of the mind, as stable as the mind itself, to venerate the good, and detest the bad; and no man, however depraved, fails to acknowledge the force of this power—where did the ancients find their gods? In their heroes—for such was the strength of this instinctive feeling, that they could not but people the heavens with those beings, who had been the benefactors of the human race while on earth. And yet, if they deserved the veneration of enlightened nations, how much more so the “man Jesus!”

This view of our Saviour's character has many advantages, we were almost saying over every other—we are all of us capable of appreciating the social and kindred affections, of recognizing the sacrifices that one man makes for another. These touch the heart, and for them we have a *human sympathy*. But place before us a long train of intricate reasoning, to prove that there is a wonderful Being, at whose command the elements are congregated into form, and whose powers are illimitable—we may fear, we may wonder—but we shall rarely love. We, who are laymen, and who do not trouble ourselves much with controversial divinity, must confess that it was in the sublimity of its precepts, and in the loveliness of the conduct of its founder, that we felt

the truth of the Christian religion. Tell any person unacquainted with Christianity, that there was such a character as Jesus, and he must venerate him.

Tell him that he was possessed of so wonderful a mind, that even as a boy the most learned of his nation hearkened unto him, and were amazed at his doctrines; and yet, withal, that his character, too, was so simple, mild, unaffected, and kind, that little children loved to approach and be near him—that his whole life was dedicated to the good of others—that he was so disinterested, that when consulted by the rich, he bade them divide their fortunes with the poor and needy, although he himself “had not where to lay his head”—that he was so tender a son, that even in the pangs of an agonizing death, he enjoined the friend whom he loved to take his mother home, and be the support of her old age—so warm a patriot, that he wept bitterly when he thought on his country's downfall—so patient and meek of spirit, that when hanging on the cross, and pierced, he uttered not a single complaint—so forgiving, that amid the ten thousand curses of his enemies who had crucified him, one solitary prayer broke from his lips, alone, and mingling with them, ascended to the footstool of the Almighty, “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!”

In a popular work on the evidences of Christianity, therefore, this view should not, in our opinion, be lost sight of.—Let all the overwhelming reasons, too, which the talent and industry of our divines have collected, be mingled with those deductions from Scripture, which, from their innate beauty, have furnished innumerable subjects for the poet and the painter, and we will venture to say, that such a work, so executed, will ensure the gratitude of all mankind.

Such a work is really wanted. Atheism is not so rare a blindness of intellect as is generally thought. We ourselves are acquainted with more than one who retain such opinions—

men of exemplary conduct, too. So far from abhorring, we consider them as objects of our sincere commiseration. We were told of one gentleman, who, at the age of eighty, wrote down the grounds of his dissent, in the hopes that the friend to whom he showed the manuscript, might answer them satisfactorily. He would have given half his fortune to have been convinced of the truth of Christianity. A work of the nature we mean might have effected the desirable change, for he was a man who had been *reasoning* all his life.

To write such a work requires a combination of excellencies which rarely co-exist. Dr. Channing might probably attempt it himself; a very little enlargement of the plan, and a little more attention to the detail of his "lecture," would embrace all that we mean.

By the way, while we recommend the attention to those beauties with which Scripture abounds, we beg leave to put in our dissent to those "*appeals of the heart*," as they are called, which we have too often heard in Scotland, and even in England. In us these rhapsodies have only produced disgust. For the most part, they are made up of scraps of scripture snatched at hazard, and sent forth like grape-shot, to hit whom they may. The men that utter them are, for the most part, illiterate, and, what is strange, proud in being unlearned—why, we know not.

We presume, however, that a discourse in bad English must be of wonderfully greater efficacy than one in which the rules of grammar are observed.

It is a fashion to follow them, because it is said they are in earnest. We give them all the credit they desire for being sincere Christians; but, do their followers imagine, that because a man is a sincere Christian, therefore he is fit for a Christian teacher? At that rate, the peasant, who is touched by the wonders of astronomy, is admirably calculated for expounding the Principia of Newton. It has been thrown in our

teeth that the Apostles were illiterate fishermen, and that twelve cobblers of London were as fit instruments as twelve fishermen of Judæa. We wish these people would turn to a sermon of that sound divine and accomplished scholar, Horsley. They would there learn that the Apostles were inspired with that knowledge for which the Christian teacher of our day is expected to toil. We certainly regard such teachers of the "word" as really mischievous, being convinced that half our mad-houses are furnished from their tabernacles. To the weak and sensitive they make the mild doctrines of Christianity terrific. As for ourselves, who of course look upon ourselves as neither weak nor sensitive, their rhapsodies only recal the butt-end of an ancient cavalier song—

From cushion-pounders and from those
Who snuffle out their unlearned zeal in
prose,

As if the road to heaven was through the
nose!
Libera nos!

It is time, however, to present the reader with a few specimens of our author's little work.

"We are never to forget that God's adherence to the order of the universe is not necessary and mechanical, but intelligent and voluntary. He adheres to it not for its own sake, or because it has a sacredness which compels him to respect it; but simply because it is most suited to accomplish purposes in which he is engaged. It is a means, and not an end; and, like all other means, must give way when the end can best be promoted without it. It is the mark of a weak mind to make an idol of order and method; to cling to established forms of business, when they clog instead of advancing it. If then the great purposes of the universe can best be accomplished by departing from its established laws, these laws will undoubtedly be suspended; and though broken in the letter, they will be observed in their spirit; for the ends, for which they were first instituted, will be advanced by their violation. Now the ques-

tion arises, for what purposes were nature and its order appointed? and there is no presumption in saying, that the highest of these is the improvement of intelligent beings. Mind, (by which we mean both moral and intellectual powers,) is God's first end. The great purpose, for which an order of nature is fixed, is plainly the formation of Mind. In a creation without order, where events would follow without any regular succession, it is obvious that Mind must be kept in perpetual infancy; for, in such a universe, there could be no reasoning from effects to causes, no induction to establish general truths, no adaptation of means to ends; that is, no science relating to God, or matter, or mind; no action; no virtue. The great purpose of God then, I repeat it, in establishing the order of nature, is to form and advance the mind; and if the case should occur in which the interests of the mind could best be advanced by departing from this order, or by miraculous agency, then the great purpose of the creation, the great end of its laws and regularity, would demand such departure; and miracles, instead of warring against, would concur with nature."

The following views are quite novel to us, and we think them so deserving of attention, that we shall not apologize in extracting the passage.—

"Before quitting the general consideration of miracles, I ought to take some notice of Hume's celebrated argument on this subject; not that it merits the attention which it has received, for infidelity has seldom forged a weaker weapon; but because it is specious, and has derived weight from the name of its author. The argument is briefly this.—'That belief is founded upon and regulated by experience. Now we often experience testimony to be false, but never witness a departure from the order of nature. That men may deceive us when they testify to miracles, is therefore more accordant with experience, than that nature should be irregular; and hence there is a bal-

ance of proof against miracles, a presumption so strong as to outweigh the strongest testimony.'

1. "This argument affirms, that the credibility of facts, or statements, is to be decided by their accordance with the established order of nature, and by this standard only. Now, if nature comprehended all existences and all powers, this position might be admitted: but if there is a Being higher than nature, the origin of all its powers and motions, and whose character falls under our notice and experience as truly as the creation, then there is an additional standard to which facts and statements are to be referred; and works which violate nature's order will still be credible, if they agree with the known properties and attributes of its author; because for such works we can assign an adequate cause and sufficient reasons, and these are the qualities and conditions on which credibility depends.

2. "This argument of Hume proves too much, and therefore proves nothing. It proves too much; for if I am to reject the strongest testimony to miracles, because testimony has often deceived me, whilst nature's order has never been found to fail, then I ought to reject a miracle, even if I should see it with my own eyes, and if all my senses should attest it; for all my senses have sometimes given false reports, whilst nature has never gone astray; and therefore, be the circumstances ever so decisive or inconsistent with deception, still I must not believe what I see, and hear, and touch; what my senses, exercised according to the most deliberate judgment, declare to be true. All this the argument requires.—And it proves too much; for disbelief, in the case supposed, is out of our power, and is instinctively pronounced absurd; and what is more, it would subvert that very order of nature on which the argument rests; for this order of nature is learned only by the exercise of my senses and judgment, and if these fail me, in the most unexceptionable

circumstances, then their testimony to nature is of little worth.

“Once more : This argument is built on an ignorance of the nature of testimony, and it is surprising that this error has not been more strikingly exposed. Testimony, we are told, cannot prove a miracle. Now, the truth is, that testimony, of itself and immediately, proves no fact whatever, not even the most common. Testimony can do nothing more than show us the state of another's mind in regard to a given fact. It can only show us that the testifier has a belief, a conviction, that a certain phenomenon or event has occurred. Here testimony stops ; and the reality of the event is to be judged altogether from the nature and degree of this conviction, and from the circumstances under which it exists. This conviction is an effect which must have a cause, and needs to be explained ; and if no cause can be found but the real occurrence of the event, then this occurrence is admitted as true. Such is the extent of testimony. Now, a man who affirms a miraculous phenomenon, or event, may give us just as decisive proofs, by his character and conduct, of the strength and depth of his conviction, as if he were affirming a common occurrence. Testimony, then, does just as much in the case of miracles as of common events ; that is, it discloses to us the conviction of another's mind. Now, this conviction, in the case of miracles, requires a cause, an explanation, as much as in every other ; and if the circumstances be such, that it could not have sprung up and been established but by the reality of the alleged miracle, then that great and fundamental principle of human belief, namely, that

every effect must have a cause, compels us to admit the miracle.”

This celebrated sophism of Hume is very well answered, we think, in the above extract.

We offer one short passage more, in illustration of the force of evidence arising from a view of our Saviour's character.—

“These various particulars I cannot attempt to unfold. One or two may be illustrated, to show you the mode of applying the principles which I have laid down. I will take first the *character of Jesus Christ*. How is this to be explained by the principles of human nature ?—We are immediately struck with this peculiarity in the Author of Christianity, that whilst all other men are formed in a measure by the spirit of the age, we can discover in Jesus no impression of the period in which he lived. We know with considerable accuracy the state of society, the modes of thinking, the hopes and expectations of the country in which Jesus was born and grew up ; and he is as free from them, and as exalted above them, as if he had lived in another world, or, with every sense shut on the objects around him. His character has in it nothing local or temporary. It can be explained by nothing around him. His history shows him to us a solitary being, living for purposes which none but himself comprehended, and enjoying not so much as the sympathy of a single mind. His apostles, his chosen companions, brought to him the spirit of the age ; and nothing shows its strength more strikingly, than the slowness with which it yielded in these honest men to the instructions of Jesus.”

STANZAS TO JESSY.

It is not, lady, charms like thine,
Where all are borrow'd that can move,
A heart of simple truth, like mine,
To admiration's thrill of love.

While on thy radiant eyes I gaze,
I'd bow before their magic blue ;
But when my own to heaven I raise,
I see from whence they stole their hue.

Perchance, the deep and crimson dye,
Which on thy cheek so richly glows,
Might fan the flame of passion's sigh,
If 'twere not plunder'd from the rose.

Each golden curl upon thy brow
Long since in chains my soul had caught,
If every tress I did not know
Had by the silk-worm's skill been wrought.

Thy pouting lip, so soft and red,
Thy flowery breath of fragrant balm,
Would blend a spell so full of dread,
'Twere vain to hope escape from harm.

But, truth, I deem both breath and lip
Were gained from—what? I know not well;
Oh! let me once their treasures sip,
And then, sweet love, I'll guess and tell.

THE WARRIOR'S TOMB.

O'er yonder lowly verdant mound
The cypress sheds her sable gloom,
The wind moans heavily around,
And sighs above the warrior's tomb.

The morn arose—the sunbeam shone
On helm, and plume, and glittering spear;
The trumpet sang! and every tone
Was rapture to the warrior's ear.

In every tone he heard the call,
Of home, and friends, and native land;
He hail'd the hour to fight, to fall,
Or conquer with his warrior-band.

He fought—he fell—and o'er his head
A brightness kindled from on high;

And while his glorious spirit fled,
The trumpet shouted "Victory."

They laid him in his lowly grave,
And many a manly tear was shed;
Where now the cypress loves to wave
In sadness o'er the mighty dead.

And here, 'tis said, at dewy eve,
A shadowy form is seen to stray,
Then start, as though she could perceive,
The trumpet's echoing far away.

And hither, where his cold corse lies,
From weeping friends, and native home,
Affection's warmest tears, and sighs,
Are wafted to the warrior's tomb.

WAR.

BRUTALIZING TENDENCY OF WAR.

WAR is by no means a school of humanity, nor drawing room pastime. It tends to harden the heart, and render men callous to the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. "When the French army," says M. Miot, "was about to remove from Tentoura, many wretches remained on the sea-shore who waited to be removed.—Among them was a soldier afflicted with the plague, who, in the delirium which mostly accompanies it, imagined, on perceiving the army in motion, that he was about to be abandoned. His mind at once portrayed to him the frightful extent of his misfortune; and the horror of falling into the hands of the Arabs, so strongly affected his feelings, that he attempted following the troops on foot. Seizing for this purpose his knapsack, on which his head had rest-

ed, he twice essayed to walk; at the third effort he sunk down near the water's edge, and became rivetted to the spot which fate had destined him for a tomb. The reader will perhaps imagine, that this poor soldier's comrades stopped to help him, and support his tottering steps;—no such thing! on the contrary, he was only an object of disgust and derision to them. They shrunk from him as from the blast of the desert, and indulged in brutal mirth at his reeling motions, which resembled those of a drunken person. 'He has got his quarters,' exclaimed one:—'He will not go far,' exclaimed another:—and when the hapless wretch fell for the last time, some had the barbarity to add, 'He has made good his lodgment!'"

In the retreat of Sir John Moore from Spain, in 1808-9, "I have seen,"

says the Journal of a soldier of the 71st regiment, "officers of the guards and others, worth thousands, with pieces of old blanket wrapt round their feet and legs,—the men pointing at them with a malicious satisfaction, saying, 'there goes 3000*l.* a year!' or, 'There goes the prodigal son on his return to his father, cured of his wanderings!' Even in the midst of all our sorrows, there was a bitterness of spirit, a savageness of wit, that made a jest of its own sufferings."

FLOWERS OF CHIVALRY.

Edward of England, commonly called the Black Prince, was, we are told, endowed with every virtue, civil as well as military. At the taking of Limoges, however, in 1376, this paragon of princes was so enraged at what he was pleased to call the treachery and resistance he had met with, that he determined to satisfy his vengeance in the blood of its inhabitants; an indiscriminate slaughter was accordingly commanded, and upwards of 3000 men, women, and children paid the forfeit of their lives, to appease the choler of the conqueror of Cressy and Poitiers.

About 1667, the great Turenne received orders to lay waste the province of Alsace; he was too great a disciplinarian to disobey; but the commands forwarded were so literally carried into execution, that even those who issued them desired that the havoc might cease. "'Tis very well," coolly observed this hero, "I will insert the minister's desire in the order of the day!"

In 1678, the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. of England, *possessing full knowledge at the time*, that peace with France had been signed at Nimeguen, attacked the French marshal de Luxembourg; in this battle about 4000 men, not to speak of the wounded, lost their lives, sacrificed to the vanity and wantonness of glorious king William.

In 1740, Frederick the Great of Prussia commenced hostilities against Austria, and at the head of a large army invaded Silesia. What was

the real motive for the war—a war by which thousands lost their lives, and as many more were condemned to pain and sorrow for the remainder of their existence? We will answer this question: Frederick was young, rich, enamoured with glory, troubled with few scruples, and wanted something to do. The Brandenburg monarch was troubled with the blue devils, and set about plundering and cutting of throats to chase away the vapors. This was a philosophical hero!

MILITARY EXECUTIONS.

When Saladin, king of Egypt, refused to ratify the capitulation of Acre, the king of England, Richard I., ordered all his prisoners, to the number of 5000, to be butchered; and the Saracens found themselves obliged to retaliate on the Christians with the like cruelty.

The morning after the battle of Cressy, won by Edward III., was foggy; and as the English observed that many of the enemy had lost their way in the night, and in the mist, they employed a stratagem to bring them into their power. They erected on the eminences some French standards, which they had taken in the battle; and all who were allured by this false signal were put to the sword, and no quarter given them.

Oliver Cromwell having made a breach in the walls of Tredah, in Ireland, immediately ordered the assault. Though twice repulsed with loss he renewed the attack; and himself, along with Ireton, led on his men. All opposition was overborne by the furious valor of the troops. The town was taken sword in hand; and orders being issued to give no quarter, a cruel slaughter was made of the garrison. Even a few who were saved by the soldiers, satiated with blood, were next day miserably butchered by order of Cromwell.

The battle of Frawenstead was fought in 1706. The earl of Scullenbourg commanded the Russians; the grand marshal Renschild led on the Swedes. The combat did not last a quarter of an hour; the Saxons made no resistance. The Muscovite army

was completely defeated : it in fact only marched on the field to run away ; and this was accomplished so speedily, that 7000 loaded muskets were picked up on the ground, their owners not having had time to discharge them. A corps of 6000 Russians threw themselves on their knees,

and pleaded for mercy, but they were inhumanly massacred six hours after the strife was over, and this because some of their compatriots had behaved ill elsewhere, but chiefly because it was not known what to do with them.

BROTHER JONATHAN ; OR, THE NEW-ENGLANDERS.

WE do not expect the high features of romance in tales connected with so new an establishment as the republic of the United States : yet pleasing and striking stories may be drawn by a man of talent from the varied incidents of American life and society ; and the present author has contrived, by skilful management, to keep up a continuity of interest, instead of diffusing languor over the feelings of his readers.

The history of a New-England family, in the revolutionary period, forms the chief feature of this work ; but it is varied by the introduction of many other characters, among which even real personages appear with their proper attributes. The hero seems to be Walter Harwood, though Jonathan Peters may be considered by some in that light. The remarkable adventures of both these Americans are detailed with spirit ; a mystery hangs about them, which is at length elucidated ; and the novel terminates with a marriage between Walter and Edith, the heroine, whose character and manners in early life are thus noticed.

“ She was very girlish, very spirited, and quite singular in her whole appearance ; with rich, plentiful hair, always in the way of herself, or somebody else ; a pale complexion ; large hazel eyes, full of moonlight and water, never still for a moment : one hour she was a woman, the next a child, a baby, a simpleton, with hardly wit enough to keep herself out of the fire. Now she would be found sitting in a corner alone, purple with cold, poring over some great,

heavy, serious book, such as no other child of her age ever thought of poring over ; and, after a little time, perhaps, cuddled up in a heap, with her loose hair falling about her face, pouting and sobbing over some poor two-penny ballad, such as no other child ever thought of sobbing over. The Babes in the Wood, Chevy Chase, and little King Pepin, lay side by side, not only in the drawer, but in the heart of Edith Cummin ; with an abridgment of Josephus, a part of Chaucer’s Canterbury Tales, and the sermons of Cotton Mather—a very celebrated man at home. She had a thousand childish ways with her ; innocent, simple ways, which there was no speaking seriously about, absurd as many of them were ; a sprightly, sincere temper, without one atom of art or affectation. She had a knack, too, quite her own, of bringing the water into your eyes, and a smile about your mouth, at the same time ; and always (which was the charm, after all) without intending it, or knowing it, or even caring for it, if she did know it. She loved romping ; ‘ *that* she did ;’ and would go without her dinner any time for a good long race with her cousin Waty’s large dog under the elm-trees. She would also amuse herself with a few hearty tumbles, ail alone—head over heels—in the long fresh grass, or the newly-mown hay, before the rich clover blossoms were dead.”

The sensations of Walter and Jonathan, at the time when war seemed to impend over the colonies, are given in an animated style.

"Strange whispers were abroad ; wars and rumours of war : the whole of New-England was up ; and Walter, anticipating the crisis, began to talk mysteriously about going to seek his fortune. His father was alarmed ; he could neither eat nor sleep ; and symptoms of his old affliction had begun to show themselves in the occasional twitching of his haggard features. The noise of preparation, the voices of a warlike people, mustering with a heavy tread over all the land, grew louder and louder every day—every hour—every minute. Artillery was heard in the solid earth ; trumpets blowing in the mountains ; the noise of battle overhead—every where ; subterranean music ; the neighing of horses ; and a wild, solemn harmony in the sea breeze, night after night, by serious, venerable men who are yet alive, and, if required by the unbeliever, will swear to it.

"Meanwhile the neighbourhood were all up in arms about poor Jonathan Peters. He had no peace of his life night or day. He was beset on every side ; again, very quietly waylaid as before, and watched more narrowly than ever, but without noise or stir : so that he had nothing to complain of, nobody to quarrel with. Look out when he would from his wretched log hut, which he slept in because no other man could sleep in it,—a place abandoned of all the world, a habitation fit only for the wild beast or obscene bird, a miserable hiding-place, for which there was no owner,—look out from it when he would, he was pretty sure to encounter a pair or two of eyes, and hear disagreeable noises, for which he was not wholly prepared, in the dead solitude which he had chosen, as it were, in derision of the terrible stories that men told of it. The eyes of a she-bear—a fox—or a wild cat now and then, he could have borne patiently ; or the crackling of branches overhead, indicating the portentous movement of an old panther following him, in the tree tops, and waiting her opportunity for a leap as he wandered in the great

wood ; or the sharp rustling of the dry leaves, through which he might be wading, half-leg deep, on a warm day, causing him to catch his breath and spring aside, lest he might set his lifted foot upon the loitering copper-head, or the coiled rattle-snake ; or the trooping of wolves, pack after pack, trotting by his very door, in the dead of night, or coursing their prey silently through the great wood, like shadows, at full speed, hour after hour. All these things he might have borne. He was prepared for them ; and had, with a plenty of powder and ball, a tomahawk or two, a good rifle, and a woodman's large knife ; a stout heart, a strong arm, a quick eye, and a deadly aim, for their comfort and his own ; but he was not prepared for—he never would be prepared for—the indecent, active, annoying, eternal, desperate curiosity of the people about him."

Another character in the novel is drawn in striking colours.—"The Bald Eagle was from one of the southern tribes—the warrior Creeks—the brown Apollos of the wilderness. He had been taken captive, when a youth, by a hunting party of the Mohawks—the most formidable of the northern tribes ; the terror, in fact (such was their warlike temper, their fierce, adventurous, unappeasable appetite for dominion,) the terror, alike, of every body—white and red—all over North America. He had run the gauntlet, with six other captives. Four of them sunk, under the blows ; two faltered on the way ; but he ran it, without flinching or failing—perhaps without winking—at a speed, and with a sort of audacious valour, that amazed the enemy. He was adopted by a Mohawk woman ; a mother, whose only child had been cut off by the relations of Eagle.

"Our Eagle was rather small—not more than five feet six or seven ; but straight as an arrow. His carriage was that of the indolent young Greek, as we see it in statuary ; the head rather forward ; arms free, toes turned in. Such was the general

bearing of Bald Eagle ; but, in council, or on coming near a white man of authority, he would uprear himself to his topmost elevation, as if measuring stature with all about him.

“ His common pace, when he had any object in view, was a kind of loose, long, lazy trot—like that of the wolf, through a light snow. It is a step with which a North-American savage will go, day after day, at the rate of about five miles an hour.

“ At the age of two-and-forty there was not a wrinkle to be found in the face of Bald Eagle ; nor was there any appearance of muscle or sinew in his frame. His whole body was round, smooth, and effeminate. His limbs were daintily made, the joints finely articulated, and his feet remarkably small ; yet, though fashioned so delicately, built up so slightly, there was no man able to stand before him at a wrestling match.

“ His general behaviour was that of a loitering, weak, indolent peaceable creature, whom any body might overlook, or affront, with safety. But, once fully awake, there was no lulling or appeasing the miraculous instinct of the savage. He was capable of enduring incredible fatigue, and was called by the southern tribes, to whom he went repeatedly, as a messenger, from the northern, *Ark-poo-too*—the spirit ; or, literally, the man without a body—*All-heart*. His little keen, sharp, shining eyes were like those of the large black snake—the boa-constrictor of North America : his cheek-bones were high ; his forehead low, narrow and flat—or square ; mouth handsome, broad, and expressive ; teeth uncommonly large—of a startling whiteness, when abruptly, or unexpectedly disclosed ; nostrils wide and vigorous ; nose rather flat ; hair coarse, black and shining, like the mane of a young stallion, roughened, if you will, in the blaze and smoke of battle—or scorched by unholy fires. It was carefully parted from the middle of his head—all the way over—and hung behind, somewhat after the fashion of the squaws, in a large, heavy club,

“ See him when or where you might, unless in the hunting season, or at a time of war, and he was always idling about, before somebody’s great kitchen fire, half asleep, or, under some great old overgrown tree, twisting the tendons of a newly slain deer, for his bow, or splitting them into threads ; polishing white-bone fish-hooks and arrow-heads ; playing with checkers ; or staining slips of ash and willow, for basket work ; feathering arrows ; or working colored beads, and brilliantly dyed porcupine quills, into his bullet pouch, mocassins, or belt.

“ His carriage, dress, and appearance, were pretty much of a piece—at all times—under all circumstances—winter and summer. If he were not lying before the fire, with his dog, or under a tree, he would be lounging about, with a negligent, graceful swing of his whole body, surrounded by a troop of children, a large, loose, dirty blanket ready to fall off, at every step, from his fine square shoulders ; yet, so disposed, nevertheless—with a slovenly, brave air—as to show a sort of scarlet uniform underneath, encumbered with absurd ornaments—large plates of silver, rough medals, wampum, a knife, and a pipe or two—all ringing and rattling together, at every motion of his body.

“ It was amusing enough to see how patiently—how unconcernedly—he would bear the impertinent, annoying, examination of the white people. No matter what was done, or offered ; especially by the children ; they might strip him naked ; or turn him inside out, in a good-natured way—it was all the same to our savage if they would ‘only let him rifle be.’”

The death-song of the chieftain will also form a favorable specimen of this interesting novel.

“ The brave Indian was happy. He lifted his head, smiled, pointed away off to the sea,—grew pale,—recovered,—shook,—prayed our hero to lift him up, with his back to the tree, and his face to the sun ; after which, a low murmur, like that of a

rising, heavy breeze, began to issue from his dead lips, growing clearer and clearer, louder and louder, with every breath, till it became the sweet savage harmony of his tribe—the warrior chant for the grave—the song of death ; while he sat moving his head patiently to and fro, playing with the dead leaves about him, and gathering them with his two hands, till there was enough to bury him, heaped up, within his reach.

“ I am going—I am going ! ” said he, in his own beautiful, rich language, with a measured irregular cadence. “ I am going where the great fire never goes out, where the waters are cool as the waters of the rock, and the bright fish are plentiful as the stars in winter. I am going where the white woman that loved me, and the boy that I begat in the day of my youth, are waiting for me. I am going ! my enemies are there, and they see me ; their warriors know me, and they hide their faces. I am going ! The deer peep out of the wood, the buffaloes take to the plain, and the beavers dive into the water—for they know me. I am going ! The brave that are there rise up to call me ; the women come laughing to meet me ; and the little papooses tumble about in the long warm grass. The black snake and the copperhead have gone to the old rock heaps ; the teeth of the rattle are broken. I am going, loaded with beaver and scalps ; more numerous are they, than the dry red leaves that rustle and blow about me, and far redder with the blood of our foe. I am going ! I am going ! covered with manes of horses, alive with the eyes of cattle I’ve taken. Follow her ! follow her ! strong one—follow her to the place, where the great fire comes up out of the sea. I am going ! I am going ! but her trail is on the dew—her blood upon the grass. Follow her ! follow her ! she has poisoned your blood, poor boy ! poured leprosy into your heart. My dog—he is gone. Bald Eagle is going ! where ? to the white woman—to the place where she keeps our boy. You are no

longer a white heart. I have heard of your valor. With my knife at your throat have I tried it. Red heart, for ever ! call to him ! call to him, there ! I am going ! I am going ! My mother—she beckons to me ; there in the trees. My wife, too, behold her ! the wolf-dog is baying. Thou to thy journey, red heart ! ”

“ Whither ! whither ! in the name of God, whither ! Eagle raised himself up—he was already speechless—turned his dead eyes to the east ; lifted his arm ; and Walter understood him as well as if he had spoken. The fell instinct of the savage made him shudder for the witch. Anon, the body shook all over, the mouth quivered, the large bony arm fell upon the solid rock, and the jaw dropped—while he was looking at our boy, who would not understand the look, or turn away, or leave him, though the right arm of the red man lay without motion, quiet as the grave—the small hand, wide open, just where it fell, pointing to the east ; all the fingers apart ; and his dim eyes peremptory as death. He was only waiting for the boy to set forth on the errand of blood ; for that only—to tear himself away from the tabernacle of wasted flesh, and go with him. But Walter stood motionless before him, refusing to move, till he could resist the supplication of his terrible eyes no longer. Then, he rolled him up in his blanket ; placing his knife, tobacco-pipe, and silver-mounted tomahawk within it ; crossing his arms over them, athwart, upon the bosom, to which they instantly sprang, and adhered, as if they were made of steel. His large eyes were beginning to be obscured by a scarlet film ; yet they followed every motion of our hero, as if they understood and approved it. Then, Walter lifted him up in his arms, wondering at the lightness of his body—it was like that of a little child—and carried him up to the very top of the hill ; and laid him on a high, level rock—in a free wind—over the great sea—as far beyond

the reach of the wild beasts, and as far from the bad earth, as he could; after which, dropping on his knees, and putting his mouth to the bony forehead, convulsively, he attempted to touch the dead eyes, and press down the lids. They were already

stiff, and would not remain shut, after the pressure was off. He could not bear the look of the quenched eyes, their steadiness—he could not. He fell upon the body; and the chill of it struck to his heart, like the north wind."

FRENCH POST HORSES.

AT first sight the generality of the French posters look as unlike anything to go as possible, but it is surprising what a pace they get on with—that is, if you pay the postillions. The shortness of the stages (which seldom exceed from five to eight miles), however, conduces to this, as it is not probable they could keep it up for any length of time. Still if you examine them closely you will find several good points: their legs and feet (though the latter are rather flat) are strong and close jointed; they have strong muscular thighs, and capital backs, ribs and loins, and a small head well set on. Their bad points are their quarters, which are heavy and cross made; and their shoulders and necks are also very heavy, which is much increased by their being kept stallions. They have a good deal of substance in a little space, and the best of them (mind ye we speak of the best) bear a good deal of resemblance to the English cart-cob. They are principally half-bred Norman horses; the prevalent colour is a sort of strawberry roan, but all the best shaped ones that have come under our own inspection have been greys.

It would be of infinite service if the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when he takes off the remainder of the leather tax, would confer it on the Frenchmen. They burthen their poor horses with such loads of leather and wood, as it seems quite sufficient for them to carry their trappings without the addition of drawing a carriage.

In the *Livre de Poste*, there is the following Ordinance: "Le poids

d'une selle avec ses étriers, y compris les menus effets que peuvent contenir les sacoches, est fixé à 20 kil. ou 40 livres. Toute selle qui excéderait ce poids étant dangereuse pour les chevaux, les maîtres de poste sont autorisés à ne pas permettre que les courriers s'en servent." We wonder what Hell-fire Dick at Hounslow would have said if he had been told his saddle was not to weigh *more* than 40lbs.

In speaking of paying the postillions, forty sous per *poste* is the usual thing, but if you wish to get on quick you must give them ten sous per *poste* extra, when they will go any pace you please. They have a slang term on this point which we were some time before we found out, were fly, or up to. Each postillion, before he starts, asks the one you have just paid, "*Combien du Chevalier?*" and if he answers "*quar*," it is the signal he is paid well, and to "*aller bon train*;" but if he gives any other reply you may depend upon five miles an hour. Sometimes, indeed, when *Monsieur le Postillon* is excessively well pleased, he will say instead of *quart* (or four), "as many as you please;" then indeed his successors do splutter, and crack, and shuffle through the next stage at a most tremendous pace, and you accomplish the *poste* in about half the time you might otherwise expect. They are the oddest drivers (except a Hottentot eighteen-in-hand fellow) you possibly can conceive. A few lessons on coupling up, &c. would be of considerable utility. We observe they invariably choose the worst part of

the road, and always pass on the wrong side; and if there happens to be a channel crossing the pavement, instead of pulling up, they charge it as if they were going at Whissendine brook, to the imminent danger of wheels, springs, &c. We being somewhat hasty in our temper, have given them many a hearty curse for it, but they will have their own way. Indeed it is to be presumed that they have some connexion or acquaintance with the wheelwright in the next town, and see no just cause or impediment why he should not have a share of *Milor Anglais'* spare cash as well as themselves. Notwithstanding the apparent want of command over their horses, we have often admired how they will drive to an inch, and also the way in which the Paris carters train their horses to back the great long French carts into the "*portes cochers*" in that city. They have also a very good method of unyoking the leaders of the team, and fastening them to the hinder part of the wagon in going down hill, which relieves the shaft horses wonderfully. The leaders must of course be provided with breechings for this purpose; and we would recommend our wagoners to try the experiment, particularly the heavy west country wagons, the weight of which on the shaft horses in going down hill is very great.

The generality of the French horses are very bad indeed, and the shuffling, shambling sort of pace they teach them, makes them worse than they are. The large Norman breed however, with their arched necks and Roman physiognomy, make very grand looking carriage horses, and we should think a cross of them

with the English blood horse would make good cavalry horses. The small Normans make good hacks, but the best breed for that purpose is the favourite one of Napoleon, the Limousin mares crossed with Arab stallions. We have a little horse of this breed in our possession who has carried us for eight years, and done the work that few horses would have stood so long: and sorry are we to find that he is beginning to fail, as for temper and usefulness he will not easily be replaced. In Paris the Mecklenburg horse is in great request.

They are not bad looking tits, and have a good deal of action, but those we have mounted were sadly deficient in bottom. When we have sported our figure upon one of them in the Champs Elysées, we have cut a great dash on our entrance, but a couple of turns up to the barrier at a smartish canter has brought down their mettle with a vengeance, so that neither the tightened curb nor "the left heel insidiously applied" could restore the bucephalus strut which was so superabundant at our *sortie* from La Place Louis Quinze.

English horses are justly the most thought of in France, but they are extravagantly dear, particularly the showy blood tribe with spider shanks and swish tails.

We were glad to see that in many places the postillions had cashiered their tremendous boots and mounted a pair of moderate jacks; and dare say that it is not absolutely impossible that they some centuries hence may come within a hundred miles of the neat and appropriate turn out of an English post boy and horses.

VARIETIES.

THE INFANT LYRA.

IF only half that is related of this interesting child, apparently about five years of age, be true, she is indeed a prodigy. We are told that,

when in her nurse's arms, at nine months old, a song or tune excited rapture—rapture moderated by exquisite attention—in her infant bosom: that soon afterwards she would

detect the omission or misplacing of a note in running down the gamut ; that at sixteen months old she could sing every tune which she had an opportunity of hearing ; and that, at eighteen months, she could perfectly distinguish between a major and a minor key. Her earliest predilection was for the harp ; and, about fifteen months ago, she played at the Rotunda concerts, in Dublin, before she weighed twenty pounds, and when she was unable to climb the chair on which she sat to perform. Her ear is quick, correct, precise ; and, according to the present mode of her exhibition—four times a day, playing about ten tunes each time—she goes over more than two hundred pages of music every day. By memory alone, she is said to play upwards of six hundred pages. Further, it is said, that about four months after she had begun to perform on the harp, she composed two or three original airs, in chords, with three or four transitions from one key to another, returning back to her first key, according to the strictest rules ; also that, whenever she hears a tune, she puts basses to it according to the most regular laws of music.

We have had the pleasure of hearing this extraordinary child ; and we confess that we were surprised at the force, the firmness, and the delicacy of her touch ; and yet more with the varied expression of her performance. Her eyes, her arms, her whole person, are the very organs of enthusiasm. Her figure is slight, her countenance dark and archly expressive. We should fear that the exertion—the mere physical exertion—of exhibiting four times a-day, would soon prove too much for her infant frame. At present, however, she appears lively, active, intelligent, and in the enjoyment of good health. Her performances are most numerous and fashionably attended.

MRS. JORDAN.

This celebrated actress, like many others who have reached professional eminence, began her career with

the York company, in 1782. She arrived from Dublin with her mother, brother, and sister, and solicited, with great humility an engagement at a moderate salary. The charm of her speaking voice, the languor and dejection of her person, excited the attention of the manager, and she spoke for him a few lines of *Calista*, the *Fair Penitent*, which let him know something of the highly gifted woman before him. The audience viewed her with astonishment and delight, and to exhibit herself with the full charm of contrast, after dying as *Calista*, in a few minutes she frolicked on again in a frock and little mob-cap, to sing the song of the "*Greenwood Laddie*," and poured out that liquid melody, which through life no ear could resist.—She appeared the first night in town with no particular éclat :—one critic thought her vulgar, another conceived that she might do in *Filch* in the *Beggars' Opera*, but denied any great comic requisites. The actress pursued her course, and before the end of the season she had a train of fashionables on her nights, such as had before never assembled their carriages together, but on the performances of the tragic wonder—Mrs. Siddons.

ELLISTON

Made his first appearance at the Haymarket, from the Bath theatre, in the character of Octavian. It was in substance the Octavian of Kemble, some of the subtler spirits flown off, and the loss compensated by the ardour of youth and a voice of very unusual power ; manly beyond the age and figure of the actor. No young man ever exhibited higher promise ; but Elliston, at the very first was as high in the art as he could reach.

MATTHEWS.

What Charles carried away with him from the town into the country, was little beyond the love of mimicry. Incledon told Mr Boaden he found him in Ireland, in the most distressing state that could be imagined.

"It strikes me," says Mr. B., "that Matthews actually formed himself, in a great degree, on the model of the eccentric Tate Wilkinson. On Coleman's first night, he acted the meagre Jabal, in Cumberland's Jew, and followed it by Lingo, in the Agreeable Surprise. Matthews was a nervous man, and, like the class, too much in a hurry to get rid of what he felt embarrassing; but there was enough drollery in his manner, to render him at first a diverting, and soon a favourite actor.

KEAN.

This performer first excited attention by his Shylock, in 1814; but his Richard III. acquired immediately, and retained, the highest rank in his achievements. When Mr. Kemble had seen him, he said to Mr. Boaden, "Our styles of acting are so totally different, that you must not expect me to *like* that of Mr. Kean; but one thing I must say in his favour,—he is at all times terribly in earnest."

THE TROUBADOUR;

Catalogue of Pictures, and Historical Sketches. By L. E. L. Author of "The Improvisatrice."

Miss Landon has again appeared in poetry. All critics seem to have agreed to treat this lady with the gallantry due to her sex, and we shall not break the custom. But in truth she does not need such protection—for this poem of the Troubadour is really so beautiful and graceful, as to demand our applause as a right, not as a compliment. She has much improved not only the easy flow of her verse, but in the still more difficult art of management of her story. But as our readers have, we are sure, ere this read the poem, we shall hold ourselves excused from doing the peculiarly dull office of telling an already told tale. The conclusion, where she alludes to some circumstances personally respecting herself, is very engaging, and occasionally pathetic. We shall extract the passage where she describes the conception of her second poem. She had just told us

that she had composed her first, the Improvisatrice, "on a summer hill," and had felt great delight at its unexpected reception, and the general incense bestowed upon it. And now

"Back to the summer hill again,
When first I thought upon this strain,
And music rose upon the air,
I look'd below, and, gather'd there,
Rode soldiers with their breast-plates

glancing,
Helmets and snow-white feathers dancing,
And trumpets at whose martial sound
Prouder the war-horse trod the ground,
And waved their flag with many a name
Of battles and each battle fame.
And as I marked the gallant line
Pass through the green lane's serpentine,
And as I saw the boughs give way
Before the crimson pennons' play;
To other days my fancy went,
Call'd up the stirring tournament,
The dark-eyed maiden who for years
Kept the vows seal'd by parting tears,
While he who owned her plighted hand
Was fighting in the Holy Land.
The youthful knight with his gay crest,
His lady's scarf upon a breast
Whose truth was kept, come life, come
death,—

Alas! has modern love such faith?
I thought how in the moon-lit hour
The minstrel hymn'd his maiden's bower,
His helm and sword changed for the lute
And one sweet song to urge his suit.
Floated around the moated hall,
And donjon keep, and frowning wall;
I saw the marshall'd hosts advance,
I gazed on banner, brand, and lance;
The munnur of a low song came
Bearing one only worshipp'd name;
And my next song, I said, should be
A tale of gone-by chivalry."

The minor poems subjoined to the Troubadour are very pretty. One, the subject of which is Hannibal's Vow, is particularly striking. Miss L. bids fairly to be an ornament of our poetry.

FEMALE TALKATIVENESS.

The celebrated Buxtorf, in his Hebrew Lexicon, informs us that the name of our first mother "*Eve*," is derived from a word which signifies "to talk." Upon this derivation, and the original meaning of this word, the Rabbinical writers have constructed the following fable.

"On a certain occasion, there fell from heaven twelve large baskets, filled in a manner similar to Pandora's box, but with very different ma-

terials. They did not, like her's, contain bodily diseases, but an affliction of another species. They were stored with '*chit-chat*.' Upon their descent, a general scramble took place between the two sexes who inhabited the earth, but the ladies being more active, were more successful than the men, and picked up *nine* of them, which they instantly secured, and, with sacrilegious care, transmitted to their female descendants."

FINE ENGRAVING.

An exceedingly curious, tasteful, and highly-finished little engraving on steel, by Williamson, has appeared. Within an oval of two inches and an eighth, by one inch and a quarter, is a representation of the crucifixion—three crosses—with the dove, the triangular emblem, &c. The wonder of the picture, however, is a legible engraving of the Lord's Prayer in the centre of a halo, only one-eighth of an inch in diameter, over the head of Christ! In the lower compartment of a richly-ornamented square border, is seen the Last Supper; Faith, Hope, and Charity appearing on the sides and top.

THE DELUGE.

The Sandwich Islanders have a vague belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, and a future state of rewards and punishments—in good and bad spirits—in the influence of the moon—in the portents of dreams, &c. Their tradition of a universal deluge is as follows:—

"A certain man, many thousand moons ago, was fishing in the sea, and by some curious fatality caught the Spirit of the waters upon his hook, and dragged him, to his great astonishment, out of the living element. The consequences of this rash act were destructive to the whole country, the spirit having declared in his anger, that he would cause a general deluge; yet, in pity to the unintentional author of the misfortune, he allowed him to escape with his wife to the summit of Mounah-roah, the mountain in Owhyhee, where he

remained till after the deluge had subsided, and was thus preserved."

PHŒBE HESSEL.

The father of Phœbe Hessel was a drummer in the king's service; he took Phœbe with him to Flanders at an early age, where her mother dying, the father disguised the child as a boy, and taught her the fife; in the practice of which she acquired a great proficiency, so as to be admitted into the regiment, where, after a length of time, (for what reason is not stated,) she became of the ranks, and in battle received a wound, in dressing of which the surgeon discovered her sex, and she was invalided on a small pension.

The following is a copy of the inscription placed on the tombstone of Phœbe Hessel:

In memory of
PHŒBE HESSEL,
Who was born at Stepney, in the year 1713.
She served, for many years,
As a Private Soldier in the 5th Regiment of
Foot,
In different parts of Europe,
And in the year 1745, fought under the command
Of the Duke of Cumberland,
At the battle of Fontenoy,
Where she received a Bayonet Wound in
her arm.
Her long life, which commenced in the
Reign of Queen Anne, extended to George
the Fourth,
By whose munificence she received
Comfort and support in her latter years.
She died at Brighton, where she had long
resided,
December 12th 1821,
Aged 108 years—
And lies buried here.

COVERING FOR HOUSES, &c.

After a roof is shingled or thatched, take hot pitch, and, as you put it on, mix fine sand with it, as much as it will take in; the pitch being laid on hot, will fill every crevice, and the sand upon it will form a cement. Should one coat appear not sufficient, a second may be laid on; but experience has shown that one coat, well laid on, will keep the roof secure against beating rains, or drifting snows, for years.

SPIRIT

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[VOL. 4, N. S.]

RETROSPECT OF THE EFFORTS AND PROGRESS OF MANKIND DURING THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

[SEE PAGE 17.]

ENGLAND.

BUT, whatever pain the fate of those three illustrious nations must cause us, let us not," says M. de Sismondi, "despair of the human race:—do not let us despair of these very nations. The aggregate of mankind advances, whilst these recede. It will continue to advance, and ultimately draw them also into its course.

"And, first, England alone," continues our liberal panegyrist, "may suffice to reanimate our hopes:—England! which has nobly placed itself at the head of those who are advancing in the march of human intellect!—England! which teaches us how the development of liberty may be united with morality and the cultivation of the mind; and with all its ancient institutions, and its deep-rooted habits of subordination. Do not let us listen to morose satirists—men who, amidst a thousand shining qualities, can only find out faults; neither let us listen to those, who, mistaking their jealousy for patriotism, think to exalt France by abasing its rival. We have profited very little from the events of which we have been witnesses, if we have not learnt that the nations have ceased to be rivals—that we have now one interest, and one only struggle:—it is with those who wish to induce us to go backward. The progress of

our neighbours is a beginning of triumph for ourselves.

"England, indeed, learnt this lesson of the age somewhat tardily. Its cabinet, attached to the old system of policy, of which many able men are yet scarcely divested, nearly lost the advantage of this ascendancy, by consulting the absurd and demoralizing maxims of rivalry. For a long time, it acted in the persuasion, that the enemies of its enemies were its friends—and saw, at Waterloo, the reins of Europe escaping from its hold. Previous to that battle, the English were the chiefs of the coalition—immediately afterwards, they were only its paymasters. The allies of twenty years gave the British Cabinet to understand, that, having no longer any occasion for its assistance, they no longer esteemed its counsels.

"Then it was, (under the weight of an enormous debt, contracted for others more than for herself—in the midst of a commercial revolution which threatened to destroy her riches,) that England showed the resources of a nation, which has never failed, at the same time, to unfold its knowledge, its liberties, and its virtues. The sceptre of Europe, which England thought she held fast, was broken in her hands; but, in its place, she seized the torch by which she has enlightened the rest of the

world. Asia, Africa and America are approaching the era of civilization—and it is to the English that they owe their progress.

“We might object to England, the excessive inequality of rank and fortune—the corruption of her elections—the growing influence of Ministers—the enormous expense of law-suits, which, in some degree, shut out the poor* from the courts of justice; but we cannot say that England loses her liberty.† We are far from denying the existence of errors. We are far from desiring the adjournment of reforms. Those which have been effected, render others still more necessary—they make the contrast more shocking between the remains of ancient barbarism and the improvements of an enlightened age. But, such as she is, England holds the first rank among nations, by the combination of liberty, knowledge and virtue—by the continued enjoyment of these advantages—by the progress which she

continues to make in them all—by that empire of opinion, which every day becomes more powerful—by that extension of national education, which diffuses knowledge among the most numerous classes of the people, which causes them to understand the interests of their country, and to act up to the dictates of reason and morality.

“Not only is England freer than she was five-and-twenty years ago, *but she understands the principles of liberty much better*; ‡ she makes a better use of it; and she is always willing to receive more.”||

SWEDEN, &c.

The Lesser States of Europe may be more briefly dismissed. Of *Sweden*, suffice it to say—that its government, from its novelty, can only be sustained by an intimate union with the interests of the people. *Holland* is endeavouring to combine the advantages of recent experience with the exemplary remembrances of antiquity. *Switzerland*, astonished to find, that, after so many noble efforts,

* And even those of moderate fortunes; or involve them, frequently, in ruin, even by the attainment of their suits.—EDIT.

† Her liberties are, however, in a variety of insidious, and in some sufficiently open and glaring ways, invaded. Act after act is passed, abridging or abolishing some ancient constitutional right, or traditional privilege. Fortunately at the same time, the diffusion of knowledge, at least, keeps pace with the encroachments and the pretensions of power. The sphere of intelligence is constantly and rapidly extending, in numbers as well as objects; and we have still some portion of that best modification of the *sovereignty of the people*,—the *sovereignty of the opinion of the informed*: a description now no longer confined to the opulent and privileged few; but extended, in no small degree, even to the working classes. If the mouth is less free in the choice of popular opportunities, and popular association more restrained, the press is infinitely more diffused—and opinion, thus enlightened, is a sort of paramount law. Acts of Parliament become, in some degree, dead letter, when inconsistent with the general sentiment and feeling of the nation. At least, we could enumerate several which it is never thought prudent to act upon—that have been carried rather for the name, than the exertion, of power: or which are hung up *in petto*, for a time, should it ever come, when necessity and expediency should go hand in hand for their enforcement.

New expedients are found, through the medium of this growing intelligence, in proportion as old privileges are abridged, and means are multiplied for the assertion and maintenance of our rights. The government and the people seem to run a race; in which, upon the whole, the latter contrive somehow to keep the start; and, speaking generally, it perhaps may be true, that we are advancing, rather than retrograding, in actual liberty. Nor is it more than justice to say, that, at least, several of the members of the Government seem actuated by liberal principles, upon many important points, which, though they have not popular liberty for their object, cannot fail, eventually, to conduct towards that goal.—EDIT.

‡ This, at least, is a great and cogent truth; and that, which a nation understands, she will ultimately attain.—EDIT.

|| We have taken no liberties with the passage that relates to England. We wish our countrymen to see how a writer in a French Review can speak of our once calumniated and hostile country; and that writer no less a star in the hemisphere of Gallic literature than J. C. L. de Sismondi.—EDIT.

she has slumbered for five generations, is also awakened to a progressive movement. But it is not, perhaps, desirable that we should show wherein the weak have the vantage-ground of the strong; or how much their example proves that liberty, knowledge and virtue are intimately connected; and that, when one develops itself, the progress of the two others is inevitable. They can ill defend themselves against the jealousy and the hostility their example is calculated to awaken. The evil eye of Austria is already on the free institutions of the Swiss Cantons. Even their simple poverty cannot be regarded without envious rancour. They are republican:—a sound ungracious to the ears of retrograding despotism.

RUSSIA.

Even the colossus, which stretches its oppressive stride over Europe, is itself in a state of progression.

Russia beholds not only the number of its inhabitants daily increasing, with astonishing rapidity; but their riches, their knowledge, their moral feelings, and even their rights, extending also. In the state of absolute barbarism and ignorance in which this nation was plunged, it could not, all at once, enjoy the prerogative of a civilized community. Precipitation, in the concession of privileges, would have been dangerous to the people. But this is a reproach which few governments will merit. Nevertheless, instruction spreads rapidly in *Russia*, and the government favours it; the nobility co-operate, by their patronage, by their reading, and by their travels, in the progress of Europe. The peasantry, in their turn, have been enlightened by a collision which could not fail to awaken their sluggish sensibilities. They have spread over Europe as soldiers, and learned to estimate the advantages enjoyed by more civilized people. On their return to their fire-sides, they brought with them thousands of French, Italian, and German prisoners, who filled their ears with the name of liber-

ty; while the government, on the other hand, by a hazardous experiment, in its military colonies, constituted a class who not only had rights, but have the strength that may render them available.

Morality ought to keep pace with the promulgation of knowledge. It is, without doubt, in this respect that the Russians are most backward; but if the gradual emancipation of the people proceed, the time is not far distant when the civil, military and judicial administration of *Russia* will cease to be the most corrupt and mercenary, and the population the most demoralized in the universe.

In spite of its internal progress, *Russia* has frequently employed its strength and credit to aid and hasten the retrograde movement amongst other people. False policy has misled them; and powers more advanced in the career of knowledge than they, have not been exempt from the same mistake. Civilization may not, for some time, be complete in the Russian armies; but the progress, alone, of its strength, ought to be considered as a foundation for the hopes of humanity: for this progress indicates, also, that of liberty and morals. The time is not far distant when the Russians will become really an European nation; and when they will no longer employ themselves in destroying every thing that is connected with the knowledge and liberty, and, therefore, with the virtue of mankind.—A time, however, to which England ought to look forward, not with the jealousy of prevention (if that were practicable), but with the wisdom of preparation: and, chiefly, by assisting, in all possible ways, the freedom and civilization of other nations. Every nation—every people that *Russia*, by position or circumstance, can menace, if free and independent, is, operatively, the ally of England; and the time must come, when *Russia* will be the rival of England, even on her favourite element.—Already her influence preponderates in the politics of the continent; and it does so in consequence of the dependance

and thralldom of those states which England ought to have preserved, while she had yet the power, from being compelled to retrograde from the course of Liberty and Independence.

GREECE.

But Greece is also a part of Europe. It is becoming once more an interesting and important part. That glorious Greece, which, groaning for centuries under the most degrading and cruel oppression, first sought for *virtue* in the sacrifice of every interest to the preservation of Christianity; and for *knowledge*, by intercourse with European nations; and which must owe its *liberty* to the influence of both;—Greece makes us feel that the days of heroism are not yet gone; and that the feeblest nations, when firm and determined, are “masters of their fates.”

What then would those persons have whose wishes are hostile to Greece? Do they wish the encouragement of apostacy? The Turks, to be sure, recompense the apostate, by according to him the pardon of his crimes, the inheritance of the Christian family whom he defrauds (as we did formerly the apostate—*convert* was our more orthodox term—from Catholicism in Ireland!) and admitting him to honour and power. Do our Christian potentates desire that the sons and daughters of the Christian Greeks should still be at the mercy of the Turks?—the victims of their shameful debauches!—that the only privilege accessible to the descendants of those, to whom we are indebted for all that still kindles our energies and awakens our intellectual emulation, should be, what has been so long reserved to the Fanariotes—power bought by perfidy, exercised for pillage, and soon lost in the fatal snares of treachery, or strangled in the bowstring? Do they desire that Grecian commerce, the only mean for the acquisition of wealth in Greece, should continue to be polluted by the rapacity and perfidy with which they themselves so loudly reproach the

Grecian character; but to which, the excess of oppression has alone reduced, and from which their liberation can alone redeem them? Do they wish that the only resource of the heroism of that once-glorious people should continue to be their becoming *klephts*, or robbers? and that all distinction between just and unjust, should be eradicated from their hearts, by the mercenary spirit of Turkish tribunals? Is this the moral and intellectual state which they would preserve and perpetuate in the land of Themistocles, Aristides and Epaminondas!

The Grecians are the most ingenious people upon the earth; but, since they have been crushed, by the government they are now endeavouring to destroy, they have not added one mite to the common stock of civilization, science and discovery—to the general treasury of arts or literature; and the world is impoverished by all the sum of intellect and ingenuity, which their long-continued oppression has been permitted to prevent them from contributing.—But how should Greece do any thing for the common progress of the human race? We prevent its becoming civilized!—we shut it out from the lights of intelligence and morality!—we do not allow it to profit by the knowledge, which, to the least and last of us, is laid open in the glorious expanse of liberty!

But, perhaps, to virtue and intellect, those first prerogatives of our species, the friends of the Turks prefer more solid advantages—such as peace and riches. But, is it the peace of Greece that they would preserve, or restore? Where the scimitar of the Mussulman reigns supreme—where a barbarous soldiery conducts itself, as, for four hundred years, it has conducted itself, as the rapacious scourge of an enslaved people; where great; and once wealthy and populous cities are reduced to a mass of ruins, and ancient villages disappear—without new ones to replace them; where nothing is repaired, nothing rebuilt, nothing

planted, and nothing weeded—where population is wasted away to less than its twentieth part, and still continues to waste away, there is no peace. It is war, war, exterminating war, that constitutes, and has always constituted, and always would constitute, the *settled* order, the *legitimate* sway, of Turkish domination over its Grecian provinces:—War divested, indeed, of the heroism of its open daring, and of the gallantry of equal terms and equal hazard;—war with all the base and dastardly characteristics of assassination;—a war of armed and organized might against the naked and defenceless; but it is war still, in all its most deadly attributes and destructive consequences; nor ever can there be *peace* for the Grecian race but in emancipation and independence.

Certainly, we should have thought, we calumniated even the partizans of the retrograde system, in supposing them to be interested in behalf of the Turks; or that they could wish to see reduced again, to the state of the slaves of the Turkish government, those who have already half broken their chains; and yet the conduct of the great continental courts betrays but too much repugnance to the prospect of Grecian emancipation.

The cry of Europe, however, is unanimous for the deliverance of Greece; though the greater part of those who dispose of its force and its treasures refuse their aid. In only two countries of Europe—that which has the least liberty, and that which has the most, have public journals been known to advocate the cause of the Turks. As for *Beobachter* (*Der Österreichische Beobachter*, the *Austrian Observer*, published by Strauss at Vienna,) his conscience is not his own: we must not ask him for an account of his actions. In England, on the other hand, (though the reproach is far from general,) unworthy sentiments, and disgraceful passions find their periodical and their diurnal channels. But it could not be otherwise. As there are men, here, as elsewhere, who desire neither

liberty, virtue, nor knowledge, there must also be journalists who speak for them,—such as the *New Times*, and occasionally the *Courier*. As, in the mine, spiracles are formed to give passage to the mephitic exhalations, that the miner may pursue his thrift; so the evil passions of these *political mephites* must have their vents; while wiser and more benignant agents pursue the vein, and work out the ore of truth.

But the progress of civilization is not confined to Europe alone; all the universe participates in the impulse; and in this quarter of a century the development has been prodigious.

BRITISH INDIA.

With respect to India, where, 100,000,000 of natives are kept in subjection by less than 40,000 British subjects (civil and military included,) the causes that retard and counteract the Progressive System are various and stubborn: but let us not hastily conclude that it is quite stationary, much less that even India retrogrades.

The East India Company, it is true, places itself, with its charter, as a barrier between the English nation and this its anomalous dependency. It strictly prohibits the planting of English colonies; and still, though not as absolutely as heretofore, restricts all commerce to its own monopoly: and, by the prevention of all intercourse between Britain and this vast portion of what, nevertheless, is *called* the British empire, but that which is carried on by its own agents and dependants (the subjects and vassals, removable and banishable at the pleasure of of this commercial oligarchy!) it at once precludes the English from all *direct* advantage from their immense Asiatic possessions, and India itself from those advantages of science and illumination, which it ought, at least, to receive, as some compensation for the subjugation in which it is held by a more civilized and enlightened nation.

Nevertheless, in spite of all these impediments, English intelligence is perhaps of some advantage to India. It is a lighthouse, whose rays just pierce through the mists and darkness at an immense distance—a beacon that glimmers, faintly, it is true, upon the eye, but occasionally discloses the shadows of interposing objects, and gives some idea of the course of discovery that might be pursued.

The social system in Hindostan is not much better than that of the West-Indies. But it is improving. Even the sovereign monopoly of Leadenhall Street is not entirely independent of the paramount sovereignty of popular opinion; and the merchant-kings of this vast dependency are compelled, in some degree, to listen to the voice of the English people. That voice is unanimously in favour of India—partly from the honest feeling of national liberality and benevolence, and partly from the jealousy pretty generally entertained of “the Honourable Company,” whose chartered monopoly is regarded as alike injurious to the general interests of commerce, and to the consumers of the imported produce,—the supply and price of which in the market the monopolists, it is supposed, enhance and control, in some degree, at discretion.

Certain it is, that, whatever has been done for the advantages of India, has been done through the influence of popular opinion in England: an influence that will become greater in proportion as it shall be understood that government is not a

mere enterprize of commercial speculation, in which profits and losses are to be computed by pounds, shillings and pence; but that, as between government and people, there is a reciprocation of duties; so, between a nation and its dependencies, there is a like reciprocation also: and that, as on the part of the governed, the claims of *right* are primary and predominant; so, on the part of the governors, the *duties* are most imperious.* They have a royal task—a sacred duty to fulfil.

In whatsoever manner the power may have fallen into the hands of him who exerts it, his mission is the same. He ought to employ this power entirely for the welfare of the people committed to his charge: not only for their physical welfare, and their prosperity, but for their moral and intellectual advancement. The Company is accountable to England, England is accountable to humanity, for the eighty, or a hundred millions of fellow-beings, of whose destinies it has made itself the absolute disposer. To this vast number of the human species it owes knowledge, virtue, happiness and freedom: it owes, to say the least, all the advantages of its own vaunted institutions. We do not mean to say, that this mighty duty can be discharged all at once. Time is necessary to draw the people of India from their deep degradation: but the will is necessary also; and the will of *the Company* is, that all should remain stationary. It is the will of the English Nation that must counteract this perverseness. Unfortunately, however, generally speaking, the

* This is a proposition that seems never to have been placed, with sufficient clearness, in a proper point of view. Yet nothing can be more certain, than that, as the sole legitimate object of the institution of government is the preservation of the rights of the people, the duties of the governors are absolute—those of the people only conditional. The former may be at liberty to abdicate their authority, and leave the people to choose another government: but they are not at liberty, (morally considered) to neglect their duties to the people, while they continue to hold their offices. The people, on the contrary, owe no duties to their governors, but in consideration of the duties their governors perform; and, if those duties are neglected, *morally*, they owe them none. The duties of a nation towards its dependencies are, in fact, still more imperious: for those dependencies, as they are called, are, in reality, possessions seized by fraud or violence; and the superior state has an injury to atone, as well as duties to discharge.—EDIT.

will of the Government coincides with the Company. There have been, nevertheless, some glorious exceptions, particularly during the late administration of the Marquis of Hastings.

Of the natives of subject India, the greater mass follow the worship of Brahma ;—the descendants of their former conquerors, the Moguls, are Mohamedans. Other religions are professed only by strangers. Experience has sufficiently demonstrated that both these religions are hostile to the development of the moral and intellectual faculties—to patriot feeling and the love of liberty. Even the sublimity of the abstract idea of the God of Islamism—the Spirit of power and goodness, in whose eye charity is the first duty of the faithful, is perverted by the despotism and priestcraft which have contrived to identify themselves with the religion of Mohamed ; and wherever that religion is professed, sullen fanaticism, and the hatred of all progressive knowledge, are substituted in the place of duty.

The religion of Brahma is still more fatal to the human species. It has so permanently and so pertinaciously substituted usages for virtues, that its followers have no other conception of religion and morality ; while many of its ceremonies are so disgusting and so horrible, as necessarily to banish from the heart all the sympathies of humanity : while the division into castes, and the invincible aversion and horror with which those castes regard each other, and the inveterate persuasion that all change or improvement is a sacrilege offensive to the Divinity, seem to defy all hope of progressive civilization.

Nevertheless, the English know full well, that they are not, and cannot be, invested with any power to command the religious opinions of

their Indian subjects. But their proper respect for this principle is not contrary to their duty as men and Christians—to inspire, by all practicable means, their subjects with a love of knowledge—to raise them imperceptibly from their superstitious degradation—and to prevent, by public authority, actions atrociously contrary to all moral duties and obligations.

“The English, are, at present,” says Mr Sismoudi, “animated by a religious zeal, and an ardor of proselytism, of which there is no example in the history of nations ; so that their very language is rarely free from the cant, or affectation of devotion.”* The operation, however, of this proselytizing zeal is completely stopped in India, by the interest which the East India Company takes in preventing the progress of civilization and knowledge amongst its subjects : and, in 1813, a Member of Parliament connected with the India-house was not ashamed, in the House of Commons, openly to oppose all attempts for the introduction of Christianity into India, because “of the advantages of the institution of the castes, to suppress the desires of ambition, and the impatience of obedience ;” nor was he without distinguished seconders and supporters in this most anti-christian doctrine. “There is nothing in the history of the world,” exclaimed another parliamentary orator, “nor is it likely there ever should again, like the Hindoo system of castes, for keeping a people in subjection, and securing the continuance of our government,”—therefore no Christianity !!

Could humanity have conceived—could common decency have suggested—could slander have devised, or credulity itself have believed, that such doctrines have been held—such maxims avowed, in the Parliament

* We have followed here, by close translation, the language of Mr Sismoudi ; because we deem it good that we should know what so enlightened a foreigner thinks of us in this respect. In what follows, (as in several other parts), we have not scrupled to take considerable liberties, both of abbreviation and addition.

of a Christian country? Yet no vote of that Parliament marked the principle with reprobation, or gain-sayed its operation; and the practice has been conformable with the theory. The spoil of India, is still more sacred than its civilization, or the diffusion of the blessings of that religion in which its rulers *profess* to believe. The gloomy superstition of Islamism, and the cruel idolatry of Brahma, continue to be cherished, that a hundred millions of souls may be kept in ignorance, servility and abasement; and, among a thousand other frightful consequences of this Moloch system, five or six hundred widows are annually burnt alive, under the very eyes, as it were, and with the tacit concurrence of the *Christian* merchant-government of British India.

But a glorious reformation, nevertheless, began to spread, during this quarter of a century, from a direction least to have been expected, among the Hindoos. Ram Mohun Roy, a Brahmin, whom those who are acquainted with India, agree in representing as one of the most virtuous and most enlightened amongst men, is endeavouring to bring his countrymen to the worship of one only God, and to the union of morality and religion. His flock is small, but it is daily increasing. He communicates to the Indians the progress which the Europeans make; and he is called, with greater justice than the missionaries, the faithful apostle of Christianity. He had undertaken a periodical publication in his language, not with any views of interest, to which his large fortune renders him superior,—but for the advancement of civilization, and in which he was encouraged by the late Governor, the Marquis of Hastings. But in the month of April 1823, Mr. Adam, the new Governor-General, in concert with the Judge of Calcutta, Macnaghten, suppressed all liberty of the press, and forced the illustrious Ram Mohun Roy to renounce his journal.

The East-India Company and the English government seem equally

desirous that the economical and political condition of the people should remain unchanged. As, in an army of 160,000 Indians, they will not permit a native of the country to be raised above the rank of a serjeant; neither will they, in the regulation of so many millions of men, ever confide the least power, either civil or political, to an Indian; and they look with mistrust upon every man who rises above the rank of a mechanic. Yet, amidst all these discouragements, man vegetates and population abounds; and while the British Isles sustain only about 17,000,000, Bengal alone, within the same territorial space, contains 30,000,000. For them, however, and the countless millions beside, who inhabit the vast and fertile regions of India, the hopes of progressive improvement, in all that should belong to man, are again obscured; and what was begun by the munificent virtue and piety of the Brahmin, Ram Mohun Roy, can be regarded only as a few seeds of promise scattered over a vast and reluctant soil. May it take root there, spring up again and germinate, and be imperishable, till, in the favoring season, it may flourish, without check or bias, and its progressive branches strike again into the earth, till, like the banian of the clime, every tree becomes a forest! Even in India, the last quarter of a century has done something in furnishing the grounds of such a hope for the progressive system.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

On this third continent (for so, from its extent, larger much than Europe, it might be called), the cradle, perhaps, of future nations, it would be premature to expatiate: but, sullied as it is by the impure materials of which its colonies are composed, its temperate clime, assisted by the quickening power of England, appears already to give promise of residence to a numerous and civilized population; and, from the refuse of jails and brothels, perhaps, may spring a race, destined to spread and improve the arts, the in-

tellect, and the virtues of Europe, over regions heretofore scarcely sprinkled with a few wretched hordes, or families, of the most degraded and least humanized savages that ever wore the form, without aspiring to the habitudes of man. Science and intellect, even now, are finding fresh resources there. Even literature has its obligations to acknowledge from the same quarter.

AFRICA.

The colonies of the *Cape of Good Hope* and *Sierra Leone*, (in spite of the political jobbing—the inherent vice which infects every project, however enlightened or benignant in its general aim, of the British Government,—which has thwarted the prosperity of the former, and of the disastrous affair with the Ashantees, which has clouded the reputation of the latter) will, by degrees, carry the knowledge, civilization and virtue, which liberty and European intelligence have fostered in the parent state, into the interior of this barbarous and benighted quarter of the globe; and retrieve the crimes which Europe, too long, has perpetrated against the Negro race. The veil is yet too thick to be distinctly penetrated by any but prophetic eyes; but “coming events” are obscurely shadowed in semblances that may at least encourage a reasonable anticipation.

HAITI.

The course followed by the new *Sable Nation*, in St. Domingo, during this portion of the age, is a subject for the greatest triumph to humanity. The sons of Africa have proved that they are men; that they have a right to freedom, because they have the capability of appreciating knowledge and virtue. Europe’s most deadly crime transported the Africans into the islands of America; a succession of crimes keeps them there, in bondage, and renders them ferocious. If they rush into crime, when breaking their chains, the responsibility rests entirely upon those who forged them.

As long as slavery existed in St. Domingo, immorality and ignorance were in proportion to the absolute privation of liberty. In the islands where slavery still exists, almost all the masters openly oppose the marriage of their slaves, their conversion to Christianity, and the establishment of schools to teach them to read.

Since Haiti has become free, and the negroes have been their own masters, their ardour for instruction has been even greater than was their ardour for emancipation.—Twenty-five years have been sufficient to transform those, whom we considered brutes, into a humane and civilized nation; where schools are opening in every part; where the mind is making rapid progress; where, in spite of the climate, every year is marked by improvement, in manners, knowledge, and industry; where crime is rare; where justice is administered with promptitude and impartiality; where agriculture and commerce prosper; where riches are fast accumulating; where the population has doubled, even amidst the terrific wars which accomplished and followed the most astonishing of revolutions. This is what emancipated negroes have done in twenty-five years; whilst in the east of Europe, an all-powerful government, repelling the knowledge of its neighbours, and its own experience, has, during four centuries, held half its provinces in servitude, barbarism and poverty—because it will abjure all progress of improvement, although strength, riches and renown are proffered to the other half in dower.

SOUTH AMERICA.

But the most gigantic step which human nature has made during the last few years, is the emancipation of five great republics in America—*COLOMBIA*, *BUENOS AYRES*, *CHILI*, *PERU* and *MEXICO*—each surpassing in extent the space occupied by the civilization of the ancient world, three centuries ago. Already, they begin to increase in power

and riches, which may place them, ultimately, on a par with the first order of states.

In these vast regions, which, from mistaken policy, their former government retained in ignorance, barbarism and poverty, in order to ensure their obedience, every European, though of a country allied to Spain, who entered without permission, was declared guilty of a capital crime; every vessel in distress, which, driven by the tempest, sought an asylum in their ports, was confiscated, and its crew thrown into dungeons, whence they never returned. Now, the ports of both Americas, spread for four thousand miles along the coast, are open to every nation. The English and the North Americans avail themselves most of this hospitality, enjoying thence the advantages of an extensive commerce, and spreading, in return, arts, intellect and social knowledge. Formerly, an American could arrive at no power; every place of honour, profit, or confidence was sold by auction at Madrid; now, every course is open, and places and promotion are given to those who make the ablest efforts to show their title to the confidence of their fellow-citizens. Formerly, no university, no public schools were allowed! no book could be admitted without the preliminary sanction of the Inquisition; and it is not five years since a father was excommunicated at Chili, for having taught his daughter French! Now, all kinds of studies are encouraged; the press is free; every state and province rivals another, in the establishment of new schools. Formerly, the cultivation of the vine and the olive were forbidden, and the manufacture of every article of merchandize which Spain could supply; now, every kind of industry and commerce is protected; the revenues are doubled and quadrupled every year. Formerly, bull-baitings and the refinements of cruelty were encouraged by the governors, and indulged in all the principal towns, to an extent un-

precedented, even in Spain; and in 1820, Lima still echoed with the mad exulting cries of men, women and children, at these spectacles of blood—mingled with the agonizing shrieks of bulls and horses, and the *Toreadors*: now, wherever the patriots have been triumphant, such savage and brutifying pastimes are abolished. The slavery of the Indians and negroes, accustomed them to despise their fellow-men, and to abuse the advantage which their castes and classes gave them; but now, slavery is abolished in all the republics, and mankind have become one family.

Without doubt, there remains much to be done towards maturing the organization of these new republics; for neither was it practicable nor desirable that every thing should be done at once: and it would be unjust and absurd to expect a government to arrive at perfection in the very outset—to be mature at the hour of birth. All we ought to expect is, that it is advancing, and will advance; we shall not reproach it for advancing so slowly, if this slowness be the effect of prudence, and it avoids thereby the hazard of effecting nothing, by the multiplicity of the innovations it attempts. The portion of America heretofore Spanish has no longer any obstacle, in the nature of its government, to its progression; but it still has much in the unformed character of the people. Ignorance, intolerance and ferocity, are not instantly reformed by the overthrow of the government by which they were engendered; and it is to be expected that they will long repel many of the benefits of civilization which their newly-acquired liberty offers to them. But let us not, therefore, be alarmed or discouraged. The tree is planted on a fertile soil; it must grow—it must blossom, and the fruit will eventually mature.

Such is the aggregato picture which the great tablet of the world

exhibits, of the progress of the recent eventful quarter of a century, and the present state of the struggle between the Progressive and the Retrograde systems.

But it will, perhaps, be said, that it has not been the object, and cannot have been the object, even of the *great leaders* of the retrograde system, to wage war throughout the universe with knowledge, liberty, and morality.

Perhaps it was not so. Perhaps the evil that is done is never the object, even of the most evil doer. His object is only the imagined good, which he hopes to obtain through the means of the evil deed; and the evil, or the *degree* of the evil, of the deed itself, is obscured from his perception, by the eagerness with which he seeks his end. In many instances, it is not to be doubted that the delusions of self-love, and the magnified proportions of the nearer objects of attachment and intercourse, as of the eye, shut out the perception of what is more remote, and produce a perverse partiality, even of the understanding itself: and the seeming good of what is nearest to our thoughts, appears to be the good of all. The court and his courtier's are the monarch's world; their happiness is to him the happiness of mankind; and when they increase in luxury, pomp and splendour, the nation, to his thought, is wealthy, and the people prosper: though, perhaps, the magnificence of the former has been wrung, by spoil and oppression, from the latter. Perhaps, also, some of the master-movers of the retrograde system have deceived themselves, as they have frequently deceived their simple followers, and have affirmed what ought to be true, till they believed it to be so,—that they are not enemies either to the happiness or the progress of the human race; that they are only enemies to precipitation; that they only require time to do deliberately and wisely the good they intend, that so it may be done well. But then, unfortunately, the time, even for beginning to do it,

never comes. Eternity would not suffice for the deliberation of their process. The greater part of them, however, loudly declare, that the liberty established among them is sufficient, if not too great, already. They approve of knowledge, provided it be confined to the upper classes; thus destroying emulation even among them, and refusing the exercise of reason to the people. They profess, also, their zeal for morality, and talk about religion; but always modify the one, so that those only who govern may profit by it, and the obligations of it bind only the governed: while the other is to preach resignation and submission to the people, and to impose no restrictions on their own gratifications, indulgences and aggressions.

“Speak to the people of their duties, but never of their rights,” said one of Napoleon's ministers to the compiler of a sort of a *village* newspaper. “Since you will write upon politics,” said the same minister, on another occasion, “take care how you speak of the duties of government towards the people; but insist upon the rights of the chief, and of his delegates, to the respect and obedience of his subjects.” Do not *our* ministers and scribes, nay, our ministers of religion, and the compilers, too often, of what are called religious tracts, preach the same doctrines? But the upholders of this retrograde doctrine are neither counsellors fit for the throne, nor ministers fit for the altar. Both the one and the other ought to know how to teach both kings and courtiers, aye, and the people too, that rights and duties are reciprocal; that the objects alike of government, of morality and of religion, are to advance the progress of man, to assist the progress of knowledge, and the improvement of morals—to elevate man still higher above the servile brute, and bring him nearer to perfection—to make him wiser, happier and better.

If monarchs, however, have perverted their own understandings, let us not permit them to pervert ours. Let

us use the reason we have, to combat with the sophistry of those who would misdirect us : and the knowledge and the liberty we have acquired, as the means of attaining more : and, though absolute perfection be not attainable, let us press boldly on in progress towards it ; and do our best to make the quarter of a century, that is before us, more illustrative of the advance of human wisdom, virtue and liberty,

than that which we have left behind : opening wider and wider, to the view of posterity, the prospect of that glorious day when Slavery shall clank no chain, when Ignorance shall darken neither realm, nor race ; when Truth and Morality shall be exalted on the ruins of Fraud and Superstition ; when Misery and Wretchedness shall cease to be dispensed at a despot's nod, and Tyranny shall be no more.

THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE.

THE Champions had come from their fields of war,
Over the crests of the billows far,
They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,
Where the deep had foam'd to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse king's board,
By the glare of the torch-light the mead was pour'd,
The hearth was heap'd with the pine-boughs high,
And they flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds had chanted, in Runic rhyme,
Their songs of the sword and the olden time,
And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,
Had breathed from the walls where the bright spears hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string,
They had summon'd a softer voice to sing,
And a captive girl, at the warrior's call,
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood—in her mournful eyes
Lay the clear midnight of the southern skies,
And their drooping lids—oh! the world of woe,
The clouds of dreams, that sweet veil below!

Stately she stood—though her fragile frame
Seem'd struck with the blight of some inward flame,
And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn,
Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush pass'd, like a crimson haze,
O'er her marble cheek, by the pine-fire's blaze ;
No soft hue caught from the south-wind's breath,
But a token of fever, at strife with death!

She had been torn from her home away,
With her long locks crowned for her bridal day,
And brought to die of the burning dreams
That haunt the Exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant land—
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,
Till the spirit, its blue skies had given her, woke,
And the stream of her voice into music broke.

Faint was the strain in its first wild flow,
Troubled its murmur, and sad and low ;

But it swell'd into deeper power ere long,
As the breeze that swept over her soul grew strong.

"They bid me sing of Thee, mine own, my sunny land! of Thee!
Am I not parted from thy shores by the mournful sounding sea?
Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul?—In silence let me die,
In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure deep sapphire sky!
How should thy lyre give *here* its wealth of buried sweetness forth?
Its tones, of summer's breathings born, to the wild winds of the North?

"Yet thus it shall be once, once more! my spirit shall awake,
And through the mists of death break out, my country! for thy sake!
That I may make *thee* known, with all the glory and the light,
And the beauty never more to bless thy daughter's yearning sight!
Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy bright streams warble by,
Thy soul flow o'er my lips again—yet once, my Sicily!

"There are blue heavens—far hence, far hence! but oh! their glorious blue!
Its very night is beautiful with the hyacinth's deep hue!
It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing home,
And arching o'er the vintage hills, they hang their cloudless dome;
And making all the waves as gems, that melt along the shore,
And steeping happy hearts in joy—that now is mine no more!

"And there are haunts in that green land—oh! who may dream or tell
Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell?
By fountains flinging rainbow spray on dark and glossy leaves,
And bowers wherein the forest-dove her nest untroubled weaves;
The myrtle dwells there, sending round the richness of its breath,
And the violets gleam, like amethysts, in the dewy moss beneath!

"And there are floating sounds that fill the skies through night and day,
Sweet sounds! the soul to hear them faints in dreams or heaven away!
They wander through the olive-woods, and o'er the shining seas,
They mingle with the orange-scents, that load the sleepy breeze;
Lute, voice, and bird are blending there; it were a bliss to die,
As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flowery Sicily!

"I may not perish thus—farewell!—yet no, my Country! no!
Is not Love stronger than the Grave? I feel it must be so!
My fleeting spirit shall o'erpass the mountains and the main,
And in thy tender starlight rove, and through thy woods again!
Its passion deepens—it prevails!—I break my chain—I come
To dwell a viewless thing, yet bless'd, in thy sweet air, my home!"

And her pale arms dropp'd the singing lyre,
There came a mist o'er her wild-eye's fire,
And her dark rich tresses, in many a fold,
Loosed from their braids, down her bosom roll'd.

For her head sank back on the rugged wall,
—A silence fell o'er the warrior's hall!
She had pour'd out her soul with her song's last tune,
The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone!

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

To Live! to Love! to Hope! and find it vain;
To see friends failing—and that riches fly;
A youth of follies—an old age of pain;
To pine for freedom, and yet fear to die!
Then add to these (for such is mortals' lot)
To die at last—unpitied, and forgot!

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

History of the Conquest of England, by the Normans, translated from the French of A. Thierry.
3 vols. octavo.

IT is surprising how very little we have known, until within the last few years, of the actual state of the old country, and of its inhabitants, during the Saxon and the early part of the Norman period of history. From the fabulous and musty old chronicles, Rapin and others presented us with a mass of incongruous and contradictory details, from which Hume, with more taste and fancy than research, sketched a very pretty picture, upon which about as much reliance may be placed, with respect to historical truth, as upon Milton's *Paradise Lost*. It was not, indeed, until Sharon Turner wrote his *History of the Anglo-Saxons* (invaluable for its matter, defective as it is in style) that we were possessed of the fact, that, instead of a Heptarchy, England was an Octarchy under the Saxon domination. Dr Lingard—a Roman Catholic priest, if we mistake not—has thought proper more recently to go over the same ground; but, like every other popish historian, his statements are so partial, his colouring is so high, and his misrepresentations—not wilful perhaps—are so gross, that not a sentence of his work ought to be implicitly believed without corroboration from other quarters.

We have been led into these remarks by a production of great merit, which has just reached us, under the title of a "*History of the Conquest of England, by the Normans, Translated from the French of A. Thierry*," in three volumes, octavo. This may be read with great advantage as a continuation of Mr. Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons*; or, more properly, it ought to be read, and compared with, Turner's *Continuation of the History of England from the time of the Norman*

conquest, as the two works will be found mutually to aid and illustrate each other.

As a Frenchman, it is perfectly natural that M. Thierry should have his partialities—that his leaning should be strongly in favour of his own countrymen. He accordingly tells us that "there are now neither Normans nor Saxons but in history;" and he adds, that, "as the latter do not make the more brilliant figure in its pages, the mass of English readers, not being conversant in national antiquities, love to deceive themselves respecting their origin, and to consider the sixty thousand men who accompanied William as the common ancestors of all who now bear the name of English." This is all a grand mistake of our author's. "Thus," he proceeds, "a London shopkeeper, or a Yorkshire farmer, will talk of his Norman ancestors, just as a Percy, a D'Arcy, a Bagot, or a Byron would do." Now we must take leave to tell M. Thierry, that, with all respect for their aristocracy, a great portion of which is unquestionably of Norman descent, the mass of our people are, and ever must remain, unless new swarms from some unknown hive should again overrun the land, essentially Saxon. Many of our first families, too, are still Saxon in their blood, their complexions, their features, and their feelings. The Normans—and all other Frenchmen—know that we, Saxons, glorying in the energy, the valour, and the fame of our forefathers, which have descended to us unimpaired, are at all times ready to contest with them the palm of superiority. We know not, indeed, why we have retained or been invested with the name of Britons. The Britons, properly so called, were an inferior race: they were conquered by the Romans—no disgrace, perhaps—and after they had enjoyed every possible opportunity of im-

proving themselves in the arts of war and civilization, through the example of their masters—after their masters had even put their country into a state of defence for them—they suffered themselves to be subjugated by the Saxons. We overthrew their government—we drove them to their mountain fastnesses—we annihilated them as a nation—we fixed ourselves in their seats, established a rule of our own, and still maintain it in its integrity. How different from all this was the vaunted Norman Conquest—the result of a single battle, gained by chance rather than by prowess—the mere transfer of the crown from one family to another, the body of the people remaining comparatively undisturbed.

Notwithstanding our differing from M. Thierry on this important point, we have the candour to acknowledge that we have been delighted with his work, which evinces great reading, great research, great talent. We earnestly recommend it to the perusal of every reader who may wish to become thoroughly acquainted with that period of history to which it more immediately relates.

Massenburg, a Tale. 3 vols. 12mo. 1825.

THERE is a considerable share of interest excited in these pages, and several scenes amusingly written. The last volume is much the best, and from it we extract the following exemplar. We must premise, the hero of it, O'Neale, has received three challenges at the same time; the first from Roderick Graham, for his impertinence to a lady; the next from Philip Massenburg, for his insolence to his father; the third from Mr Buckham, a little gentleman about four feet some inches high, whom he had placed upon a table amid *other* sweetmeats:—

“The moon was young, yet it shed light enough to distinguish objects by. O'Neale was leaning against a tree, with a breast full of untamed passions; Philip Massenburg was there

in indignant vehemence; Mr Roderick Graham arguing; Mr Buckham raving.

“‘Mr Philip Massenburg, I have said before, and I say it again, that to me of right belongs this quarrel. I give you my honour as a gentleman, that, previous to your altercation, Mr O'Neale had accepted my defiance,’ said Mr Roderick calmly, but determinately.

“‘I am far from calling your word in question; yet surely I must supersede you. Has he not insulted the grey hairs of my father?’

“‘And has he not outraged my very person! you are men of honour, and you ought to feel for me! If you should deprive me of the means of wiping off my pollution, I must hide my head forever from the light of day’ I must drag about a polluted being! your quarrel is doubtless just, but cannot so nearly touch your feelings.’

“‘Had it been personal insult I would have waived my claim,’ said Philip Massenburg, ‘but it was my father he insulted!’

“‘Both of you must yield to me,’ said Mr Graham; ‘for you, Mr Massenburg, surely for that father’s sake, you should recede from this contest; and for Mr Buckham, let him leave his quarrel in my hands and I will settle for us both.’

“‘Never! never! Put yourself in my place, Mr Graham, and try to feel for me! Think how fatal the consequences must be to me, if you should kill him! Let mine be the first chance. If I drop, you may still receive satisfaction, and I shall be satisfied.’

“‘Really, gentlemen,’ said O'Neale, ironically, ‘this is most amiable altercation of who shall kill me first. It is a pity I have not four lives, one for each of you, and one for myself at last.’

“‘There is no occasion for this dispute,’ said Mr Roderick Graham, ‘it cannot be expected that I should forego my claim.’

“‘Mr Graham put yourself in my place!’

“‘That he cannot do,’ said O’Neale; ‘had you been his size you had not proved quite so portable.’

“‘Mr Graham, is this bearable! will you, can you, deny me satisfaction? I am even athirst for his blood!’

“‘Fa-fo-fi-fo-fum, little Jack-the-Giant-killer.’

“Mr Buckham stamped his little pump-shoed foot on the ground—‘will you—can you, deny me!’

“‘Really, gentlemen,’ said O’Neale, ‘you are not acting like friends to Mr Buckham; you need be under no apprehension for his safety, for you must see the improbability of my hitting any thing so small.’

“‘Do you hear him! do you hear him!’

“‘Pray, gentlemen, conduct this disagreement amicably, lest you should kill each other, instead of me.’

“‘It is time we came to some resolution, or we may be surprised. I once again positively declare, that I cannot feel myself authorized in conceding my right to any other person; and I must beg that Mr Massenburg and Mr Buckham will act as seconds to Mr O’Neale and myself.’

“‘I have yet one other proposal to make,’ said Mr Massenburg. ‘We may each of us defend our right with some justice; the time wears, and we cannot expect to remain long here undisturbed; let chance decide for us; let us draw lots.’

“Mr Graham was unwilling to resign a certain right for an uncertain chance; but, after some arguing, and both the other gentlemen positively declining to act as seconds, except on this arrangement, he agreed; and as Mr Buckham saw that he must either take this chance, or lose all hope, he likewise assented.

“Three little twigs were cut from a neighbouring willow, and Mr Massenburg’s hat was converted into an urn of ballot; the lots were shaken. Had wealth and honour been the prize there could not have been felt greater incertitude than now, when the poor hope was to be the execu-

tioner of a fellow being, or to find a grave.

“With a trembling hand and agitated heart, each drew their chance—they compared—Mr Massenburg’s was the longest.

“Mr Graham acquiesced in calm silence; Mr Buckham stamped on the ground, cursed his hard fortune, and acted the madman. It was some time before he would hear of officiating as second to either of the gentlemen, till at length it was urged upon him as a point of honour: even then he refused to act for O’Neale and as this point could not be otherwise adjusted, it was likewise decided by lot.

“Fortune seemed to be amusing herself with discomfiting Mr Buckham: he was assigned to Mr O’Neale.

“Even on such an occasion as this, when man, forgetting all the charities of life, calmly and coolly raises his hand against his fellow, even here the ludicrous crept in. What scene is there, however solemn, however sacred, in which she is absent? The violence done to Mr Buckham’s feelings broke out in a variety of gestures and contortions, while with strict honour, and scrupulous care, he went through the necessary duties. The ground was measured, the pistols examined, and, as they were Mr Massenburg’s property, the choice was given to O’Neale: still he lingered—what a fate is mine!

“‘What do we wait for?’ asked Mr Graham. ‘Mr Buckham, it rests with you to drop the handkerchief.’

“‘No, sir, no; not yet. There is one part of our duty still unperformed. Far be it from either you or I to hurry any gentleman into an affair of this nature, without first trying to arrange matters. Mr Graham, I am sure you will assist me in the laudable purpose of peacemaking.’

“‘I cannot see,’ said Mr Graham, ‘how I can advance it without compromising the honour of my friend. He did not offer the affront; it proceeded from your friend, (Mr Buckham shrunk from the epithet).

If he will make the proper apology, certainly I shall feel it my duty to recommend Mr Massenburg to accept it."

"I will communicate your opinion to Mr O'Neale," returned Mr Buckham; and he approached him much as if he had been infected by the plague.

"Mr O'Neale, I am desired to represent to you, that it would be more acceptable—ha—ha—more to your honour, to admit that you have spoken hastily, than, having done so, to defend it. Will you admit that you have given utterance to a few unguarded words?"

"I am willing to repeat, to confirm, and to double them; and moreover to defend them with this pistol which I hold in my hand anxious to fire; so pray waste no more time in idle words."

"Acting conscientiously, I must recommend you to retract."

"I tell you, I will not! since we have gone so far, let us proceed. I would not accept his apology, much less make one."

Mr Buckham turned despairingly away, and communicated the result to Mr Graham. Had he been O'Neale's friend he could not more fervently have hoped for his safety; he held in his hand the fatal handkerchief, his fingers grasped it convulsively: and it was his own heart that beat the wildest, when at length he let it fall.

"There was the red glare, and then the loud report—he held his breath and looked towards O'Neale, as the smoke rolled away—he was still standing.

"I may retrieve my honour!" he exclaimed; "his blood is spared to wash away my stains!"

"The father's only son, the watched treasure of twenty long years, the present joy, and the future hope—had fallen. Mr Graham lifted the yet warm clay from the green sward, stained with his flowing blood—he spoke to him, but the spirit had fled for ever—the soul had gone to its long home.

"Mr Graham relinquished the body, for he could scarcely sustain it: his spirit had received a check, and a chill passed over his soul. 'This is honour!' he exclaimed. 'Fallacious feeling!'

"Is there," asked O'Neale, "any hope if help could be procured?"

"There is none: and I would recommend to you, Mr O'Neale, to provide for your own safety."

"First," said Mr Buckham, "satisfy my injured honour."

"Is it possible," said Mr Graham, "that here, with this inanimate body before your eyes, you can meditate yet further violence?"

"You cannot feel for me, Mr Graham; I would sooner be like that breathless corpse than carry my own living shame!"

"I follow your advice, Mr Graham," said O'Neale, entirely disregarding Mr Buckham; "you have acted as a man, and I am sorry you are involved in this affair. Psha!" he added, repulsing the pistol Mr Buckham had reloaded and now pressed upon him. "I have already humoured you too much! Go your way, and leave me unmolested.—Man! I fight not with you. I hazard no more lives to-night. Go, poor fool! sport it with thy fellows, and thrust not thyself into danger's way."

O'Neale dashed down the lane with a heart from whence personal feeling had banished humanity; Mr Buckham followed: O'Neale soon gained the rustic bridge, he rushed across it, and dislodging the planks, sent them headlong down the stream.

"Stay! stay if you are a man!" exclaimed Mr Buckham, following, with breathless speed.

"I shall not make many more pauses on this side the channel," returned O'Neale, as he stood on the opposite side; "yet in compliment to you, who have paid so many compliments to me, I pause now to hear what you may wish to say."

"You will provoke me to fire upon you as you stand, insolent brave that you are!"

“ ‘Mr Buckham, I never lose my temper, unless I have lost something else before.’

“ ‘Will you give me satisfaction?’

“ ‘Will I give you some gingerbread!’

“ ‘Wretch! villain!’

“ ‘Rail on. Adieu.’

“ ‘Stay! you are discovered! They are upon you.’

“ ‘Fool that I was to dally with you here!’

“ They paused. Mr Buckham was as carefully silent as was O’Neale: though baffled in his hopes, and his soul boiling with indignation, not a thought of betrayal entered his heart: but their precaution was vain: O’Neale saw that if he attempted flight, ignorant as he was of the country, he must soon be overtaken: a crowd of mingled servants and labouring men encircled Mr Buckham.

“ ‘So, so, gentlemen! Be so good as to walk this way and we will attend you. Fine work, indeed!’

“ ‘What do you wish with us?’ asked O’Neale, ‘What is the matter?’

“ ‘What is the matter! and can you pretend not to know?’

“ ‘Not I indeed.’

“ ‘Not know that young Mr Massenburg has been murdered!’

“ ‘Mr Massenburg murdered! impossible, I hope!’

“ ‘Come, come, gentlemen, don’t pretend to be ignorant. We know that gentlemen will quarrel, and fight, sometimes; and more’s the pity, say I, that they can’t have a few rounds with their fists, and have done with it, instead of firing pistols at one another’s heads. But it’s of no use dilly-dallying, so be so good as to walk back with us.’

“ ‘Ah! I see how it is,’ said O’Neale. ‘Could any body have thought that such a little man could have had such a big heart. I will tell you, gentlemen, how we came to be standing here in this way: as I was taking a solitary walk I was startled with the report of pistols, and presently Mr Buckham came running down, as nimble as a little harlequin. Thought I, here is bad

work; this man wants to run away; so I just loosened these planks and sent them swimming, before he got up; and he was threatening to shoot me for my pains when you arrived. He’s the man, depend—’

“ ‘Lying villain!’ exclaimed Mr Buckham, stamping down the grass with impotent rage.

“ ‘You may see that he holds in his hands the pistol which has destroyed Mr Massenburg.’

“ ‘You almost provoke me to send the bullet it contains at your head!’

“ ‘The pistol was instantly dashed from his hands, and his arms pinioned behind him.’

“ ‘Mr Buckham raved. ‘Who are you that dare thus to treat a gentleman?’

“ ‘Gaffer Gray, at your service.’

“ ‘All the world conspires against me! I could stamp you, menial, to atoms!’

“ ‘Not with such a mylady-foot as that: do you wish me to tie your shoestrings, sir, for I see you can’t stoop now.’

“ ‘Fools that you are! do you believe this preposterous tale! I tell you that man fought with Mr Massenburg, and not I.’

“ ‘Don’t believe him, my good friends. I affronted him at the Hill, and he wants to revenge himself upon me, and to effect his own escape.’

“ ‘Ah, he can’t deceive us. He must go along with us; and perhaps it will be necessary for you to come too as a witness.’

“ ‘Certainly. Can you tell me how I shall cross this water?’

“ ‘If you go through the groves, and cut through leg of mutton field—do you know leg of mutton field?’

“ ‘Oh, perfectly.’

“ ‘Well, and so on through five-acre close, you’ll get to another bridge.’

“ ‘I shall be at the Hill as soon as you. Mr Buckham, I am much obliged to you for your amicable intentions, and I wish you better success another time. You must seek some other giant to kill.’

“Are you such fools as to let him go?”

“Come along, my master. We’ll mind our own business.”

“Fools! Dolts! Idiots!” and amidst angry and loud vociferations, Mr Buckham was dragged away.”

So much for a specimen of the author’s talents, which is, we think, enough to warrant a very sufficient fund of entertainment for the reader.

Tales by the O’Hara Family. 3 vols.

ILLUSTRATIONS of the Hibernian character and manners have lately become popular in this country. The strong features of our western neighbours have been delineated with characteristic fidelity; and their strange superstitions, and errors in point of reasoning, have been noticed with ludicrous effect.

The present volumes comprehend three tales, of which the first—Crohoore of the Bill-Hook—is the best. It commences with a funeral, not kept (in the usual manner) with noisy mirth, but with sober and appropriate decency. It appears that many of the catholic priests have strenuously endeavoured to check the merriment attendant upon this kind of *wake*, and have in some degree succeeded in their object. As this *wake* is the *consequence* of a horrid murder which makes a great figure in the narrative, the early mention of it is irregular; but we merely follow the writer in this respect.

Anthony Dooling, a substantial farmer, kind-hearted and hospitable, but of a passionate and violent disposition, is seated with his family and friends near the kitchen-fire, on Christmas eve; and the sociality of the scene is enlivened by the merry dance. Every person is in good humour, except one.

“There was but one individual present, the quick and resolute glance of whose red eye, as it shot from one to another of the dancers, showed no sympathy with the happy scene. This was a young man in

the prime of life, as to years, but with little else of the charm of youth about him. An exuberance of bristling fiery red hair stared around a head of unusual size; his knobby forehead projected much, and terminated in strongly-marked sinuses, with brows of bushy thickness, of the colour of his hair; his eyes fell far into their sockets, and his cheek-bones pushed out proportionably with his forehead, so that the eyes glared as from a recess; then his cheeks were pale, hollow, and retiring; his nose, of the old Milesian mould, long, broad-backed, and hooked; his jaws came unusually forward, which caused his teeth to start out from his face; and his lips, that, without much effort, never closed on those disagreeable teeth, were large, fleshy, and bloodless, the upper one wearing, in common with his chin, a red beard, just changed from the down of youth to the bristliness of manhood, and as yet unshaven. These features, all large to disproportion, conveyed, along with the unpleasantness deformity inspires, the expression of a bold and decided character; and something else besides, which was malignity or mystery, according to the observation or mood of the curious observer. Had they, together with the enormous head, been placed on the shoulders of a man of large size, they would not, perhaps, have created much extraordinary remark; but attached, in the present instance, to a trunk considerable under the height of even men of low stature, their unnatural disproportion probably heightened their unfavourable expression, and, joined to the man’s countenance and supposed temper, created, among his rustic compeers, a feeling of dislike and dread for their possessor; repelling all freedom, which, by the way, he did not seem anxious to encourage.

“Having said this young person was very short in stature, it should be added, that he was not at all deformed. Across his shoulders and breast, indeed, was a breadth that

told more for strength than proportion, and his arms were long and of Herculean sinew ; but the lower part of the figure, hips, thighs, and legs, bespoke vigour and elasticity, rather than clumsiness, and it was known that, strange-looking as the creature might be, he could run, leap, or wrestle, with a swiftness and dexterity seldom matched among men of more perfect shape and more promising appearance."

This strange being is Crohoore, the hero of the tale, who soon involves himself in a quarrel with the farmer, by whom he is assaulted and knocked down. Dreading his revengeful spirit, the assembled friends are alarmed, yet without expecting the catastrophe which ensues. Early in the morning, Pierce Shea, the betrothed admirer of Alley, the farmer's daughter, returns to the house, and is filled with indescribable horror. He finds a bill-hook smeared with clotted gore, and discovers the mangled bodies of Anthony and his wife, and also of one of the servants. Rushing into the chamber of his sweetheart, he finds her bed empty, and knows not what to think of her fate. The general suspicion falls upon Crohoore, and an eager search is consequently made for the base assassin. On one occasion, Pierce comes nearly up with him, plunges into a river after him, and even owes his preservation from a watery death to the man whom he is endeavouring to bring to justice. In the progress of his search, he receives intelligence that the supposed delinquent has taken refuge in the cave of Dunmore, of which we have a picturesque description.

"This cave is regarded as the great natural wonder of the district. At the time of our narration, it was believed by the surrounding peasantry to be the residence of every description of supernatural beings ; even at this day, there are shrewd notions on the point ; but, at a remoter one, the conviction reigned in its glory. Here, on great occasions, did the good people hold

their revels ; and it was also the chosen abode of the Leprechauns, or fairy mechanics, who, from various quarters, assembled in it (the cavern being suspected to ramify, under ground, to every point in the kingdom). for the purpose of manufacturing foot-gear for the little race to which they were appended. This could not be doubted, as many had heard the din of their hammers, and caught odd glimpses of their green sherkeens, or of their caps with red feathers in them, what time the stars grew white before the sun. It was the dwelling, too, of more horrid spirits, of whose nature there existed no clear notion, but who, in the very distant abodes of the cavern, roamed along the off brink of a little subterranean rivulet, the boundary of their dark abode, and took vast delight in exterminating any unfortunate being fool-hardy enough to cross the forbidden stream, and so encroach on their charmed domain ; and this was also fully shown by the splintered human bones that (really, however) strewed the bed of the rill, Wild shrieks were often heard to pierce the darkness through the gaping mouth of the cavern ; but oftener the merry fairy-laugh, and the small fairy music, tingled to the night-breeze.

"The absolute physiognomy of the place was calculated to excite superstitious notions. In the midst of a level field, a precipitate inclined plane led down to a sudden pit, across which, like a vast blind arch, the entrance yawned, about eighty feet perpendicular, and from thirty to forty wide ; overhung and festooned with ivy, lichen, bramble, and a variety of wild shrubs, and tenanted by the owl, the daw, and the carrion crow, that made rustling and screaming exit into the daylight as soon as disturbed by an exploring foot : and when, all at once, you stood on the verge of the descent, and looked from the cheery day into the darkness of this gaping orifice, repelling and chilling the curiosity that it excited—giving a

promise of something to be discovered, and a threat to the discoverer, —suggesting a region to be traversed so different from our own fair familiar world, and yet nameless danger to be incurred in the progress,—your heart must have been either very callous or very bold, and imagination entirely a blank, if, at this first glance, you felt no unusual stir within you.

“After entering the mouth of the cavern, the light of your torches showed you that vast masses of rock protruded overhead, ready, at every step, to crush, and held in their places as if by miracle alone. At a short distance, two separate passages branched to the right and to the left. To explore the one, a barrier of steep rocks, made dangerous by the damp slime that covered them, should be scaled; then you would proceed along a way of considerable length, sometimes obliged, from the lowness of the heading, to stoop on hands and knees, still over slippery rocks and over deep holes, formed by the constant dripping of the roof: till at last you would suddenly enter a spacious and lofty apartment. Throughout the whole chamber, the awful frolic of nature bears comparison with art:—ranges of fluted columns, that seem the production of the chisel, only much dilapidated by time, rise almost at correct distances to the arching roof; by the way, having necessarily been formed by petrification, drop upon drop, it is astounding to think of the incalculable number of years consumed in the process. And this is the regal fairy-hall; and the peasants say, that when the myriads of crystallisations that hang about are, on a gala evening, illuminated, and when the for-ever falling drops sparkle in the fairy light, the scene becomes too dazzling for mortal vision.”

Pierce is warned not to enter the cave, as frightful stories are connected with it; but he rushes into it with an eagerness which alarms his companions; and, while they are filled with superstitious terrors, Crohoore

sallies out and makes his escape, being supposed to be protected by unearthly friends and agency.

Doran, a profligate young man, who had formerly carried off the fair Alley, but afterwards resigned all pretensions to her hand, now joins Pierce in his search, and engages for the recovery of the maiden. He even seduces his friend into an association with a gang of White Boys. Pierce is consequently apprehended, tried, and condemned; but, by the efficacy of some favourable circumstances in his conduct, and the aid of friendly but mysterious influence, he obtains his pardon; while Crohoore, being at length discovered, is arraigned for a three-fold murder. The evidence against the hero of the bill-hook is apparently strong and conclusive; and he does not even attempt to maintain his innocence. When he offers to restore Alley to her friends, the judge says to him, “Do, and Heaven give you the grace to keep that expressed resolution, during the very short space of time allotted you on this earth. The sentence of the court is, that you be taken from the place where you stand, to the place whence you came, and in one hour”—“In one hour!” exclaimed the wretch, at last completely thrown off his guard, and clasping his hands in evident terror and confusion—“In one hour, my lord judge! oh, be more merciful! I can do nothing in one short hour! I cannot keep my promise!”

“A person who leaned against the lower part of the side of the dock here turned his face half-round to observe the prisoner, and Crohoore, suddenly changing his manner, darted his body over the barrier, and, with the ferocity and certainty of a wild beast, clutched him by the breast; and—“Help, help! give help, here!” he roared. The court became a scene of confusion:—“He will murder the man!” was the universal cry.

“The judge called loudly on the sheriff to quell the tumult, and restrain the maniac violence of the

desperate culprit, ere mischief could be done : and that officer, not being himself a very athletic, courageous, or active person, ran to collect the force in attendance. Matthew, the jailer, who occupied his usual place on the barrier between the outer and inner docks, strove, with all his might, to tear away the hands of the dwarf from the breast of the person he held ; but the gripe was kept with almost superhuman force. The man himself, a powerful, athletic figure, exerted his strength to the utmost. At first he pushed with his arms against the side of the dock, and swung out from his captor ; then he was seen to snatch a pistol from his bosom, and, ere hindrance could be offered, he fired it in Crohoore's face ; but, from their struggling, the shot took no effect, glancing upward, fortunately for the spectators also, and striking near the ceiling of the court-house. Then Crohoore redoubled his efforts. Hitherto he had stood on a form, placed in the dock, to elevate him sufficiently before the eyes of the court ; from this he jumped into the body of the dock ; there, still holding firmly to his man, flung himself down, and, by the hanging weight of his body, unwittingly assisted indeed by Matthew's continued tugging, as well as by the amazing power of his own arms, actually succeeded in dragging over the wooden bar the object of his unaccountable hostility. Both rolled on the ground within the dock, and a dreadful scuffle went on between them. The man fastened his hands on Crohoore's throat, and the dwarf was nearly suffocated. Again he cried out for help ; and—' Ho ! ho ! ' he continued, half choking—' my lord the judge, give your orders to saze upon this man—I'll have more than an hour, now, if a friend is as loocky as I am—help, or he is gone ! he chokes me, to keep down my words !—saze him !—for this is the murderer of the Doolings ! '—' Yes, sir,' exclaimed Mr. B. rushing in and addressing the sheriff, who had just re-entered

with his force ; ' here is your warrant for the apprehension of that man : as a magistrate of your county, I commit him to your charge.'—' Thanks to your honour,' said Crohoore, loosing his grasp, when he saw his antagonist secured by other hands ; ' I give your noble honour thanks from my heart ; I knew you'd be in time to stand my friend ; ' and he lightly bounded to the form, upon which he had formerly stood, at the front of the dock.—' My lord,' continued Mr. B., addressing the judge, to whom he was personally known, ' accident has this morning put into my hands one of the real perpetrators of the murder with which the person at the bar stands charged, and of which he is convicted ; but, my lord, he is innocent as I am ; the man he has, himself, just seized, and whom I have now arrested, is one of the true murderers ; the other I have spoken of is secured also.'

"A burst of astonishment and incredulity escaped all the hearers, as Mr. B. passed to the bench to converse with the judge : and, while one neighbour whispered his doubts or wonder to the other, that other might be seen smartly turning his head, compressing his brow, and throwing all his wisdom into his look, as in brief speech he asserted, what he knew in his heart to be untrue, that, all along, he had expected something of the kind : and every one evinced sympathetic sentiments of surprise, caution, or assent, by upraised hands and quick shakings of the head, while the rapid comment flew around, in different directions. ' It bates bannachar,' said some, meaning to express their surprise or consternation :—' Tut—it can never be ;—look at him,' observed others who persisted in their skill in physiognomy.—' Faith, after all,' whispered the most credulous or charitable ; ' he's as ugly as sin ; but handsome is that handsome does ; let us see the rest of it ; ' and then each made the most of the place in which he happened to be stuck ; and

bodies were protruded, and necks and noddles poked forward, mouths opened wide, eyes and ears distended and pricked up, and a vast quantity of idle breath held in, to see, hear, and if possible understand, the wonderful sequel, that by their own calculations was immediately to follow. And all eyes were of course now bent on the man who had been so unexpectedly taken into custody, and so suddenly accused of the dreadful crimes for which another was about to suffer. He stood, surrounded by the sheriff's power, in an ample outside coat, of which the standing collar reached above his ears, and was clasped with a hook-and-eye over the lower part of his features: a large black patch covered one of his eyes: and a black silk handkerchief, as if applied to an ailing part, extended along one side of his face; while his hat, of unusual dimensions in the leaf, and which he had hastily put on in the scuffle, slouched down so far as scarce to

leave a trace of feature visible.—‘Take off his outside coat from the prisoner,’ said the judge, pausing in his conversation with Mr. B. His commands were obeyed; and the handles of two large pistols, exclusive of that discharged at Crohoore, and which he had dropped, were seen projecting from the bosom of his inner garb.—‘Remove his hat, and the patch and handkerchief from his face,’ the judge continued: this, too, was done; and the guilt-stricken countenance of the real murderer was that of our old acquaintance, Rhia Doran.’”

It subsequently appears that Crohoore was the stolen child of the unfortunate Dooling; that he had no concern in the murder; and that he was the preserver of the life and honour of his sister Alley, who, emerging from her place of refuge, is married to her lover, while Doran is capitally punished for his wickedness and cruelty.

ON FASHIONS.

(Concluded from page 33.)

THE object of dress should be to add to nature's charms: that seems tolerably obvious, and it is not denied. It is, to add to them, for the purpose of pleasing and captivating the other sex; that, we have demonstrated. Man may not judge of the value of laces or the price of trimmings; but he does judge of their power, and by their powers they ought to be judged. Woman dresses, nevertheless, that she may show to fellow woman, the superiority of Mechlin to Buckingham; that she may measure the length of her bill or the profundity of her purse with those of her rivals. Man knows nothing of these rival superiorities—till he pays the bills at least. The young aspirant to a *settlement*, whose whole fortune perhaps consists of half a dozen *chemises*, “Love's very last shifts,” and a pianoforte, receives

a present of five hundred pounds from some foolish old uncle to buy frying-pans. But the five hundred pounds are spent on a trousseau, that they may be displayed at the milliner's for a week, and be canvassed by all the female envious, and the country cousins, and the customers. The very mantua-maker and milliner are puzzled how to carve up so much money into shreds and tatters; and the husband receives a bundle of rags with an expectant wife, sending the former to Monmouth-street, and perhaps wishing the latter there too. The five hundred pounds would have stocked his cellar with wines, or bought his darling a carriage. He would have said if he had dared, “So come in your coaty sweet Tibby Dunbar.”

But this is the fashion also. The darling sex measures all beauty by

fashion, but it has forgotten to ask what is the fashion, and who makes the fashion. If they made it themselves, it might be something. To be sure, if each fair made her own fashion, there would be no such thing, and the square and the round, the slim and the squat, the septuagenarian and "sweet seventeen," "crabbed age and youth," would not all be thrust into the same sacques, and shoes, and slips, and caps, and bonnets. Hence they must elect a dictator, we suppose; and the dictator is the milliner, the mantua-maker. A whole nation, bright with youth, and radiant with beauty, bent on conquest and death, submits to the government and legislation of a hair-dresser's wife living in the Rue Vivienne, in a foreign country, or to Mrs Bell, at home, whose monthly displays of taste and grace become the unalterable laws of beauty, not to be altered, till the next month.

The human form is certainly nothing, as we began by proving; and, therefore, as all nothings are equal to nothing, and to themselves, it is indifferent that old, fat, lumbering, frowsy, nothings, and youthful, blooming, slender, delicate ones, should be equalized in their adonisations. But there are or may be varieties in suits of clothes; and as variety is itself a charm, it might add to our amusement if all these nothings were converted into many somethings instead of into one. And certainly were we to choose the dictator, it should not be the mantua-maker and the milliner, any more than we would allow the Quarterly Review to dictate to us what we were to read.

Seriously, will ladies never reflect that all ages, all forms, all rank, all beauty, are not the same, and that it is at least part of the essence of dress that it should be appropriate? The same fashion cannot suit all. And will they never reflect who it is that sets this fashion, which they all pursue as if their salvation depended on it? Some dropsical or bandy-legged old dame finds it convenient to conceal her ancles, and immediately it

becomes a matter of grace and beauty to hide, even the point of the foot, and petticoats trail to sweep the streets. When grey hairs wished to conceal themselves, a whole nation of sun-bright and auburn and jetty ringlets, ringlets where each hair was a chain to draw all hearts, chose to fill their heads with grease and flour; and high heels, pads, cushions here, there, behind, before, hoops, trains, tuckers, all have been, in rotation, adopted by those who had an interest in producing one deformity to conceal another; while, more successful than the fox in the fable, they have spread the epidemic through the sex, causing whole generations immediately to cut off their tails also. Or the mantua-maker finds it convenient to sell off her old rags, her cuttings and *cabbage*, at high prices, and immediately the whole sex is seen fluttering in trimmings and deformity, "a thing of shreds and patches."

It is a gullible sex, that is certain. And yet it is provoking that all this should be considered beauty, and beauty, too, when it is so often deformity. If there is such a thing as a handsome scapula, it would at least be prudent to inquire, at the looking-glass, whether all the cervical regression, in all, is fair, lest the snow should be less pure than snow ought to be. She who conceals a graceful ancle and a slender foot, to display a bony clavicle, or a pair of hatchet-formed *omoplates*, is not so wise as the nation of foxes.

It is an ungallant conclusion, but, we fear, a true one, that the principles of taste are not diffused among the lovely sex, or not known to them. We have no objection to variations, since variation is novelty and a charm; but we shall never learn to approve of variation from beauty or deformity. If they have no taste, why will not they put themselves under the guidance of art, of the art of painting, not mantua-making? Sir Thomas Lawrence is the dictator to be chosen, not Madame Triaud. Accident, or taste, sometimes, and chief-

ly originating in France, that region of taste in petty luxury, has often conferred on the fair all the beauty which dress can give. We have lived to see them elegant, graceful, and attractive in their adornments, so that painters have transmitted them to posterity with the assurance of commanding admiration for ever. There are principles of beauty and grace, whatever the sex or the milliners may think; but they do not know them; and thus, not content with having once discovered the right, they proceed to wrong, quitting beauty to follow deformity.

And it is the want of taste, rather than a corrupted one, which makes the latest fashion always appear the most beautiful. Where there are principles of taste, no fashion can ever make that beautiful which wars against them: it will be hideous in spite of its prevalence, though it may cease, from habit, to appear so hideous. The haystack head, the pinched and armoured waist, hoops, and powder, and high-heeled shoes, have appeared beautiful in their days, but never to those who had studied the principles of beauty or of art. If, in their days of luxury and corruption, the Roman ladies rendered their head-dresses absurd by wanton variety, those of the Greeks and their dresses, generally, have descended to us as models of right, to which posterity has continued to award admiration. There is much also to admire and to follow, even in the more complicated inventions of British history, and there is no want of choice throughout the Continent, of present, as well as of past Europe.

We do not say that the female dress needs be confined to a Greek stole, or to any other given form, since variations and variety are necessary. But there are forms from which the sex can depart, without quitting them, through a range as wide as the most wanton caprices can require. And amid the endless varieties of colour, substance, ornament, there is the power of producing and reproducing change without end, and

yet without surrendering grace and beauty, and what is not less momentous, the appropriate.

If the sex knew its own interests, it would choose other leaders of fashions than those who have an interest different from theirs. And if it would agree to exterminate the very term fashion, to seek no longer to rank itself under an imaginary leader, to trust to itself, and to study for itself, it would not be long in discovering that it had, not only enhanced its charms, but saved its finances. But to give the necessary taste, it must cultivate that quality. It must inquire into what is graceful and fit, into the principles of beauty, and the laws of taste. Instead of "taking lessons," from Mr Burgess, or spending seven years in making a pair of card racks, it must learn, in reality, what it pretends to do—to draw. From the philosophy and the art of colouring, it will be taught to distribute its colours; and, from the study of the antique and of the human form, as from the study of pictures in general, it will discover where the lines of grace and beauty lie, how they may be created, or improved, or injured. It will not then destroy the beauty of its shining ringlets to frizzle them into dirty sausages, or bare the most ill-formed parts of its body to conceal the more graceful and captivating. It will discharge its whole regiments of pads, and cushions, and flounces, and Gigot sleeves, and all the other trumpery by which it contrives to mar the most beautiful work of nature's hand. We shall then see woman—dear woman! what she ought to be; the grace alike of nature and of art.

One word yet on the hair, before we part; that jewel in woman, of which she seems so little to know the value, if we may judge by the pains which she takes to mar it. It is chiefly by its contrast of colour that it is the ornament of the face, but partly also by that contrast which its roughness offers to the polished smoothness of the brow and the cheek. To maintain these leading

principles is essential. But there is more in the disposition than either women or their advisers are aware of; and its principles lie somewhat deeper than they imagine.

By a singularity proving the great attention of ancient Greece to the human form, its artists adopted those outlines for the head, the principles of which, modern phrenology, much as it has been ridiculed, has explained and justified. But it has not been noticed that the same principles were applied to the arrangement of the hair; and yet, if this be studied in Greek art, it will be seen that every outline produced by that arrangement has a reference to the essential form of the head; of the skull itself. And the most simple experiments in

drawing will prove that whenever the hair is so arranged that its outline, or protuberance, coincides with that outline which would be estimable in the unadorned head, the effect is beautiful; and that when the reverse takes place, the result is deformity. To apply phrenology to hair-dressing, may appear fantastical and ludicrous; and yet we will trust our demonstration to the trials of any one who chooses to make them. There is nothing so easy as to make the experiments; but as we have not here the means of illustrating our theory by such drawings, we must leave them to the taste and knowledge of those who have the command of their pencils and an acquaintance with the human form.

THE CAMPEADOR'S SPECTRE HOST.

On the towers of Leon deep midnight lay;
Heavy clouds had blotted the stars away;
By fits 'twas rain, and by fits the gale
Swept through heaven like a funeral wail.

Hear ye that dismal—that distant hum?
Now the dirge of trumpet, the roll of drum,
Now the clash of cymbal; and now, again,
The sweep of the night-breeze, the rush of rain!

Hearken ye, now, 'tis more near, more loud—
Like the opening burst of the thunder-cloud;
Now sadder and softer,—like the shock
Of flood overleaping its barrier rock.

List ye not, now, on the echoing street,
The trampling of horses, the tread of feet,
And clashing of armour?—a host of might
Rushing unseen through the starless night!

St Isidro! to thy monastic gate,
Who crowding throng? who knocking wait?
The Frere from his midnight vigil there
Upstarts, and scales the turret-stair;

Then, aghast, he trembles—that knocking loud
Might awake the dead man in his shroud:
Thickens the blood in his veins through fear,
As unearthly voices smite his ear.—

“Ho! brethren, wake!—ho! dead, arise!—
Haste, gird the falchions on your thighs;
Hauberk and helm from red rust free;
And rush to battle for Spain with me!

“Hither—hither—and join our hosts,
A mighty legion of stalwart ghosts;
Cid Ruydiez is marching there, and here
Gonzalez couches in rest his spear!

"Pelayo is here—and who despairs
When his Oaken Cross in front he bears?—
And sure ye will list to my voice once more,
'Tis I, your Cid, the Campeador!

"Ho! hither, hither—through our land, in arms,
The host of the Miramamolin swarms;
Shall our Cross before their Crescent wane?
Shall Moormen breathe in the vales of Spain?

"Ho! burst your cerements—here we wait
For thee, Ferrando, once the Great;
Knock on your gaoler Death, and he
Will withdraw the bolts, and turn the key!

"Prone to the earth their might must yield,
When we the Dead Host sweep the field;
Our vultures, to gorge upon the slain,
Shall forsake the rocks, and seek the plain.

"Ho! hurry with us away—away,—
Night passes onwards, 'twill soon be day;
Ho! sound the trumpet; haste! strike the drum,
And tell the Moormen, we come, we come!"—

The Frere into the dark gazed forth—
The sounds went forwards towards the North;
The murmur of tongues, the tramp and tread
Of a mighty army to battle led.

At midnight slumbering Leon through,
To battle field throng'd that spectral crew;
By the morrow noon, red Tolosa show'd,
That more than men had fought for God!

This slight ballad is founded on a striking passage in the Chronicle of the Cid. The idea is certainly a beautiful one, of the patriotic retaining a regard for their country after death, and a zeal for its rescue from danger and oppression. At all events, it is sufficiently imaginative and romantic.

Ferrando the Great was buried in the Royal Monastery of St Isidro at Leon. The time of the occurrence is during the reign of King Alphonso, on the evening before the great battle of the Navas de Tolosa, wherein it is reported sixty thousand of the Mahometans were slain.

Cid Ruy Diaz is a name consecrated in Spanish chivalrous song.—Pelayo is said to have carried an Oaken Cross in the van of his army, when he led them on to battle.—The Gonzalez mentioned, is the Count Fernan Gonzalez, so renowned in the ancient Spanish Chronicles, and one of the many ballads concerning whom is given in the splendid Translations of Mr Lockhart.—On St Pelayo and the Campeador, see the admirable remarks of Dr Southey, *passim*.

SONG.

Oh! sweet comes the zephyr's breath to-
night
From the fragrant orange grove;
And the bird of eve, on yonder tree,
Sits warbling her song of love.

The stars are dim; yet the orb of heav'n
Through the darkness saileth on;
Like the love of woman, shining best
When all other lights are gone.

The dew has fall'n on the scented flow'rs,
And the world is all at rest;
I only wait for thy presence, sweet,
To render me truly blest!

Come, then, and view this enchanting
scene,
For now is our meeting hour,
When none can list to our vows of truth
In the lonely jasmine bow'r.

PARSEE RIGOUR.*

B—and I calculated, that, by the time we could reach our own sweet little island, we should, on the long neck of land, leading to it from the ferry, meet one of our brother officers marching at the head of the relief-guard to Bombay, impenetrable as a tortoise, in his cloak, blue trowsers, and Wellington boots. Now, either laughing or quizzing was naturally to be expected by men in soiled silk stockings, and full military costume, who had omitted even to bring a boat-cloak as a wrap in case of the weather's changing. To avoid this exposure we agreed to half an hour's delay; and, in search of the sublime and curious, I led my friend toward the Parsee cemetery on the sea-shore. The Parsees neither burn nor bury the bodies of their dead, but expose them in two receptacles, one for males and the other for females, made of solid masonry, and open only at the top for the admission of birds of prey. Having deposited the corpse in one of these sepulchres, through a door at the bottom, it is left, slightly covered with a muslin cloth, to be devoured. The bones are then carefully collected, and buried in an urn, with certain ceremonies. This mode of sepulture was common, in ancient times, in some parts of Persia. It excites surprise now by its seeming barbarism; and that it should be practised by such an enlightened and humane tribe as the Parsees of Bombay, who are very justly called the Quakers of the East, is strange. Precept and example will, however, school the human mind to any thing; and, therefore, we need not wonder at strange customs, when we reflect that our own are considered surprising and ridiculous in their turn.

As we were nearing this curious Golgotha, we beheld about forty men and women, whom we recognized as forming a Parsee funeral procession. Amidst them was a corpse, which we afterwards found to be the body of a young female, on a cot, or low bed, that served for her bier. They all seemed to be her near relations; and instead of the solemn decency which I had before observed at such ceremonies, this exhibited hurry and secrecy; the hour was unusually early; the lamentations were not loud; there was no beating of the breast by the women; but, in long dresses smeared with ashes and paint, and with dishevelled hair streaming to the morning-breeze, they were uttering low groans and imprecations. Tears were flowing copiously down two of the women's cheeks; and we could hear them lament that ever they had been born, and utter wildly-suppressed rejoicings that she whom they bore along, was dead. When they arrived at the receptacle, instead of unlocking the door, and placing the body on the platform with tenderness, it was thrown with apparent detestation from the parapet, and we heard the echo of its fall with a chill of horror.

All this naturally aroused my curiosity; and through the instrumentality of Hormongee and Monagee, to the latter of whom I promised my interest respecting the canteen, by way of bribe, for divulging the secrets of his tribe, I received the following particulars, which, I have every reason to believe, are perfectly true, and in strict accordance with Parsee usage.

Lingee Dorabjee, a respectable trader in jewels, had a daughter called Yamna, whose beauty equalled

* The remarkable and melancholy facts here recorded, in illustration of the customs and morals of the Parsees, in India, are from the original manuscript of an interesting work—"Forty Years in the World, or Sketches and Tales of a Soldier's Life"—which is now on the point of publication.

the lustre of the finest diamond. She appeared, among the virgins of her tribe, as a gem of Golconda amidst beads of glass. Her parents saw in her, as in a flattering mirror, their fondest wishes. They pearled her jet black hair with many a costly transparent row; their rubies in burning glow were pendant from her delicate ears; their sapphires from her graceful nose; while many a far-famed mine glittered on her bosom, sparkled on her fingers and arms, and shed its light on her toes and ankles. Gold and silver gave splendour to her dress: in short, in the impassioned phrase of Lord Byron, and perhaps with less of poetical hyperbole—

“She was a form of life and light,
That seen became a part of sight.”

This charming young Parsee, or *Petri*, was about fourteen years old, an age at which the female figure attains the round perfection of beautiful ripeness in India. Indeed marriage takes place generally at a much earlier period of life; but in *Yamma's* case, the young man to whom she was affianced had been detained at *Surat* nearly two years, by important commercial affairs, in which he was deeply concerned, and the expensive ceremony, on solemnization of wedlock, had been postponed from time to time, in anxious expectation of his return.

Yamma's prospects were bright as the star of *Venus*. In her tribe women are treated with great consideration. They act an important part in the public and private concerns of their husbands, go unveiled, and in point of personal freedom they are under no restraint, beyond that which delicacy and the custom of their mothers impose. The Parsee usages with respect to marriage are founded upon the happiness of domestic life, and they provide for the preservation of purity in the fair sex so effectually, that it is the boast of this admirable class of the Indian community, that their wives never prove unfaithful, nor is there an in-

stance of prostitution among their daughters; indeed their character in this respect is so well established at *Bombay*, that it is believed every aberration from virtue in their tribe is punished with immediate death, and the notoriety of the family disgrace carefully suppressed. The Parsee laws and usages are so well framed for the prevention of crime and the adjustment of disputes, that an instance scarcely ever occurs of a reference to British justice. A Parsee can have but one wife. If she die, her family are bound to find a widow for the forlorn's second mate; for he is not allowed to marry a young girl as with us, in his old age; nor is he obliged to wed again, should he be desirous of preserving fidelity to his departed half. The same rule holds if the husband die: his family are bound to find a widower, in compliance with a wish on the subject, indicated by the lady's friends. By this judicious arrangement the frailties of human nature are restrained, and even converted into a public benefit. The Parsee women receive the advantages of education; many of them can read, write, play on the Indian guitar, make up accounts accurately; and, in some transactions I have had with them, they appeared very sensible and intelligent. All public business, however, is transacted by the men. The women do not appear in mixed company; but in influencing affairs, and in private negotiations, they are powerful instruments.

Such was the lovely *Yamma*, and such were the promises of hope, when it was her fate to be rescued from imminent peril by the intrepidity of Captain S——. She had accompanied her mother in a covered and gorgeously decorated hackery, to a garden-house which belonged to her father on *Colabah*. They staid in the garden rather longer than their attendants wished, pleased with its cooling fruits, neat walks, silver streams, and shady trees. The golden banana, glittering man-

goe, and imperial jack attracted their gaze and touch. At length their bullocks, in splendid housings, proud of the music of the silver bells which played in suspension from their necks, approached the bed of the tide, which I have before described as separating the island of Colabah from Bombay. The raft was beginning to ply in the lower part of the channel, but the carriage-road along the crest of the high rocks was practicable, though the rising tide might be seen glittering in streams across its black ravines. The drivers and runners calculated that the bullocks would cross before the tide covered the rocks, and they urged them at full speed. A strong breeze, however, came into Bombay harbour with the flow from the ocean, and before the hackery reached the shore, the ladies saw with terror that the devouring element was floating them, that their footmen were swimming and in great agitation, striving to keep the bullocks' heads towards the land. Alarm soon finds utterance. The mother and daughter mingled their cries, and wept, in pity more for each other than for themselves; but their agony was drowned by the roar of the flood, and the crowd at the ferry were too much absorbed in their own views, and too distant had it been otherwise, to afford them aid.

At this awful moment Captain S—— was galloping from the fort; and, hoping that he should be in time to cross the rocks, he made directly for the course of the hackery, saw the life-struggle of the men, heard the piercing cry for help by the women, and plunged in to their assistance. His horse was a strong, docile Arab, and Captain S——, being exceedingly fond of field sports, had accustomed him to swim rivers, and even the lower part of this ferry, though a quarter of a mile wide. The horse, therefore, swam as directed to the hackery, and Captain S—— having perfect confidence in his strength and steadiness, placed the daughter, who was as light as a

fairy, before him, and with the mother clinging behind, gained the shore in safety, while the hackery and the bullocks were swept away by the force of the tide. The terror of the animals preventing their effectual struggle, destroyed them; for, a moment after the perilous escape of the ladies, the hackery was upset, and the bullocks were drowned.

Many battles and dangers require a longer time in description than in action. It was just so in this case. Short, however, as the time had been, a crowd was gathering, and not only the ladies, but all tongues were loud in thanking Captain S—— for his gallant conduct. Meanwhile, he gazed on Yamma with wonder, and she on him with grateful surprise. Many of the Parsees have fair complexions, and Yamma's was transparently so: indeed she looked, though pale with fright, and dripping with brine, so much like Venus rising from ocean's bed, that S—— pronounced her in his own mind the loveliest of creation. He galloped to the fort, procured palankeens, and saw the fair Parsees conveyed home in safety.

I wish for Captain S——'s sake—I wish for the sake of a happy termination to my story—that his acquaintance with Yamma had here terminated; but I am impelled, by the laws of history, and the nature of my information, to proceed, not with the wing of fancy, but with the plume of plain matter-of-fact. In short, then, Captain S—— used every means in his power to win the love of Yamma. He corresponded with her through the medium of fakiers, or religious mendicants, and fortune-tellers. He loved her to distraction; he offered to marry her; for S—— had a soul too noble to ruin the object of his adoration. She listened to the magic of his addresses; she forgot all the customs of her tribe; she afforded her lover opportunities of seeing her: he visited her in the disguise of a Hindoo astrologer, and she agreed to leave father and mother and follow

him for life. Unfortunately they were discovered, and so promptly followed by three stout and well-armed Parsees, that S—— was nearly killed in an unequal contest to preserve his prize; and poor Yamma was returned to her enraged and disgraced family.

The reader may conceive her terror and confusion—how she protested her purity and innocence—how she was disbelieved and upbraided—how S—— stormed and raved—how he offered her family every reparation that an honourable man could make, and how they spurned his terms with contempt and indignation.

He cannot, however, so easily picture what followed; for he may not have believed or known that such scenes occur in the world. Well, I must briefly describe it—No—I cannot dwell upon it—I will hurry over it, merely sketching the outline, and turning with horror even from my own faint colours.

The heads of the tribe were assembled, and an oath of secrecy having been taken, the fair Yamma was introduced arrayed as a bride, and decorated as the daughter of the rich jeweller, Limgee Dorabjee. After certain ceremonies, her mother and grand-mother approached

her, where she sat like a beautiful statue, and presenting a poisoned bowl and a dagger, said, in a firm tone—"Take your choice." "Farewell, mother! Farewell, father! Farewell, world!" replied the heroic Parsee daughter, taking the deadly cup; "fate ordained that this should be Yamma's marriage"—and she drained its contents! Her leaden eyes were watched till they closed in death: she was then stripped, arrayed as a corpse, and conveyed to the receptacle of the dead, as I have described.

When S—— heard that Yamma was gone, and suspected that she had been murdered according to the customs of the Parsees, the noble fabric of his brain gave way, and reason fell from her throne. "My horse! my horse!" cried he—and as he patted his war neck, the scise saw the fire of his tear-starred eye and trembled. Away went horse and rider—far behind ran the groom. He heard the hoof thunder on the ground—and his master's voice urging his spirited steed towards the foaming surf—then a loud explosion as of breaking billows—and on gaining the sea-shore he saw a black point on the stormy surface of the ocean, but he never saw the brave S—— and his Arab more.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF A SOUTH-AMERICAN SEAMAN,
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO ———

See Vol. III. N. S. Page 272.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AFTER a long voyage, of about 42 days from England, we are at last arrived safe on the shores of South-America, I shall now have an opportunity of contemplating this Land of Promise, of Patriotism, of Liberty, and of Slavery. I have not yet had an opportunity of setting my foot on shore, as all hands are busy mooring the frigate, &c., but I shall take the opportunity of the first

Roads of Pernambuco, Sept. 1821.

boat that leaves the ship; and if I catch any thing of the spirit of patriotism, by breathing the pure air of this atmosphere of liberty, I shall let you know of course. The town is still in the possession of the Portuguese, and I have seen nothing of the patriots as yet, except two or three of their horsemen, who came on board as soon as we anchored, to see whether we were going to be

patriots or royalists; but as the Captain told them that we belonged to neither party, but that we were come out solely for the protection of the English, and the interests of the British trade, they went away without giving any further annoyance. Their camp lay at some distance, among the woods; and their dusty regimentals, their foul linen, and dirty boots, seemed to indicate that they had either ridden a good way, or been employed on very active service. Although they were rather shabbily dressed, their appearance was not the less interesting, for their dark and dusky countenances bore the marks of much fatigue and night-watching. Their heavy horsemen's sabres dangling by their sides, their boots and rusty spurs bespattered with mud, bespoke characters much more accustomed to the camp than the court; they had, nevertheless, the manners and the address of gentlemen, and all the ease and politeness in their carriage which we expect to meet in military officers; and the general impression left on my mind, by this first specimen of the South-American patriots, is, that, so far from being effeminate, they are as hardy as Scotch Highlanders—inured to fatigue, and determined to brave every hardship, and sacrifice every comfort—to fast—to sleep in the woods—and to pass long nights without sleep, in watching and weariness—to sacrifice home, happiness, and life itself, in defence of their country's liberty.

In the appearance of the town of Pernambuco itself I am much disappointed. It does not seem longer than Dumfries, or perhaps Greenock, to look at it from the sea. How different the appearance of a South-American town from those we see in Scotland or England! I have passed about two hours on the taffrail of the frigate, looking at it through a perspective glass. There is one advantage it has for being *seen*, and I suppose it must be the case with all the cities in a tropical climate—

scarcely one curling wreath of smoke obscures a single building. I fancy the inhabitants use no fires, or at least very few. But here are no streets like Prince's Street, with elegant buildings of bright brown freestone. Here are no beautiful roofs of blue slate,—no white-washed walls shining in the sun,—no casements of glittering glass, nor green Venetian blinds. The white walls of Funchal, in the island of Madeira, seen in the dusk of the evening, were so bright and dazzling, that they seemed like large masses of chalk-rock, something like the white cliffs of Dover, scattered on the base of the mountain; and when the morning sun broke upon them, what appeared to be white rocks seen through the twilight's darkness, we discovered to be irregular rows of beautiful white walls, rising terrace above terrace, forming a fantastic amphitheatre of streets, and churches, and vineyards, all intermingled. But the town of Pernambuco, seen from the sea, even from the most favourable point of view, presents nothing but a dead mass of heavy-looking buildings, irregular rows of dirty walls, wooden windows without glass, and dingy church spires rising above the dusty roofs of red tile. And so low does the town lie on the edge of the sea, that a stranger would almost fancy a high spring-tide would overwhelm it. A very heavy tide does sometimes set in, and there is always a heavy swell, but the waves are broken before they reach the wharves, by one of the finest natural reef of rocks that can be imagined. This reef extends like a dike along the front of the town. There is a light-house built on the northern extremity, and between the reef and the wharf there is sufficient water for the merchants' ships to lie and load and discharge their cargoes with perfect safety. The entrance into this natural port of security is too narrow, and it is guarded by a small fort, raised on the shore opposite the light-house. All men-of-war lie outside the reef; the water

is too shallow for them inside ; and though even outside the reef their cannon might be brought within range of the town, yet, on account of sand-banks, it is dangerous for them to come so near. The safest anchorage for men-of-war is about three miles outside the reef. This makes it very fatiguing for boats' crews from a northern climate to pull so far under the rays of a tropical sun. It is easy to sail on shore for provisions in the cool of the morning, but there is no possibility of sailing back again ; and there is scarcely a harder duty can devolve on a seaman, in time of peace, than being obliged to pull against such a heavy swell, in bringing off either water or provisions to the men-of-war anchorage. One of our boats has been on shore for the first time, and the crew are so fatigued, that some of them have been obliged to go on the sick list, struck, as the surgeon supposes, with a "coup de soleil."

The only curiosity that I have yet seen here is the *katymarands*, which the people around this part of the coast use instead of boats, not only in fishing, but also in carrying considerable cargoes from one place to another. There are some dozen of them always to be seen around the roads, and very often with only one man to manage them. One of them just came alongside a few minutes since, and I had the opportunity of seeing it. It is not like our English boats, in danger of sinking, or springing a leak, for the principal part of the machine is always under water ; there is also little danger of its being upset, for, with the exception of the mast, it matters very little what side of it be uppermost. It is composed of five or six pieces of wood, each of them perhaps five or six inches square, about the length of an ordinary boat, and fastened together, by some contrivance, like a *raft*. So far as I have yet seen, they use neither oar nor paddle, but they have got a sort of helm and rudder, and one mast, to which they

attach a sort of triangular sail, which they shift, and move by the wind in whatever direction it chances to blow. Between this sail and the stern there is a sort of seat erected, sufficiently high for *sitting* above the water and managing the helm, for there is no chance of setting down one's foot any where on the bottom without being up to the mid-leg in salt water. In this simple machine one or two black fellows go a fishing, and they manage it in a rough sea, apparently with more ease than a regular English boat's crew can manage their boat. They are not afraid to trust themselves to it in the stormiest weather, for though it may upset with them, it will never sink. It may plunge them into the sea, but then they are like water-dogs, they swim and catch hold of it again, and it is as good as ever. One of them presents a very strange and alarming appearance at sea in the time of a storm, for you can see nothing amidst the dashing of the waves except the mast and the white triangular sail, and the upper part of the man's body who is managing it. If we were to suppose it was a regular-built boat, we could not expect it to live three minutes ; but when we know it to be a *raft*, firmly bound together, we know that all the danger the fellow is in is merely of a good ducking, and he is always prepared for this when he sets out. It is very pleasant to look at them in a fresh breeze, they sail so easily and so beautifully. The black fellow, seated on his chair behind, rides away over the billows with the helm in his hand, managing it with as much apparent ease, his single self, as a practised rider on a smooth plain could manage his pony : and after he has spent the day in fishing, he returns at eve, with his spoils hanging at the mast, seated high above the water on his chair of state, drying his wet clothes in the tropical sun.

I have also been rather disappointed at my first view of the South-American continent. The country in the neighbourhood of Pernam-

buco lies remarkably low ; and though there is a slight elevation in the north towards Olinda, there are no mountains of any consequence. As far as the eye can reach in the direction of the country, the horizon is bounded by wood ; and the gloomy waving of the trees, overshadowed by dark clouds in a rainy evening, makes the landscape to me remarkably dreary. However, the phantoms of gloom with which my pensive imagination peoples these pathless forests, may perhaps be dispelled upon a more intimate acquaintance with the nature of their inhabitants. The coast, on our approach, was shrouded in a thick fog, and we have since had some heavy tropical showers, accompanied with thunder ; and when I look on the sombre aspect of those dark forests, to whose extent my fancy can fix no limits, they awaken in my mind all the gloomy associations connected with the pine-tree forests of Scotland, my dear, but far distant country, when, dark and dripping with wet, in a stormy day towards the end of Autumn or the beginning of Winter. You see my natural associations are all from the hills of my youth : yet I cannot help contrasting the low and melancholy aspect of the landscape before me, with the bold and cheerful landscapes of the green Island of Madeira, and the stupendous Peak of Teneriffe. In Madeira, there were mountains, and glens, and peaks,—vineyards, and orchards, and woods, and waterfalls,

and every variety of grandeur and beauty that the traveller's eye could wish to rest upon, when sick of the unvarying uniformity of the blue sea. In Teneriffe, the scenery was not beautiful, but the hill-sides, though brown, and apparently as bleak and barren as the corn-fields of Scotland after the harvest is gathered into the barn-yards, were rich with terraces covered with vineyards ; and though there were very few green leaves, yet the brown sand was richly shaded with creeping tendrils bending beneath the bunches of bushy grapes ; and far above the vineyards, the higher parts of the island were covered with mists and clouds ; and far above the mists and the clouds arose the stupendous Peak, like one of the grey-cairned mountains of Scotland, severed from the lower world, and flung up to Heaven, to find its resting-place on the white clouds of the middle sky. After looking on scenery such as this, I feel much disappointed at my first view of the South-American coast, it lies so low here, and there is so little to be seen. The Portuguese, on first discovering this place, called it "*Olinda*," the exclamation in their language for "O beautiful !" I must get into better humour with it before I pay it any such compliment. The gloomy aspect of the scenery has thrown me into the blue devils. I shall go on shore and get rid of them, and if I see any thing worth my notice, I will tell you in my next letter.—Adieu.

ON THE VARIOUS USES OF CUFFS AND BLOWS AMONG DIFFERENT NATIONS.

IN Otaheite, says Mr Bougainville, the surgeon, when he wishes to bleed a patient, comes with a sharp edged cudgel, strikes him gently over the head, and when a sufficient quantity of blood has escaped, binds up the wounds, washes them with spring water the following morning, and the patient is generally recovered ; pro-

bably because the whole operation is performed so near *the seat of the soul*.

In the Phillippine Islands, they have a certain remedy for the colic and head-ache. After thrashing the patient lustily, they wash the wounds with salt water, and then phlebotomize.

Many nations recover strangled and intoxicated persons by the application of hard blows on the soles of the feet, and certain fleshy parts of the body.

When any one has a bone sticking in his throat, or an ulcer in his lungs, or his mouth stretched wide open, it has been discovered that nature requires nothing more than a violent blow upon the back, or behind the ear of the sufferer, to cure her of her freak.

It is well known that hard blows are the most efficacious remedy in every stage of insanity; through them the soul is awakened, and the energies of the mind stimulated to healthy action. With fools and blockheads it is another matter; as Solomon says, "You may pummel them in a mortar, and they will still remain entire."

So much for the cudgel, regarded as *materia medica*. In the moral world its utility, in conjunction with the ferula and the birch, is too palpable to be overlooked. In our schools, especially, it has been said, that knowledge and good manners are introduced like a certain medicinal remedy, *a posteriori*; and the following sublime effusion of some poet, whose view had been opened *de la maniere pedagogique*, is quoted as proof of the assertion. It was on the occasion of drinking a glass of Birch Champagne:

"Oh Birch! thou cruel, bloody tree,
I'll be at last reveng'd of thee;
Oft hast thou drunk the blood of mine,
Now for an equal draught of thine!"

It is well known how much the scourge has contributed to the extinction of the brutifying passions of our nature among Baal's priests, the Bonzes, Flagellants, and Securists.

Many lawgivers, and among others Lycurgus himself, suffered the youth of both sexes to belabour each other with their fists, in order thereby to make, not only the body, but the mind also, more supple. To box and to think were the same thing amongst that people.

Among the troops of all ages and nations, the cudgel has invariably

proved the most effectual promoter of order and discipline. The Greek and German Alexanders first conquered the soldier with the stick, and the soldiers, under its shadow, subdued the world. The Romans cudgelled with a vine stick. To receive a vine stick, and to be made captain were synonymous terms. While the private enjoyed the dry, hard wood, the officer drank the juice of its grape, and by their mutual co-operation and exertions, Rome obtained the mastery of the world. Our present system is pretty similar. What would be the use of the Marshall's staff if it were not a cudgel?

In Japan they cudgelled their idols when any thing befel the high priest, and it was found to be of service.

"Thrash thy wife and thy corn thoroughly," says Sancho, "and all will go well."

The ancient Egyptians painted Osiris with a cudgel and a whip in his hand upon the same conviction, and every body knows, that in Greece the arts and sciences flourished under the brandished cudgel.

Montesquieu relates in his "Esprit des Loix," that among the ancient Persians it was the custom to punish with stripes, not the offenders themselves, but their clothes! and that many had so taken the disgrace to heart as to put a period to their existence. In Europe a different custom prevails: they cudgel the clothes, but take especial care to select an opportunity while the owner is in them. In the military service, indeed they go to the other extremities, to the very opposite of the Persian custom; namely, they strip the offender and flog him, while his clothes are lying at a distance. And yet the Persians effected more with their system than we do with ours. To men, in general, those punishments are not so severe which consist of both pain and disgrace, as those which consist of disgrace only. The reason is easily to be found. The infliction of pain gives punishment the appearance of revenge, and revenge gives the offender an air of

importance. Besides, pain awakens pity, and the pity of the spectators is always encouraging to the criminal. When disgrace alone is the punishment, there is nothing of all this. Disgrace is, in the hands of justice, what silent contempt of an opponent is in common life.

The Romans considered blows with a stick or cane so degrading, that when Cicero, on the occasion of Gabinius, said, "A Roman citizen was stricken with rods;" the people wept. Boxes on the ear stood not at so high a price. The laws of the Twelve Tables punished them merely with a fine, and that too of very small amount. Taking advantage of this, a rich citizen of Rome used to amuse himself by walking along the streets, and giving every person he met a box on the ear, then instantly paying the fine for each offence. Thus we see that Rome was not without her geniuses.

Chilpericus, it is said, was murdered for striking his wife with a stick, and Amalaricus lost his kingdom and his life for the same reason. The wife of the latter, was a sister of Childebert, King of France.

Not a very long time ago, a German officer in Genoa, gave a porter a blow with a stick; a general up-

roar was the consequence, and all the foreign troops were thrust out of the city by the populace.

Charlemagne had in his code of laws a certain tariff of blows and cuffs, with their respective fines annexed. One item is something to this effect—"Whoever shall strike a piece of a priest's skull off, of such a size that when a shield of metal is struck with it, the sound can be heard three paces off, he shall pay a fine of five stivers."

The manumitting cuff was, as with us, the dismissal for the handicraftsman, and a blow of honour hurt as little as the blows which make our knights.

The avenging cuff has always been in great repute among us, although its value is regulated by the patrician or plebeian quality of the ear it lights upon. They may be quoted from Zero to the loss of life.

It is somewhere stated, that an old English law distinguishes whether the cuff be given with the positive or negative side of the hand. Those applied with the back are not so degrading, or so dear, probably, because those given with the flat side of the hand are generally dealt with "malice aforethought," and with infinitely better aim and effect.

ASTROLOGY.

"O, how fortunate would it have been for the church of God, and how many mischiefs would have been prevented, had the aspects and qualities of the heavenly bodies been predicted by learned men, and been known to the princes and prelates of those times! There would not then have been so great a slaughter of Christians, nor would so many wretched souls have been sent to hell!"—*Roger Bacon's Opus Majus*, page 253.

THUS exclaims the immortal Roger Bacon; and a stronger proof of the unlimited faith, which in the early ages was put in astrology, cannot be adduced. Free as we are from the shackles of prejudice, it appears almost impossible to conceive, that any human being could be found so credulous, as to believe, that among the stars of heaven were visibly written the uncontrollable destinies of mankind; and therefore

we have usually been accustomed to consider astrology, rather as a superstition of the vulgar, than as a general matter of belief. The words we have just quoted prove directly the reverse; for Bacon was perhaps the most learned philosopher of his age; and, besides, we have historical authority for affirming, that at the same time it received an equally implicit credence in the palace and in the cottage. At the birth of a prince,

or a grandee, the most learned men in the nation were employed in casting his nativity ; and instances even occur of a whole people being elated with joy, and plunged into grief, according to the results which the astrologers predicted from a calculation of their horoscopes.

When we bestow, however, more mature consideration on this subject, astrology will be found a much more natural and pardonable error than at first sight it appears. The human mind, if properly trained, is capable of yielding its belief almost to any thing, but that more especially, if, by it, we propose to compass any end we may have in view. Now, we have implanted in our nature an instinctive desire to pry into futurity ; and any project which promises to gratify this passion, is sure to arrest the attention, and subsequently to gain the willing belief of mankind. Conscious that we of ourselves possess no power adequate to draw aside the veil which divides futurity from the present, when any one exclaims that he is able to pass this mysterious boundary, we are much more ready to listen to the tale of wonders he unfolds, than to extinguish our hopes of gratification, by questioning the probability of his story. If we should appear to have overrated the intensity of this principle of our nature, and the force with which it acts, we have only to appeal to the auguries of the Romans, by which were decided, from the appearance of the entrails of an animal, questions on which often their very existence as a people ultimately depended. If human reason could confide in the grossness of a superstition such as this, who will not believe that it flowed from a principle of our nature, to repose belief in a study which led to the same results, but dignified with the imposing decorations of science, and raised above the comprehension of men, by a gibberish mysterious and unintelligible ? History records many instances of perverted reason, much more difficult to reconcile with our nature than

this, and that too without departing from the annals of philosophical research. Did not a philosopher of old suppose the universe to be encompassed with an immense zone of fire, enclosed in a sort of tube, of which the sun is a portion visible to us, through an aperture like the hole of a flute, and which hole, by being stopped, produces an eclipse ? Did not even the renowned Kepler maintain comets to be huge animals swimming round the sun, like fishes, by the help of fins, and that the air engendered them by an animal faculty ? Every reader is capable of finishing this catalogue from his own experience ; but if we were disposed to show from one individual instance, that the speculations of astrology are even as science itself, when compared with other vagaries of human reason, we would only place the studies of astrologers, side by side with the atrocities which mark the times when witchcraft was believed as firmly as revelation.

The invention of astrology is generally ascribed to the Chaldeans, though many, among whom is La Place, derive it from the Egyptian priesthood. It is on all hands conceded, however, that it is of eastern origin, and it is equally certain that in those unclouded climes, which gave birth to astronomy, it made an integral part of that sublime science. We are told, that when the early astronomers were intent on tracing the paths and periods of the heavenly bodies, they discovered "constant and settled relations of analogy" between them and things below ; and hence were led to conclude these to be the *parcæ*,—the destinies so much talked of, which preside at our birth, and dispose of our future state. "The laws therefore of this relation being ascertained by a series of observations, and the share each planet has therein ; by knowing the precise time of any person's nativity, they were enabled, from their knowledge in astronomy, to erect a scheme, or horoscope, of the situation of the planets at this point of time ; and hence, by

considering their degrees of power and influence, and how each was either strengthened or tempered by some other, to compute what must be the result thereof." Such were the arguments (if arguments they may be called) on which astrologers founded their science, and they were found sufficiently powerful to bow the neck of human reason.

In Europe, France appears always to have been the strong hold of astrology, and a sketch of its condition in that country, is quite sufficient to show in what light it was viewed at the same period over all the rest of Europe. Whether it was that the genius of the people was such as to incline them to yield a more implicit confidence in its predictions, or that the physicians, with whom principally lay the study of astrology in those days, were more learned, and better fitted to give it an air of demonstration, by coupling it with scientific observations, is uncertain; but the fact is indubitable, that it was fostered by the French monarchs with equal care as physic, astronomy, and the other useful sciences.

The French historians tell us, that in the time of Catharine de Medicis, astrology was so much in vogue that the most inconsiderable thing was not to be done without consulting the stars; and during the reigns of Henry III. and IV. of France, the predictions of astrologers were the common theme of court conversation. Charles the Wise, however, was the greatest and most munificent patron of the study. He caused all the books which had any relation to

it to be collected and translated; and moreover, founded a college for the study of physic and astrology, in favour of Gervase Chretien, a great adept in these sciences. As a proof how deep into the heart of this monarch a conviction of the truth of astrology had sunk, his last moments were embittered by a prediction, that the dauphin "would have much to do in his youth, and would escape great dangers and adventures." The great novelist of the north has not let this trait of French history escape his observation, and in *Quentin Durward* has shown us, that a belief in astrology may work as powerfully on the human intellect as devotion itself.

The decline of astrology may, perhaps, be dated from the time that the Ptolemean system, with which it was interwoven, began to be exploded. The eyes of men were then opened to the fact, that astrologers, in their *infallible* predictions, had been proceeding on a very *fallible* basis; and probably also, the same impetus which overthrew the Aristotelian philosophy, may have spent some part of its force in overturning the ruins of astrology. At all events, from that period it ceases to attract our attention in history, and, as a system, may be said to be thereafter virtually no more; yet that same spirit, which originally gave it birth, has succeeded in cherishing to this day some of its embers; for at this moment there are many in the lower ranks whose faith in such matters is not thrown into the shade, even by that of Charles the *Wise* himself.

VARIETIES.

ANTIQUITIES.

AS some workmen were employed in making a drain in Fossgate in York, they found at various distances, below the surface of the street, three several pavements, which appear to have been formed at different periods, when the street

has been raised over a swampy ground, which bears indications of having formerly been the bed of the river. Amongst the rubbish below these pavements, were several pieces of decayed wood, which had evidently been the side planks of a ship or other vessel. The wood being so

excessively decayed, prevented a sufficiently minute inspection, for the satisfaction of the antiquary. One circumstance, however, connected with these discoveries, will be considered remarkably curious: Solomon has said, "there is nothing new under the sun," but we have reason to believe the honest son of Crispin, who introduced rights and lefts into the "gentle craft," thought his invention an exception. This, nevertheless, is now proved not to be the case; for a number of clippings of leather were turned up, and amongst them several soles of shoes, made in this manner, were found at the distance of twelve feet from the present surface of the street. Upon minute examination, they proved to be formed of untanned hides, and the holes through which the thread passed are at the very extremity of the edge of the sole. The thread is entirely destroyed, and from the fact that nothing likely to have been the upper parts was discovered, it is probable that they had been made of a more corruptible material. Some of the soles were of a very large size.

CURIOUS WHEEL-LOCK MUSKET.

The following description of a curious musket, is taken from Dr Clarke's Travels in Scandinavia. After describing the apartment of a student of Upsala, (which served him for kitchen, chamber, and hall, and in which he had collected a great number of specimens of natural history and antiquities), the learned writer says:—

"But the most singular rarity of his apartment was an old wheel-lock musket which stood in one corner of the room, and which he told us one of his ancestors had formerly brought into Sweden from Pomerania. It was probably a part of the spoils of war: and as it seemed to us to be one of the most extraordinary works of art existing, and he wished to part with it, we bought it of him for the price at which he valued it. Once it must have cost an enormous sum; being, in all respects, fitted not mere-

ly to adorn, but to cut a splendid figure among the weapons of a regal armoury. To give a complete account of this curious relique, would require an entire volume, illustrated with an hundred plates. The whole of the stock, from the lower extremity of the butt to the muzzle of the barrel, is of ivory inlaid with ebony; representing, in a series of masterly designs, the Bible History, from the Creation to the time of David. The style of these designs is like that which may be often observed in old illuminated manuscripts, and in the wood-cuts copied from such illuminations; which seem as if they had been all borrowed from the works of the same master. Beginning from the muzzle of the musket, and proceeding from left to right towards the butt, and back again, the whole length of the opposite side of the stock, there are nearly one hundred pictures exhibited by means of exquisitely inlaid ivory. The first delineation represents the Animal Creation; then follows the Creation and Fall of Man; the Expulsion of the Human Race from Paradise; their Agricultural Labours; the Death of Abel; the History of Noah; the Deluge; &c. &c.—the whole being considered, in all probability, as a connected series of powerful amulets, calculated to protect the bearer of this musket from all dangers 'ghostly and bodily.' In the representation of the creation of mankind, the Deity is portrayed in the dress of the Pope, handing Eve out of Adam's side: yet there are parts of the workmanship equal to the performances of *Albert Durer*, and which exhibit characteristic marks of the age in which he lived."

NEW LIGHTS.

The interior of the theatre La Fenice, at Venice, is now lighted up by means of a new process, invented by the mechanician Locatelli. It appears, from the description given of it by an Italian Journal, that lamps concealed in the roof, and fitted up with parabolic reflectors,

throw all their rays of light upon an opening one foot in diameter, in the centre of the ceiling. This opening is furnished with an ingenious system of lenses, which concentrate the rays, and reflect them to every part of the house. This mode of lighting presents several advantages; the light is more vivid and more generally diffused; nothing intervenes between the stage and the spectators, occupying an elevated situation in front; the lamps may be approached to be trimmed without the public perceiving it, and there is neither smoke nor smell proceeding from the burning of oil. An idea of this method may be formed, by representing to one's self a luminous disc or the sun at its zenith.

ANECDOTE.

Acerbi has mentioned a Swedish *bon-mot*, upon the occasion of Count Fleming's being introduced as the new member of the *Academy of Eighteen*; which will show the natural sprightliness and wit of the Swedes, notwithstanding the character of gravity often imputed to them. When the Count took his seat among the Academicians, a wag observed that their number now amounted exactly to 170. "How so?" it was asked. "Because," replied he, "when a cypher is added to the number seventeen, the amount is 170."

THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

Mr Anker, of Christiana, in Sweden, in looking over some old deeds and records belonging to the Danish Crown at Copenhagen, found that these islands were consigned to England in lieu of a dowry for a Danish Princess married to one of our English Kings, upon condition, that these islands should be restored to Denmark whenever the debt, for which they were pledged, should be discharged. Therefore, as the price of land, and value of money, have undergone such considerable alteration since this happened, it is in the power of Denmark, for a very small sum, to claim possession of the Orkneys.

RAPID EVAPORATION.

Professor CErsted has pointed out a method of considerable utility in the evaporation of liquids. He fastens together a great number of fine metallic rods, or wire, and puts them in the bottom of the distillery or evaporating vessel, and by this means he distils seven measures of brandy with the same fuel, which, without the rods, would distil only four.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.

At Northwich, in the county of Cheshire, a whimsical privilege is ascribed, by the charter of that church, to the senior scholar of the grammar school: namely, that he is to receive marriage fees to the same amount as the clerk; or, in lieu thereof, the bride's garters.

SPORTING.

A man of the name of Robinson, who resides in the neighbourhood of West Auckland, in the 82d year of his age, undertook a few days ago to walk into Wales, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles, which he completed in five days, being at the rate of forty-six miles a-day.

A match for 1000 sovs. between Captain Desence, of Holdbrook, near Northampton, and Brook, was run on Saturday June 11, in the park of Major Hervey, at Stourton-le-Moor, Nottinghamshire, and the race attracted many hundred spectators. It was thirty miles, and the captain was to receive twelve minutes at the end of the match, which was done as follows, over a circle of five miles:—

CAPT. D.	M. S.	BROOK	M. S.
5 miles - -	30 2	5 miles - -	23 24
Do. - - -	31 10	Do. - - -	30 0
Do. - - -	31 12	Do. - - -	30 10
Do. - - -	32 4	Do. - - -	31 20
Do. - - -	34 8	Do. - - -	32 10
Do. - - -	38 4	Do. - - -	34 6
H 3 16 40		H 3 6 10	

The Captain won by ninety seconds, and it was, perhaps, the fastest and best race ever known. The ground was rather short of five miles.





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